

Collier's

THE NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE WEEKLY

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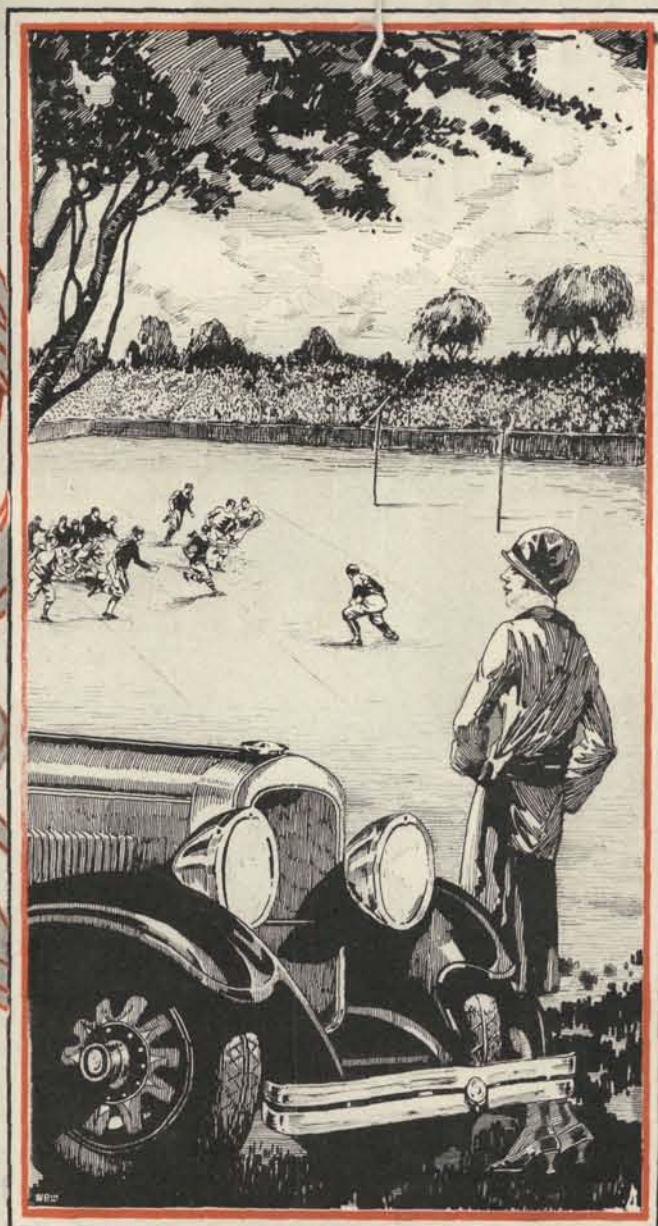
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Cover by
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A new romantic-mystery novel
E. Phillips Oppenheim's
"Master of Sinister H"

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Action!



TWENTIETH century America demands action—and gets it. Whether in sports or motor cars, the modern keynote of action guides all change and progress.

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HYVIS
MOTOR OIL
Super-refined
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"IMPOSSIBLE!"

engineers said

• • • **BUT
THESE TESTS
CONVINCED
THEM**

A NEW USL battery with 20 to 30% MORE COLD WEATHER STARTING POWER, yet retaining the same long life and dependability? "Impossible!" said prominent automobile engineers.

These men are responsible for the battery equipment of well known cars. They have to know the facts. To satisfy themselves, they bought USL batteries on the open market and *made their own tests.*

To their amazement, these noted engineers discovered that the New USL battery has *more* than 20 to 30% increased cold weather starting power, and yet retains the same dependable long life on which USL reputation has been built.

Look ahead to the first really *cold* morning this winter. Temperature below freezing . . . engine cold as ice . . . oil congealed to a sticky mass . . . What a tremendous job for any battery, to turn that cold, stiff engine over, and at the same time supply the vital spark to ignite the cold gasoline. No wonder that many times ordinary batteries prove unequal to the task!

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Eighteen thousand USL service stations and dealers sell and service this New USL battery. One of them is near you. See him before that first cold morning when you will need USL extra power to start your car.

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USL BATTERIES

20 to 30% MORE COLD WEATHER STARTING POWER



One man in every four wears a $6\frac{7}{8}$ hat

The percentage is fixed You can't change it

"Mad as a hatter." Where did that phrase come from? Like as not it started with a hatter who had overstocked on hats, size $6\frac{7}{8}$.

"A mile too large," grumbled his first customer. "Way too small," growled his second. "Don't fit," muttered the third. And by then the hatter had learned that the law of averages can't be beaten where head sizes are concerned. Business proceeds largely on the famous law of averages. The modern hatter knows that one head in every four fits nicely into a $6\frac{7}{8}$ hat. The haberdasher has found out that one neck in every three should be dressed with a 15-size collar.

You can't raise *these* percentages. But nearly every other sales law can be split wide open with the proper amount of pressure.

For instance, automobile salesmen usually *expect* to sell every twenty-fifth caller. Life insurance solicitors *hope* to interest ten in every hundred men

to whom the girl at the gate takes their cards. The washing-machine road man *figures* to sign up one new dealer for every seventeen calls.

And so it goes all through business. So many calls, so many sales; so much effort, so much result.

These percentages are *not* fixed. You *can* set a new law of averages here.

Send good printing ahead of your salesman—and soon he reports better interviews, more sales.

Let the postman carry a mailing piece to your customers—and watch the added volume your old trade gives you.

Mail interesting literature to the homes from which your prospects come—and observe how much closer to the buying stage they are brought.

The first rule in breaking the law of averages is to interest more people in you and your wares. That's a job for a good printer and good printing!

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A number of books dealing with different phases of the use of direct advertising and printed pieces have been prepared by S. D. Warren Company. Any of these books that you require may be obtained without cost through your printer. Write to him asking that you be put on the regular mailing list. Or write S. D. Warren Company, 101 Milk St., Boston, Mass.



This mark is used by many good printers to identify production on Warren's papers. These papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding and binding.

One house in every ??? will buy your goods

That percentage is not fixed Printing will raise it



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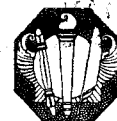
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T. D. Skidmore

"I'd stab him," she confided, "if it was the wrong man"

Master of Sinister House

By E. Phillips
Oppenheim

Major Owston enters the service of Martin Hews and embarks upon a career of strange adventure

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IN a fit of utter dejection, I stopped in the middle of the long cinder path and looked miserably around me. It was, perhaps without exception, the ugliest landscape upon which I had ever gazed—a flat and swampy region, ignored, apparently, by the agriculturist and scorned by even the most optimistic of builders. There were evidences here and there of calamitous speculative enterprise such as a deserted brick yard or a one-story factory.

For the most part, however, the land was a wilderness, with here and there an isolated and squalid-looking cottage. The fields, the grass of which seemed to lack any shade of color or breath of vitality, were separated by dikes in which black, unwholesome water stood stagnant. A few cows seemed oppressed by ruminating gloom. There were no trees, no birds save occasional flocks of inflying sea gulls, great patches of sedgy, irreclaimable land, stretching to the river banks.

In the far distance, upon the other side of the unseen waterway, were factory chimneys, gaunt and stark. There came upon me, as I lingered there, a strong

inclination to go back. Then my hand stole into my trouser pocket, the coins jingled through my fingers—ninepence-halfpenny—and an oblong piece of cardboard, my return third-class ticket to London.

I remembered that this completed the total of my worldly possessions, and off I started again down that hideous cinder track, facing what had seemed to me, from the first moment it loomed up before me, the grimmest, the ugliest, the most fearsome building I had ever seen or conceived. As I neared this architectural abortion an unpleasant conviction stole in upon me. I stopped the only human being I had seen since I left the station—a road mender, plodding slowly through the mud.

"Can you tell me what that building or institution is?" I asked.

"That be Breezeley Mansion, sir."

With that he had had enough of me and went on his way, and I, struggling with my fit of nervous aversion, pushed on until I stood almost under the shadow of this monstrosity of brick and stone. There was no lodge, no wall to protect it from the road,

no garden. There it stood, a great building which age seemed to have rendered only more hideous, straight-fronted, with rows of uninviting windows, and at the two ends round towers with huge windows. It was big enough for a prison or any asylum and unpleasant enough for either. That it should be the dwelling place of any sane man seemed to me incredible, and yet in my pocket reposed a letter addressed to "Martin Hews, Esq., Breezeley Mansion," and that letter, together with ninepence-halfpenny, was my last resource against starvation.

I trod the granite avenue, pressed the electric bell, and received my first shock. The door opened even before my finger had released the knob. A butler, who would not have disgraced a Grosvenor Square mansion, opened it, and leaned forward with an air of benevolent inquiry.

"I have come down from London to see Mr. Hews," I exclaimed. "I have a letter of introduction to him."

The man stared at me reassuringly.

"That is quite all right, sir. Will you come this way?"

He led me across a hall which, in those confused moments, seemed to me like the anteroom of a palace, motioned me to enter a small, automatic elevator, followed me in and closed the gates. We shot up some three stories, after which he again took charge of me, ushered me down a corridor where my feet fell soundlessly upon the thickly piled carpet, and at its farther end touched the knob of a bell. We heard its gentle tinkling in the room, and almost immediately, without any visible agency, the door of an apartment almost as spacious as a museum swung open.

"The gentleman you were expecting, sir," the butler announced, leading the way toward a distant corner—and forthwith took his leave.

I **ADVANCED** a few steps farther, and stood staring like the clumsiest of rustics. Before me, seated at a large rosewood writing table, upon which were several telephone receivers, a row of ivory push-bells, and various other unusual-looking instruments, was the man whom I had come to visit. My first impression of him was that he was seated, but at that moment I could not be sure of anything definite as regards his posture. He was inclosed in what seemed to be an amazing sort of bath chair, the front of which was hidden in the knee hole of the desk so that only the upper part of his body was visible.

The effect he produced upon me, during those first few minutes, remains to this day an indescribable thing. One would have expected, from an afflicted person, a certain delicacy of expression and outline, the pallor which is nearly always associated with every sort of suffering.

The man before me was of an entirely different type. His face was inclined to be round in shape. He had color upon his cheeks which at first seemed to me as though it must be unnatural. His brown eyes were curiously prominent, almost beady. He had carefully



"I wonder," he speculated, "whether I really lose much through not having legs"

trimmed, bushy eyebrows of a lighter shade, and a mass of brown hair, arranged with such absolute perfection that from the first I suspected it to be a wig. His mouth was by far his most attractive feature. It had a delicacy of its own, and a sensitiveness almost childish.

He was dressed with meticulous care, in dark clothes, his folded satin tie of deep purple, fastened by a pin with a quaint foreign stone. When I tried afterward to reconstruct in my mind his personality, from among a haze of tangled impressions, I could think of nothing but the curving mouth and prominent eyes which seemed never to leave my face.

"You are Major Owston?" he asked, looking across at me.

"That is my name, sir," I answered.

"What sort of employment do you want?"

"Any sort in the world which will keep me from starvation."

He scrutinized me thoughtfully, raised his hand and pointed to a chair. I sat down, and would have moved it a little nearer to his desk, but found, to my amazement, that it was screwed to the floor and that underneath the seat was a maze of wire and tubes. I found also that it faced the great window through which the light was streaming in.

"You will forgive the peculiarity of the chair," my host begged. "I have visitors of many sorts, and I like sometimes to know exactly how far they are away from me. It would perhaps amuse you—"

He broke off, and touched one of a line of ivory knobs on the right-hand side of his desk. I felt a sudden tingling in my arms and legs. If the room had been on fire, I could not have moved

from my place. He chuckled softly, touched another knob, and everything was again normal. He rubbed his hands together with positively childish delight.

"One of my little devices," he explained, with a curious touch of vanity in his tone. "I am a helpless person, you see, and I must defend myself. . . . So you want any sort of employment, Henry Owston? Are there any limitations to that somewhat daring statement?"

"None that I can think of."

"You are not overscrupulous, then?"

"Not in a general way. I don't want to get into trouble. I have been in prison once. That was quite enough for me."

"Ah, I remember," he murmured, nodding his head reflectively. "It was at Marseilles, was it not? That affair with a French artillery officer. You have a violent temper, I imagine."

I looked at him in astonishment. Not even Leonard Joyce, my friend who had given me the letter of introduction, knew of that episode in my life to which Martin Hews had alluded.

"If I have," I told him, after a moment's deliberation, "it is very seldom roused, and there is generally sufficient provocation."

HE EYED me appraisingly.

"You are how tall, Major Owston?" I was a little surprised, but I answered him at once.

"Six feet three and a half, sir."

"Magnificently developed around the shoulders," he went on, moving his head a little sidewise. "A trifle underfed, I should say, by the look of you. I have need of strong men, Major Owston, both for my own protection and to carry on my business."

"I am not a weakling," I assured him.

"Apparently not," he assented. "Let me see. Shall I tell you a little more about yourself? In the inter-varsity sports, eighteen years ago, you won all the prizes which were worth taking. Later you have thrown the hammer as only the Americans can throw it. You were in the semifinals of the amateur boxing championship twelve years ago. There was a rumor that it was a gesture of chivalry which prevented your winning. You were supposed to be good enough for county cricket, even for Yorkshire, but the war came, and you developed into a keen soldier. You did a little more than average well—twice mentioned, I believe, and the D. S. O."

"Afterward you had the usual bad luck of a man who had not settled upon his profession definitely when the war broke out. You left your regiment, and tried soldiering in Morocco with the Spaniards. Then, of course, there was that French affair—rather unfortunate. Anything I have forgotten, Major Owston?"

I was speechless. I could think of no living person who could have told me as much as this stranger had done. He watched my surprise with that same smile of absolutely childish gratification.

"Ah, well," he went on, "if I take you into my employ, you will realize that it is my business

sometimes to know everything. Directly Joyce mentioned your name, I began to set inquiries on foot. By the by, did he prepare you for the fact that I was an invalid?"

"He gave me to understand," I admitted diffidently, "that you were—that you had lost the use of your legs."

He frowned as though, for some reason, my answer annoyed him.

"I never had any legs," he explained abruptly. "I am a human freak, Major Owston. I was born without legs. You can see very nearly all there is of me. That is why I sit in the most amazing motor chair that has ever been designed. My own invention, Major—entirely my own invention."

I muttered a word of sympathy, which he acknowledged gravely.

"I wonder," he speculated, "whether I really lose much through not having legs. You shall judge. Sit still. I will give you an exhibition."

There followed the most extraordinary performance I had ever seen. With the touch of a finger upon the steering wheel of his chair, an engine began to throb, and he glided from behind the desk in a graceful backward curve. He came to a standstill, and then suddenly seemed to flash away from before my eyes. He was across at the other side of the room before I could realize that he had moved, threading his course among chairs and tables, skirting the edge of various articles, running backward with only a careless turn of the head over his shoulder, never losing that curiously conceited smile, and glancing more than once quickly across at me as though for my approbation.

Finally he passed me like a streak, and before I could thoroughly collect myself he was seated again opposite to

me behind the table. The motor ceased to throb. His eyes sought mine triumphantly. He was evidently wrapped in deep enjoyment of my stupefaction.

"Have you ever seen anything like that?" he demanded.

"Never in my life," I assured him, as soon as I could find words. "I can't even now understand how such delicate steering can ever be learned. It's miraculous!"

His smile was like the smile of a child whose dolls have been praised, or a mother whose infant has been flattered.

"Go over there," he ordered. "Follow the road back to London. Tell me if you see anything."

"I see the road until it disappears," I reported. "It is empty."

He glanced at an electric clock upon the table, and frowned. Then he lifted from its stand one of the telephone receivers by which he was surrounded, and spoke into it so softly that I failed to hear a word he said. Again he turned toward me.

"Your eyes appear to be strong. Look again. Watch."

There ensued a brief silence—a silence of perhaps three minutes—during which no sign of human life appeared upon the miserable plain across which I looked. At last, at the far end of the road there was a speck.

"There is a vehicle—a motor car—coming," I announced.

"Describe it to me."

I WAITED until it came nearer. It was being driven at a great speed.

"It is a very big car—I should say a Rolls-Royce. It is being driven apparently by a chauffeur. There is another man inside, and I think a girl."

My new employer—already I felt that I was in his service—nodded shortly.

"Come here," he directed. "Turn around. Look at that wall."

He pointed to a strip of oak paneling, not far from the door, and before my eyes, without any visible agency, it parted and slid gently open. Afterward I knew that he had touched a button under his desk.

"Go in there," he ordered. "By means of the instrument standing on a bracket upon your right-hand side you can listen to all that is said; adjust the receivers to your ears. There is a look-out hole there too. If I should strike the desk with the flat of my hand twice, I need help. The door will open by means of a button underneath the bracket. I run my risks as does every man who has enemies, but never yet, poor cripple though I am, have I had to call for help. Tonight, however, it may be different."

I found my temporary refuge larger than I had expected, with some sort of ventilation from overhead, and lit by an electric bulb which flashed out with the closing of the door. I fitted the receiver to my head, and established myself in a not uncomfortable chair before the spy hole.

Then I suddenly received an unexpected shock. Exactly opposite to the opening through which I had entered there flashed, through a chink in the wall, a thin line of light. Noiselessly the panels rolled back, and a woman stood framed in the aperture—a woman whom I judged at first, notwithstanding the youthfulness of her figure, to be elderly. Then, as she lowered her head a little, I saw that what I had taken

for gray hair was in reality a very beautiful shade of ash-colored blond, fine as silk and glimmering almost to gold as she stooped to enter the closet and stood for a moment under the electric bulb. She held up her finger, and I checked my first exclamation of surprise.

"LISTEN, please, to what I have to say, and answer me in as low a tone as possible," she begged.

"But who are you?"

"I will explain directly. Put on your earphones again, and listen for the opening of the door. Your mission, which I suppose is to guard Martin Hews, does not commence until then."

I obeyed her, almost unconsciously. Her voice, soft and pleasant though it was, had in it some curiously compelling quality.

"You are poor," she continued. "You came down here on a desperate chance. You may not know it, but you have failed. Martin Hews has decided not to employ you. The car is already ordered to take you back to the station."

"How do you know that?" I demanded.

"It's my business. I am Martin Hews' niece. I know most of the secrets even of this house."

"Well," I sighed, "I hope you are making a mistake. Unless you have been listening—"

"I have been listening," she interrupted, "and I know my uncle."

"He was pretty well my last chance," I confided gloomily.

"Then you have lost it. You are, I think you said, in straitened means. You can earn this if you care to."

She handed me a folded slip of paper. I opened it out and found that it was a twenty-pound Bank of England note.

"You can earn this twenty pounds," she whispered, "by leaving your place here and catching the train for London, which starts in twenty minutes. I will show you the way to where the car is

waiting. All that you will have to do is to deliver a letter in Berkeley Square and never come near this house again."

We looked at one another for a few seconds in silence.

"If your uncle will not engage me," I said, "that is my misfortune. I have accepted the task of watching here until his visitor has gone, and I must carry it out."

"Take my advice," she begged. "Don't waste your time. You owe nothing to Martin Hews. Soon he will dismiss you with a cynical word of farewell. There is not a soul in this house who does not hate him. Those of us who live here and obey his orders do it because we must. As yet you are free. Take my offer, and hurry away."

"I will not," I decided, turning my

back upon her, and peering through my spy hole. . . . "There is someone coming into the room. Please go away."

Apparently she was convinced of my obduracy, and, in a measure, reconciled to it, for I heard the door roll smoothly back, and the click of its fastening. I had no time to indulge in speculations as to this strange happening, for it was obvious that the expected visitors had arrived. I heard the opening of the door and the butler's sonorous voice. I saw Martin Hews' eyebrows go up, saw him lean a little forward in his strange chair.

Then the other two figures came into view—a fair, sturdily built man, commonplace enough in appearance, but with a bulldog type of features and keen blue eyes. (Continued on page 48)

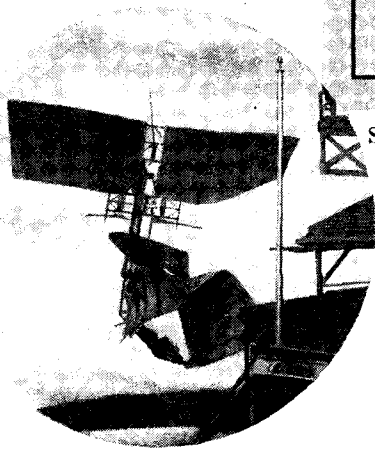


"You are, I think you said, in straitened means. You can earn this if you care to"

Bring Home the Wright Plane

By William G. Shepherd

Here's the story, never before told, of why Orville Wright sent the Kittyhawk airplane, father of all airplanes, to a museum in Great Britain. Congress, as well as the press of America, will take up the fight to bring this plane home. John J. McSwain, South Carolina congressman, has opened the congressional battle



The Langley plane crashing in its final attempt at flight, nine days before the Wrights really flew on December 17, 1903

THERE'S a celluloid skylight about the size of a pillowcase in the roof of the cabin of the Spirit of St. Louis.

You especially notice this window as you look at the machine hanging in the Smithsonian National Museum in Washington. It lends to the tiny cabin a mystic beauty, for its now marred panes admit a soft cathedral-like light.

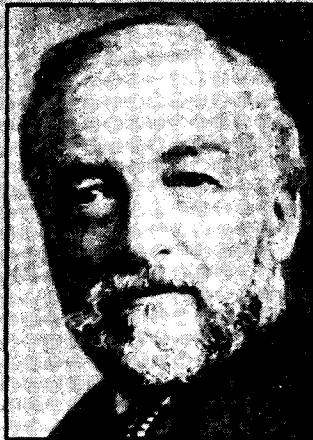
The museum crowds have tripled in size since the Spirit of St. Louis was placed there. Every person stops dead still for a few moments and stands silent and awestruck as, with head bent back, he gazes up into that softly lighted cell and sees where Lindbergh fought it out alone.

It is one of the finest sights in any museum in the world. But there is one exception.

In the South Kensington Museum in London, not many months ago, the crowned head of the British Empire stepped into a great long room and passed down an aisle between hundreds of the most eminent and distinguished men and women in the realm. They also would stop as do the good people in the American crowds beneath the plane of Lindbergh, and gaze, contemplative and silent, at two white wings.

What is inspiring about these two wings with their wires, woodwork and gadgets? Here are some things you might have told the king: "The cotton cloth on the wings, Your Majesty, is good, high-grade stuff, made in a mill in the United States. Pride of the West muslin—that's its trade name.

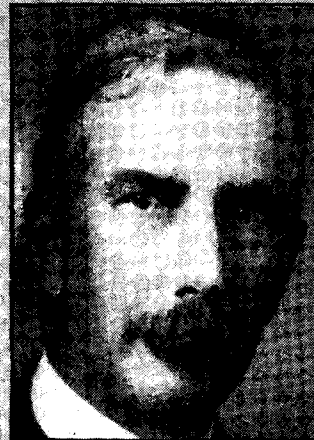
"A quarter of a century and more ago two young men in Dayton, Ohio, one of



Samuel Pierpont Langley



Charles Doolittle Walcott



Charles Greeley Abbot

The Langley-Wright controversy rests among these three succeeding secretaries of the Smithsonian Institution. Langley made a plane that crashed. Walcott insisted after Langley's death that the original plane was capable of flight. Abbot says he'll receive the Wrights' original plane in the institution if Orville Wright will say that the Smithsonian has been honest in its Langley claims. Wright refuses

our good small towns, went over to the Rike company's store and bought about 125 yards of this cloth to put on these wings.

"Inside those wings, Your Majesty, there's a frame of good, strong second-growth ash. That's American too. These same two young men bought this ash down at S. N. Brown's place in Dayton. S. N. Brown used to make the framework for buggy and wagon covers. He had an apparatus for steaming and bending ash ribs. See where those two ash skids are bent? Well, S. N. Brown bent those for these two young men from Dayton; a special job.

"Everything in this flying machine, Your Majesty, was picked up around Dayton, Ohio, by these two young men, as they put this apparatus together in their bicycle shop."

Those are things you might have told the King of England that he could not be expected to know.

But the king and all the world DO know that this strange assemblage of materials is the first ship without sustaining gas that the ocean of the air ever supported safely. In this ship man at last conquered the secrets of the aerial currents. This is the Kittyhawk machine of Wilbur and Orville Wright. no wonder the crowds have multiplied at the old museum in London.

An Incredible Injustice

While Americans stand daily, men, women and children, silent and wondering, viewing in Washington the Spirit of St. Louis, these British crowds gaze up at the white lower wing upon which Orville Wright stretched himself that bitterly raw morning of December 17th, twenty-five years ago, and, with the aid of a small motor and propellers, threw himself and the Wright machine out into the ocean of our atmosphere and found that it carried him.

It's fine for the European crowds that they have the first chance of any public in the world to see this relic. It's man's answer to one of the most taunting challenges that nature has ever made

to the human brain. Americans have a right to be proud that it's theirs. But—NO AMERICAN, WHO KNOWS THE TRUTH, CAN BE PROUD THAT THIS MACHINE IS TODAY IN LONDON INSTEAD OF IN WASHINGTON.

It hangs in Europe as evidence of an incredible injustice which has been done to the Wright brothers. It went over in crates marked with special labels, "In His Britannic Majesty's Service." It was sent to London by Orville Wright. It will not come back again until this injustice is remedied. But when it is remedied the machine *will* come back. And, what's more—

There isn't a man, woman or school child in America who cannot help to bring this Wright machine home.

All we have to do is to know the facts concerning a secret scandal which has been in existence during fully eighteen of the twenty-five years since the first airplane flew. Let this become a public instead of a hidden scandal and this white Kittyhawk machine will come home, drawn by the very power of public opinion.

Certain powerful scientists have been trying to cheat the Wright brothers out of their credit. That's the story in a nutshell, for all Americans to know.

John Jackson McSwain, congressman from South Carolina, is the first Washington official to start an action to bring this machine home.

All of this scandal will be brought out into the open soon. We shall probably see its finish before the opening of the new year; perhaps by December, for the twenty-fifth anniversary of the first flight. The President of the United States, in line with a joint resolution by Congressman McSwain presented to Congress, is to be asked to name a commission of five fair and impartial American citizens to consider the story and make a report. The House has already passed the resolution; the Senate will undoubtedly do so.

The story that this commission will hear will, in part, relate the rôles which have been played in this affair by a

dynasty of three succeeding secretaries of the Smithsonian Institution. All three of these secretaries were, of course, professional scientists. Among the three of them, during the past twenty-five years, the question has been: WERE THE WRIGHT BROTHERS ONLY TWO LUCKY YOUNG MEN IN OVERALLS WHO STUMBLED ON SUCCESS BY RISKING THEIR ROUGH NECKS, OR DID THEY REACH SUCCESS BY BEING SCIENTISTS?

The answer that the fine old Smithsonian Institution has been forced by at least one of its secretaries to give and as it stands today on distorted Smithsonian records is in effect: "THEY DIDN'T SUCCEED IN THE RÔLE OF SCIENTISTS; THEY WERE MERELY TWO LUCKY, BRAVE YOUNG MECHANICS."

The first of these secretaries was Samuel Pierpont Langley,

who served from 1887 to 1906. His part in the Wright machine scandal was unwitting. Also his part in aviation was heartbreaking; it broke HIS heart, his friends say, and brought on his death. He was a proud man; an arbiter in the scientific world in America. He was as brave as the Wright brothers. They risked their necks; Langley risked his reputation as a scientist by insisting that man could fly. He lent his great name and example to an art that was in disrepute.

Langley's example gave heart and courage to all experimenters the world over, including the Wright brothers, who were being called "the crazy Wrights."

Langley's Tragedy

Any Presidential commission must decide that Langley died without claiming for his flightless airplane one iota of credit more than was his due. His very silence in after years showed that he knew the machine he built was incapable of flight. The pity is that too much was claimed for him. But that's getting ahead of the story.

Samuel P. Langley worked for many years in the Smithsonian laboratory checking up on an apparatus which would now be considered extremely crude: the mathematical tables of certain European experimenters like Duchemin and others showing "the relation of speed and angle of inclination to the lifting power of surfaces moving through the air." Men couldn't fly without knowing that.

He published his tables of figures; they were open to all men. But these tables were useless because they concerned planes that could not fly; and his figures only corroborated the erroneous figures of the European calculators.

There has never been a great discovery in the world that has not produced its tragedies. Gentlemen of the Presidential commission will learn that Langley's tragedy was that he chose to follow men who had gone the wrong way. And he died knowing this.

The story will show, however, that Langley thought that he was within sight of the goal. He finally got so far in his experiments with small models of toylike form built on calculations of European experts that a branch of the War Department, along about the opening of the century, gave him \$50,000 for the purpose of creating a man-carrying air-going machine. He spent several years building the apparatus.

Langley, scientist, knew that he was in a mighty race. He knew that the world with the new gasoline engine was ripe for the airplane. The airplane was almost ready for the world.

This man of science, in the great and imposing Smithsonian Institution in Washington, elected to his office by congressmen and senators, associate of statesmen and scientists, kept hearing about the two young bicycle makers, who had been first interested in aviation through a flying toy which their father, a clergyman, had brought into the simple little Wright home in Dayton, Ohio.

Dr. Octave Chanute, great engineer, bridge builder and architect of Chicago, friend of Langley, kept telling him about what the Wrights were doing, for Chanute was also their good friend and a valuable adviser and aid.

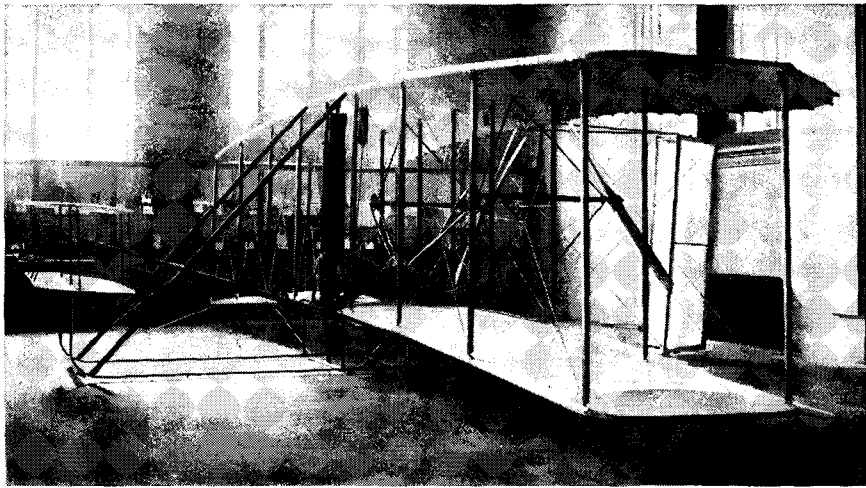
Wilbur Wright's Challenge

And then, according to proofs that can be shown the commission, suddenly one of the two young men—it was Wilbur, then only thirty-five years old—indirectly challenged the distinguished white-haired sixty-eight-year-old scientist and all the other makers of mathematical tables having to do with air pressure on wings. The story of this challenge will help the President's commission to reach the truth that Dr. Langley was NOT inventor of the airplane and that in building his plane that crashed he only followed the erroneous calculations of other scientists.

In the year 1902, a year before the first successful airplane had been made, Wilbur Wright, in an address before the Western Society of Engineers in Chicago, told them that all previous calculations of the principles of flight, dating back over 100 years, were wrong. Modest, quiet and earnest as the Wright men were, youth was having its say. Wilbur coldly told the truth about errors, as he and his brother saw them. He and his brother had uncovered these errors in their experiments with kitelike gliders. The only principle of flight which Langley himself attempted to declare was wrong, though it was named after him. It runs:

"These new experiments show that if in such aerial motion there be given a plane of fixed size and weight, inclined at such an angle and moved forward at such speed that it shall be sustained in horizontal flight, then the more rapid the motion is the LESS will be the power required to support and advance it."

The Wrights denied, even before they had flown, that such a law could be applied to practical flying. It didn't sound like sense. In practical terms you might as well say that the faster your motor car moves the less power it takes to drive it; the faster a train moves the less coal it requires to feed its engine; the faster a swimmer swims the less muscle is required to move him along. The Langley "law" might have held men back for years if the Wrights had not upset it.



The Wrights' Kittyhawk machine in the South Kensington Museum, London

The day was to come after Langley's death, as records of the Smithsonian Institution will show, when these young upstarts, the Wrights, were to be consulted by the great leaders of the Smithsonian Institution itself as to whether or not this "Langley Law" should be placed on a memorial tablet to Langley in the Smithsonian Institution. They protected Langley's name from ridicule by giving the advice—which was followed—that it be left off because, in effect, it did not "represent Langley at his best."

Langley, in making his great plane which crashed, followed an error which the Wright brothers avoided in making the Kittyhawk machine. The error was this: The center of air pressure on a flat plane continues to move forward as the angle decreases until it finally reaches the front edge.

It will be easy to show anyone what this means: Take a postal card and make a dot in the very center of it.

When the postal card is held directly upright and moved forward against the air, the center of air pressure on the card is exactly at this mark. But, as you tilt the card downward, presenting less surface directly to the air, as you move it forward, your dot, in order to continue to show the center of air pressure, ought to move along the face of the card in the direction the card is moving, toward its front edge. When the card becomes horizontal the center of air pressure will be on the front edge of the card, not on its surface.

A Costly Mistake

Langley's idea of a flying machine was one that embodied this idea. But what did this principle have to do with flying? This forward-moving center of air pressure applied only to planes that were absolutely flat. And man could not fly with flat planes. He could fly only with curved, or, as technically known, cambered surfaces.

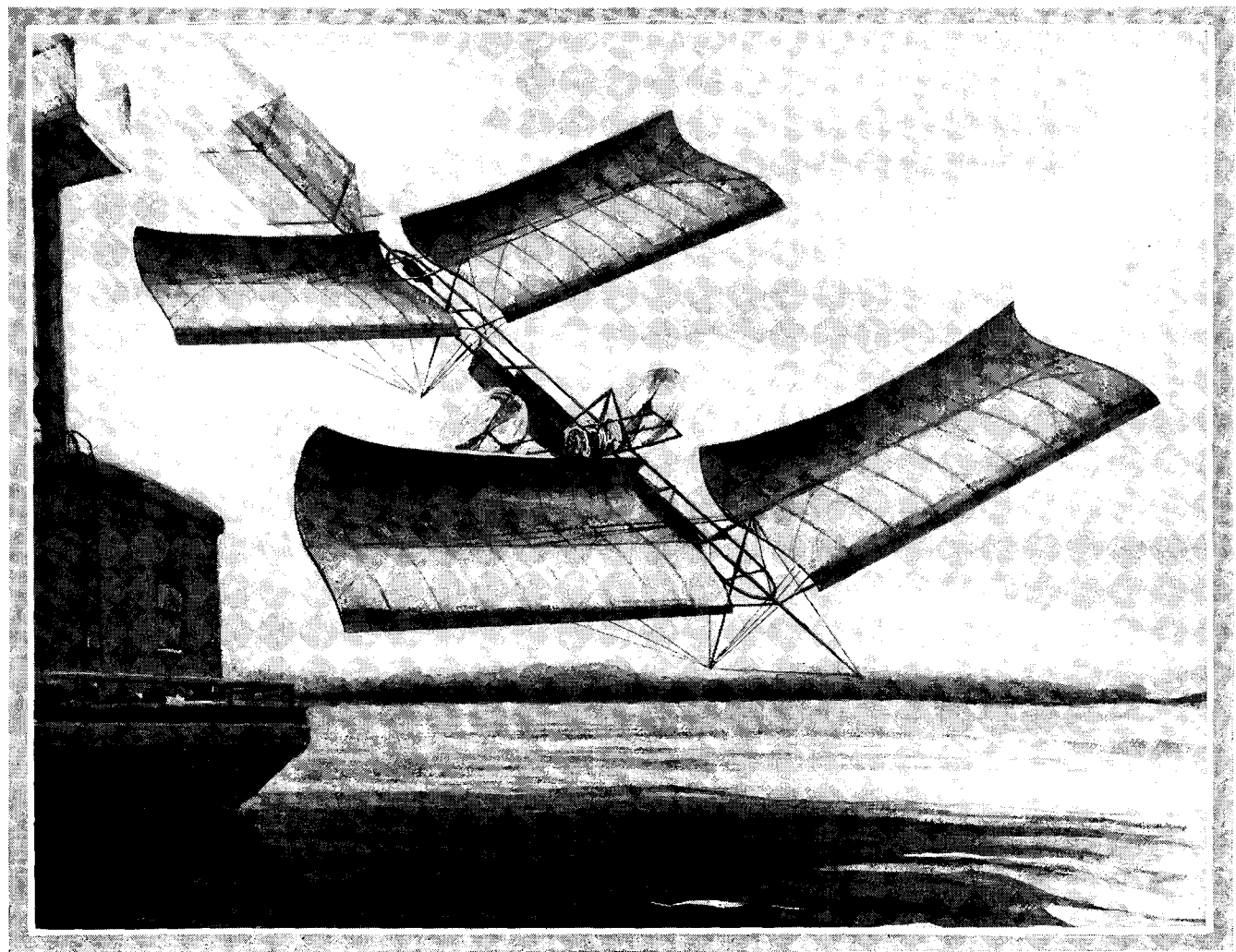
Langley built his plane in the great first-to-fly race with curved wings. But he made the mistake of trying to adapt to these curved wings principles that applied only to flat planes. He did not know that rules for curved surfaces were exactly the reverse of those applying to flat surfaces. And right there he made the tragic error of his life. He made his wings so that they would stand increasing strains toward their front edges.

He built a framework for his plane that would help to meet and sustain the growing air pressure at the front of his wings. He had the idea that in flight, as his planes were tilted less against the air so that he might increase his speed, it would be necessary to support more and more of his plane's weight on the front edges.

The Wright brothers found that their cambered kite planes, built by the center-of-air-pressure rule, which Langley had erroneously followed, dipped forward, nose-dived and crashed.

So the brothers threw over ALL of the main "laws," theories and mathematical tables which had been collected through the decades, and started out to discover the principles of man flight for themselves. Langley made the mistake of sticking to previous "discoveries."

Maybe those two young men who constructed that air tunnel in their bicycle shop in Dayton, Ohio—the first air tunnel known in the history of aviation—did wear overalls. I don't know. Maybe the long, slender fingers of those two young men—that formed, through hours, days and months, a multitude of small metal planes, about six inches long, of every shape and form that might be possibly or even remotely conceivable in a successful airplane—were greasy with toil in a (Continued on page 38)



Michael Heiter

Our artist shows how the weak rear edges on the wings sent Langley's plane crashing

Crowded Knights

DARNED glad to see you back," exclaimed Mr. Stubbs, holding out both hands to Uncle Henry, who had just returned from several months in Europe. "Well," he continued jocularly, "I s'pose you met all sorts of lords an' dukes an' earls?"

"Of course I did," said Uncle Henry, breathing a sigh of pure happiness as he sat down in his old chair and looked around the store. "Not that I wanted to, 'Lonzo, but I jes' couldn't get out of it. They're everywhere. London certainly is no place for an absent-minded man or a jaywalker, for if you don't look where you're goin' you're liable to find yourself wadin' knee-deep in a mess of peers. One mornin' I dashed out of my hotel without watchin' where I placed my feet, an' blamed if I didn't squash two dukes, three viscounts, a marquis an' Heaven only knows how many sirs. I got so nervous at the last I wouldn't walk anywhere except behind a street sweeper."

"No, indeed, my dear 'Lonzo, meetin' titles in England isn't what makes demand on thought an' energy. Avoidin' 'em is what calls for cool thinkin' an' ratlike cunning. It's pretty easy to distinguish an earl or a duke, even at one hundred paces, for their faces usually stop at the upper lip, but there's absolutely no way to tell a baronet, for he looks jes' like everybody else. An' lots of the titles are very old ones, some datin' as far back as the fall of 1925. Maybe 1924."

"The thing got on my nerves to such a degree that I used to take a boat an' go over to Ireland in hopes of bein' able to meet a plain mister or missus. But, Lord bless you, 'Lonzo, Ireland was almost as bad, for virtually everybody you meet claims to have descended from a king of some sort or other. As near as I am able to figure it out, ancient Erin was a good deal like the Mexican army today—all generals, no privates."

"No, 'Lonzo, the trouble with you—an' the trouble with most Americans, for that matter—is that you've got an entirely wrong idea 'bout this here nobility business. You think that an earl, a lord or a baron must necessarily belong to a very old family. At that, all that age does for a family is to give it plenty of time to go to seed."

London is no place for a jaywalker. If you don't look where you're goin' you're liable to find yourself wadin' knee-deep in a mess of peers

Uncle Henry

"In the beginnin', to be sure, a title meant somethin', even though the meanin' wasn't always entirely creditable. Y'see, those old kings couldn't send down to an employment agency for a bunch of high-class gunmen, so Rufus the Rough would wander over to some bull-necked retainer an' say, 'I know a spot where the pickin's look good. Throw in with me, an' I'll provide the divine right, an' you can keep half what you steal.'"

"It was a policy that made England the greatest colonizin' nation in the history of the world. You remember Morgan the pirate, don't you? The one that burned an' sacked without stoppin' for lunch or takin' Sundays off? Well, England made him Sir Henry Morgan. If Captain Kidd had only had the sense to have been born an' Englishman, you'd have seen him endin' his life as Sir William Kidd, the famous colonizer an' unselfish bearer of the White Man's Burden."

Ingratitude of Republics

"But it isn't that way any more, 'Lonzo. England is so free with titles today that soap manufacturers have had to stop givin' 'em away as premiums, an' the king has been compelled to adopt an entirely new procedure. When he knighted a man he used to tap him on the shoulder with a sword, but poor King George got so muscle-bound from constant exercise that he had to cut out the sword in favor of a rubber stamp driven by electricity."

"For the most part, however, titles are given for political service. Over

here we hand out post offices to party workers, or make the more important ones United States marshals or prohibition-enforcement officials, but Merrie Old England slips 'em a dukedom, an earldom or a baronetcy. On the day after an election it takes five movin' vans to carry the recommendations for titles from party headquarters to Buckingham Palace, where the king is waitin' in his overalls."

"The contributors to a successful campaign are remembered no less cordially. After you've paid your money into the war chest of the party, all you've got to do is to walk over to the counter where the samples are on display, an' pick out a title that you think will please the little woman. Why, 'Lonzo, if a good, lavish giver like Sam Insull lived in London instead of Chicago, they'd come darn' near to makin' him king."

"Jes' take some of the British titles, an' you'll see for yourself how they do things over there. Ten or fifteen years ago Lord Birkenhead was only Fred Smith, a clever lawyer with the gift of gab, but he had the sense to switch from one party to the other until he picked a winner; Lord Beaverbrook used to be Max Aitken, a Canadian promoter; Lord Reading was born an' Isaacs, an' Lord Rothermere started out in life as plain Harmsworth."

"If we had the same system over here, for instance, William R. Hearst would be the Duke of Hollywood, Bill Vane the Earl of Schuykill, and dapper Jimmie Walker would have to take a whole page in a hotel register, for he'd be Earl

Eastside, the Duke of Corlears Hook an' Baron Kill von Kull."

"An' as for a brewer or distiller, 'Lonzo, they haven't got a Chinaman's chance of escapin' a title in England. I knew a poor devil who hid in his malt-house for four years, but along toward the last he got careless. One sunny day he put his head out of a window, so as not to miss the English summer, an' before he could get it back they'd made him a baronet."

"I met an American girl in London who was hysterical with delight at the prospect of meetin' a Lord Somebody, an' on inquiry I learned that he got his title on the strength of makin' an ale that had the kick of a maddened mule."

Beauty Looks Out for Herself

"I'll bet you that that same girl wouldn't have been at all flattered if she was introduced to Anheuser, Pabst, Busch, Schlitz, Ruppert an' others who used to make personal liberty a livin', breathin' thing in the United States."

"However, it's a good thing for England that she's gone into the machine production of titles on a large scale. What with the loss of teeth an' chins, the House of Lords was beginnin' to look like an aviary. New blood is a vital need."

"It was thought for a while that the many stage marriages would help, but England has long since learned that the maternal progenitor of the average chorus beauty didn't raise her girl to be a mother."

"The Prince of Wales is all right, isn't he?" demanded Mr. Stubbs.

"One hundred per cent, 'Lonzo. I saw him at a dancin' club one night, an' let me tell you that he's a true son of the bulldog breed."

"I watched him for half an hour on that crowded floor, an' never once did he have an elbow out of his mouth; never once did he gain a yard. But did he quit? Not much he didn't! An' him havin' to give away weight to every man in the room!"

"Well, he's got a right to a little pleasure," said Mr. Stubbs. "I guess they work those crowned heads pretty hard."

"I'll say they do," Uncle Henry agreed. "King George has laid so many cornerstones that the masons' union has made him take out a card."

"I know a spot. Throw in with me, an' I'll provide the divine right, an' you can keep half what you steal"





Illustrated by
Kurt Wiese

Deaf to the sound of a motor truck he knelt. "Lord!" he began. "Lord—"

The Day of Miracles

By Elsie Singmaster

A SHORT SHORT STORY

EMORY BUPP stood by the un-cleared breakfast table; on the far side knelt Mrs. Bupp. Emory was tall, thin and fair; Mrs. Bupp was short, stout and dark. From outside the house sounded bird songs; inside there was the breathing of Emory, a sigh from Hannah, the bubbling of water on the stove. Hannah was proud to be the wife of so good a man, but goodness had at times its disadvantages. Emory was a Pentecostal Brother, and it was his habit to abandon work and kneel in house or field, uttering eloquent petitions.

Hearing a baby's whimper and a more violent bubbling from the stove, Hannah sighed again. It was Monday morning, and Emory and she should really be about their business. To oblige a friend, he had signed a note for \$200, and unless he could collect various sums owing to him he would be in serious trouble. The note was held by Oliver Krug, who was anxious to get possession of the little house.

"You'll have to pray your own prayers," said Emory suddenly. "I'm saving mine."

Taking from behind the door a blue coat with a braided collar and a cap with a visor on which were embroidered the words "Pentecostal Brother" he walked down the road. A quarter of a mile away he knelt before the open door of a little house.

"Lord," said he, "Thou knowest Brother Wildasin owes me \$30. Put it into his heart to return it." There was no response. "If he has it," concluded Emory with a sigh.

At last Wildasin came to the door. "I haven't it," said he curtly.

Emory stepped down the road. Seeing William Ebert plowing, he knelt and prayed in a loud voice, "Oh, Lord! I need the money I lent Willie Ebert!" When he opened his eyes William was at the far end of the field.

Rising, he stood and looked at the ground. He cherished no resentment against Oliver Krug; Oliver had a right to his money. The half past eleven whistles were blowing when he stepped upon the paved streets of the county seat. His fellow believer, Thomas Shrader, who owed him \$30, invited him to dinner, but could pay him nothing. Thomas was sincerely troubled. "But if I don't have it, how can I give it?" he asked.

"I have yet Brother Fry," said Emory to himself. "He owes me \$50."

Brother Fry was angry; overpersuaded by his wife, he had yesterday spent \$50 for unnecessary furniture.

"Is it said we should pester a man when we have done him a kindness?" he demanded.

EMORY left the house hurriedly. It was now mid-afternoon, and he had collected nothing. Seeing a wood, he entered, and kneeling down prayed for light. Still convinced that the Lord would help him, he determined to go home on quiet roads, and when the spirit moved him, to pray. Sometimes he spoke at length, sometimes he said only, "Lord, Thou knowest."

Toward dark he came in sight of the hill at the foot of which he lived, and

realized that he had stupidly set a term for the Almighty. He expected that his prayer would be answered before he reached home, and here was home almost at hand!

Instantly he dropped into the middle of the road. He saw now the stern face of Krug. He no longer took it for granted that the Lord knew his trouble; he explained it at length:

"Thou knowest I have done Thy will! I shall go on doing Thy will whatever happens. But if I had \$200 my heart would be at rest. Lord, hear!"

When he rose he could no longer see the hill or exactly place his little house. Hungry and weary, he quickened his steps; then he slowed down.

"I trust Thee!" said he. "I trust Thee!"

Here was the forlorn dwelling of Uriah Bupp, who, though he had the same surname, was no kin. Uriah was a bad man, supposed to be the go-between for wicked men who transported liquor.

Emory feared the mysterious ways of evil; he walked past rapidly, and the spurt carried him into his own road. He could see Ebert's light, farther away Wildasin's, still farther away his own. In a sweat of alarm he stopped short, as though at the edge of an abyss. A few more minutes and he would be confessing to Hannah that he had failed. Deaf to the sound of a motor truck near at hand, he knelt.

"Lord!" he began. "Lord—"

Confused by sudden thunder, he

sprang up. A truck bore down upon him, traveling with dimmed lights. He saw Hannah, his baby, all his pleasant life, and, uttering a shout of terror, threw out his arms to protect his head.

By a mighty effort the driver brought his giant vehicle to a stop. He swore vigorously, appalled by the imminence of tragedy.

"What's your name?"

"Bupp," gasped Emory.

"You ought to have a flash!" As though he meant to present Emory with a flash, whatever that might be, he handed him a small parcel and instantly was gone. It was amazing that so ponderous a vehicle could get under way so quickly. That which Emory held in his hand was an envelope—he felt it; it was sealed. His childish mind was puzzled and he hastened home, pressing the envelope as he ran. Its contents seemed to be paper. A wild notion flashed through his mind—no, that was impossible!

He burst open the kitchen door. Supper waited for him on the table. Seeing him Hannah began to cry. "You didn't get it!"

The light illuminated Emory's face; it was pale, awed. He handed over the envelope. "Open it," he said solemnly.

HANNAH tore across the edge. "Money!" she cried. "Money!" Tears ran down her pale cheeks. "Do you have it all?"

"Count it," commanded Emory with assurance.

"It's \$200," wept Hannah.

"Of course," said Emory calmly. "The day of miracles is yet here, and what we need we get."



Cornelius Hicks

"I've been sick for you!" she gasped. "What are we to do?"

Giant Killer

By Elmer Davis

The Story Thus Far:

IN HONOR bound to make good his song about killing the giant Goliath, David blames his harp for getting him into such a fix and casts it from him. Then regretting his action he rises toward dawn to recover it. At the bottom of the hill he finds Goliath's dead body—tripped up accidentally by a drunken private of King Saul's army, Goliath had fallen against a sharp rock—and always quick to see his good fortune David cuts off the giant's head and marches triumphantly to Saul, thus forestalling any story the private might tell.

Step by step thereafter David rises to power. One by one each man standing in his way is killed, always through someone else's effort: King Saul, General Abner, Saul's son. David always simulates grief but is really secretly thankful for each death.

Joab, David's nephew though near his own age, a stern, silent soldier whose only friends are his brother Abishai and Tirzah, Abishai's wife, is the man who wins David's victories for him. David is fearful of Joab's strength but realizes that he cannot do without him and Joab, though fearful of David's cleverness, knows that they cannot do without each other.

Whenever Joab is tempted to think harshly of the king he reminds himself of Goliath—until one day he discovers the truth about Goliath only to realize that in the great and inscrutable plan of the universe it evidently makes no difference who happens actually to kill the giants.

During the war with the Ammonites Uriah, a young soldier, makes a suggestion to Joab and Joab promises to put it before the king. When Uriah's wife, Bathsheba, beautiful and calculating, hears of Joab's promise, she insists on having him to dinner. Joab is much affected by Bathsheba and wishes that he had met someone like her when he was young, the only woman he ever loved being Michal, whom David took.

Joab decides to have Bathsheba and Uriah for dinner. He asks Tirzah's help and when she hears about it she warns him that Bathsheba is looking for trouble.

VIII

STILL smarting from that wrangle with his sister-in-law, Joab found himself absurdly self-conscious when Bathsheba and her husband came to dinner, yet in five minutes she had put him utterly at his ease. She wore red tonight—a scarlet gown, silver-girdled, with silver bracelets on her lovely bare arms; a faint fragrance exhaled from her soft brown hair. And in his rather splendid palace she was as easily, unselfconsciously at home as at her own table. He and she were both at home. . . . Tirzah was absurd!

Uriah, however, was a none too well

naturalized immigrant. Dining with his general, building hopes on that memorandum he had just sent to the King, he was rather exalted, and the wine from Jesse's old vineyard back of Bethlehem exalted him still further. He insisted on talking about ideals, what Israel meant to them all and to the world. Joab wondered if he too had been so insistent on the obvious when he was a young man.

Bathsheba said little during dinner; but, thought Joab, his eyes stealing back to her again and again, she didn't need to say anything. She was. If only he had had the luck to meet a woman like that in time! After dinner he showed Uriah a collection of old trophies from the Philistine wars, and left him looking them over once again, in a flutter of wonder and delight; left him to come back to Bathsheba. She sat pensive, her slim white fingers curved about a silver wine cup; her clear amber eyes looked up at him and he had the feeling that he and she were united in a perfect warm understanding. . . . He and she, and not Uriah.

"Sorry," she said in an undertone. "He's in one of his consecrated moods tonight."

Rather startled, he tried to reassure her with: "Enthusiasm's not such a bad trait in a young man."

She gave a tiny shrug.

"SOMETIMES," she said, "I wish Uriah were a little more certain what he's being enthusiastic about. He can't seem to distinguish between the essential and the fortuitous."

"Between the—I don't believe I understand," said Joab.

"No?" She smiled faintly. "You military men aren't subtle, are you? God knows, I ought to have learned that in five years of marriage."

Joab regarded her with pained astonishment. She was talking about her husband as if he were someone else's husband, not the partner of her hopes and dreams and sorrows and ecstasies.

"But I thought you were in love with him!" he muttered, and then sat appalled at this outburst of soldierly bluntness. Her brows lifted.

"Oh, he has his good points. But sometimes I envy the people who don't marry till they're old enough to know what they want."

"Well, well!" said Joab uneasily. "Naturally he idealizes Israel—"

"If that were all!" said Bathsheba. The clear candor of her eyes was clouded and smoldering. "He idealizes everything. He worse than idealizes me—I'm not myself, just the box he keeps his ideals in. His private Ark of God." Joab was shocked; these young people had no reverence.

"He never thinks of me as a woman at all," she said. "Just a sort of goddess, untouchable—except when he wants me, of course. Then—!" She smiled, in faintly derisive apology. "I suppose I'm being indiscreet," she said. "My generation believes in calling things by their names. I'd forgotten that you're a gentleman of the old school."

Joab was not sure that he liked being ascribed to the old school.

"Well, well!" he muttered. "I should think—" But as her amber eyes regarded him from beneath drooping

lashes he no longer knew what he thought. "I don't understand women!" he growled.

Bathsheba laughed inaudibly. "I'm not women. Haven't you found that out yet?"

"That's what I like about you!" he burst out. "You're not women! You're—Bathsheba!"

For women were disturbing. They deranged one's personality, threw the scheme of life out of focus. No matter what a fantastic cloud palace of ideals and aspirations one might build around them—as he had once built around Michal, as Uriah (the young ass) had evidently built around Bathsheba—what underlay it was always a simple direct desire; and till that desire was satisfied one couldn't begin to know the woman at all. So of late years Joab had saved time by confining himself to women he didn't care to know, captive concubines who neither could nor wanted to impose delays, so that the desire could be satisfied and he could go about his business. . . . But that sort of thing was dull, unsatisfying, unworthy. He realized that, now that he had met Bathsheba.

NOT that he was in love with her at all; that was what made it so agreeable. None of the cloudy idealism he had felt about Michal, still less the hot craving that had been roused by that girl in Ashkelon. He could regard the suave smoothness of her shoulders, the trim contour of her ankles bared by the shorter gowns lately in vogue, the impenetrable amber complexities of her eyes, with a cool detached admiration. She wasn't women, she was a woman—no, a person. Beautifully agreeable to the eye, uneasily perplexing, sometimes, to the military mind—but a person; a person who (Continued on page 43)

Words and Music

By John B. Kennedy

George Gershwin slid from the cashier's chair in one of his father's restaurants over to a piano stool and began to produce what in time turned out to be his famous Rhapsody in Blue and the scores of many a musical show. When he needed a librettist, why, there was brother Ira, right at hand

LUNCH hour in the Potash-and-Perlmuter belt of Manhattan is a matter of sound, steam and speed. The elevated clatters, subways clang and traffic jungles screech with all the noises in the world and a few from somewhere else.

A young man who used to shave twice a day before he was twenty worked in one of a chain of these meal-a-minute places to learn the business, as it were, from coffee grounds up.

At night he sought other rhythms—banging with nimble fingers at a box piano that had seen much better days, making it the incubator for a brain brimming with tunes.

They tell the tale of a strolling German band parking outside the restaurant where George Gershwin had been graduated from the kitchen to the cashier's cage. The band attracted crowds. Merchants protested to the police. But the band stood on its rights.

One Saturday the band was not on the street; but it was playing, loudly and much better than before, parked at one side of the cashier's cage, and, between taps at the cash register, conducted by the cashier. That was the first and last one-arm lunchroom to orchestrate its meals, and a bright spot in Gershwin's career as a short-order Boniface.

"I never liked the restaurant business," he told me. "I never liked any business but show business, which is more fun than business—when you get a showing."

Through a sense of filial duty young Gershwin stuck it out in the restaurant, meantime yearning.

Father Was Disappointed

And this period of yearning was less than ten years ago. Today America's new music master is still under thirty. He looks more like a welterweight champion than our reigning composer, the man who took jazz from the jungle and made it rhapsodic, another way of saying respectable.

"Lady, Be Good," "Tip Toes," "Funny



Wide World George Gershwin looks more like a welterweight champion than a composer

Face," "Rosalie" are a few of his hits which sent the whole world whistling where it dared; but on the Rhapsody in Blue and the Concerto in F rests the serious fame of this young man fortunate enough to have profitable genius and smart enough to make the most of it.

"I was doubling up with high-school and lunch-room work," he recounts in a swift, deep voice that has no trace of the ghettos whence emerged his forbears. "Studies I cared little for. Even my sums meant nothing but little tunes to me.

"But my father wanted me to follow in his footsteps. There seemed to be at least a guaranty that a man would eat regularly in the restaurant business.

"But I had a hunger that I couldn't very well communicate to anybody else because there seemed to be no reason why a youngster evidently destined to be a business man should have a yearning for music."

Without an instrument of his own, he took out something of his suppressed appetite for music by taking a turn at grinding a barrel organ for an Italian who played up and down the tenement alleys.

"The mere sound of a rag was sufficient to set me off, flooding my imagination with different arrangements of the notes I heard, to produce grotesque effects. I knew nothing whatever about musical science. I didn't know a semiquaver from a demisemiquaver and the diatonic scale might have been a freight-yard fixture for all I knew. But, whenever I could spare a half dollar from a sum I was hoarding out of \$4 a week wages, I'd hike up to the second balcony at a musical play. That really constituted my earliest education in music."

By the time he was fourteen young Gershwin had saved enough to buy a Kathleen Mavourneen piano—one of those "it may be for years and it may be forever" before the final or, for that matter, the next installment is paid. He had it delivered to his home and commenced experimenting with its keys, trying to organize into orderly sound the jumbled tunes that echoed through his head.

The Neighbors Writhed

His father was skeptical, his mother indulgent. If the lad wanted a piano and was willing to pay for it, that was his funeral. But very quickly, they

speculated, it might be theirs, for at weird hours of the night George, racing home from some musical show—and Metropolitan Opera comes under the strict application of the phrase—would pound out improvisations of the tunes he had heard.irate neighbors complained to the janitor, the janitor complained to the landlord, who with characteristic suavity returned the buck to the janitor.

The Gershwins received an ultimatum to stop George or to get out.

Then something worse happened. His piano paid for, young Gershwin, a master of two-finger technique, learned that music must have system and system implied training. A second-hand pianoforte textbook gave him his first hint of a mystery called counterpoint. He set aside \$1 a week for two music lessons at 50 cents each. For months Pa Gershwin fled the house by night to seek the more merciful cacophonies in his restaurant kitchens and escape his son's relentless practicing on the scales.

George persevered. He got a job at \$15 a week with a firm of music publishers. They are the same publishers who have since made more than a minor fortune selling sheet music of his stuff.

He met Charles Hambitzer, one of the strange, obscure geniuses who move about great cities unsung, even unknown beyond the circle of a specialized class. Hambitzer was a genuine composer who preferred to invest his gifts in teaching younger men and women.

Gershwin once told Hambitzer he had the ambition to become a great American composer—one who could translate into tune the crowding struggle of American civilization.

"That is worthy," said the old teacher. "It is grand to aim at the classic; but it is more profitable, at first, to aim at the popular."

So Gershwin, with little formal training in his art, plunged into popular creation.

For ten hours a day he banged rugged pianos in Tin Pan Alley. During the rush season, the dog days, when the big- and little-time vaudeville teams and burlesque soubrettes go out in search of hits and near-hits for the new season, he played until his fingers became calloused.

All the worst voices in the world bawled ballads as he played, so that he came to know the caliber of toil-worn contraltos and soiled sopranos the minute their owners stuck their heads through a glass doorway and hailed:

"Can you play for me, dearie?"

Dutifully he went through his eight-hour ordeal each day, one of a battery of eight or nine piano pluggers. Punctually he (Continued on page 52)



The Divine Right of Jack King

By H.C. Witwer

Reel Eight of Bigger and Better—in which beauty's loss is the cauliflower industry's gain

THE canny Scots has a old saying, "Kings and bears worry their keepers!"

Now, though I've never had the delightful experience of being the keeper of a bear, gentle reader, I've had charge of at least one King, and I'll state that Scotch wisecrack is no distortion of facts. The King I had under my wings was handsome "Gentleman Jack" King; namely, contender for the welterweight championship of the world, movie actor, quickie producer, lady killer and finally stunt flyer, though the last imitation was no fault of his! Pull over your chairs and I'll broadcast the lowdown on that escapade, my masters.

We'd just hopped back to New York from Hollywood, where Jack had been working in pictures, to get ready for the Battle of the Epoch with Jimmy McCabe; i. e., a smart business man and holder of the welterweight title. One reason that bozo retained the crown so long was because few of the boys could afford the exorbitant expense of fighting him. He was what is known far and wide as a luxury!

Shylock Wiggins, his pilot and as fine a guy as ever dynamited a orphan asylum, priced the championship at fifty thousand dollars, f. o. b. This gil demanded that much on the side for a crack at it, besides his guarantee, mind you, so that if his visible means of support should forget to duck they'd be that many more pieces-of-eight in the old till after the battle. On the other hand, if, by a odd coincidence, his milk-fed champion won, he was willing to return the fifty grand to the unlucky loser. On them terms I went to work and made the match.

This burglar's agreement had to be cooked in secret, of course, as it was as much against all organized boxing rules as hitting your opponent with the bucket is, yet it's done every day. I'll have you know box fighting is now Big Business and not no sport, good people, and self-defense has become a plea instead of a

Illustrated by
R. Van Buren

"Tiger Mays is no bargain and if I don't get the duke over him the champ wouldn't meet me at croquet"

art, what I mean! The light-hitting champs wishes protection for their old age and makes the other athletes put out heavy and like it for a chance to punch their ears off. Another thing, a challenger with fifty thousand of his own personal dough going the way of all flesh if he wins, is apt to get thoughtful—and careful—when he gets in there. What a racket!

NOW, Jackie King was no secret to the ring worms of dear old Manhattan, but it had been quite a spell since he displayed his wares there. No matter how many palookas he'd knocked bowlegged in the sticks, the sharpshooters craved a personal load of him before laying important money on the line to park their forms at the championship mêlée. So to ballyhoo the big fracas I was first forced to throw Jack in the ring with Tiger Mays; viz., a two-fisted fool which none of the other bold challengers wished any part of. And for good reason—Mr. Mays wasn't called "Tiger" for nothing, what I mean!

I spotted training quarters for this scrap at Jamaica, Long Island, and as

the racing season was in full swing around New York then we drew plenty admirers of the noble horse to our camp to witness Jack ready himself—at four bits the head. Amongst the daily visitors was Fay Daniels, a triple-threat looker with which my performer was up to the hilt in love. He'd even got his face lifted for her—tie that!

Fay was one of the main reasons Colossal Productions kept out of the red, and she was likewise supposed to check out for Los Angeles at once with Melbourne Maxim, her director and our pal, to play the name part in Jeanette, a talkie epic. This beauteous charmer had slayed 'em with the first speaking cinema she ever took part in, being equipped with something as rare in the movies as a faithful wife in a French farce; to wit, a swell voice.

Jeanette, a former musical-comedy yell, was to be Fay's first picture where hers would be the only name in the lights, as before clicking she'd co-starred with Kempton Calhoun.

This baby was our personal toothache, and his raw attempts to promote Fay caused Jack to be as fond of him as he

was of typhoid, while in turn Calhoun would rather of went to Jack's funeral than to his own inauguration as President. He was as insulting as a highly paid charity collector which thinks your donation too tiny, and him and Jack could just as well of been entitled Matches and Gasoline for every time they come together they was a loud explosion!

We went down to Grand Central to wish Fay, Maxim and the yes people good-by the day they was shoving off for the

Coast. Jack's as low as a caterpillar's tummy, for Kempton Calhoun's going back on the same rattler—five days to do himself some good.

"Cheer up!" Fay says brightly, "I'll be back to see you box the champion, anyway. Oh, I do wish I could stay on for this bout with Tiger Mays."

"You and me both," sighs the gloomy Jack. "No foolin', I'll be all at sea without you, Beautiful!"

"B-oo-ard!" bawls the porters.

"Is it—is it really an important match?" inquires Fay softly, with a swift glance at the waiting Calhoun.

"I hope to tell you!" says Jackie hurriedly. "Tiger Mays is no bargain, and if I don't get the duke over him the champ wouldn't meet me at croquet. The fans would figure me a soft touch for him, and we wouldn't draw flies."

"Then I'm going to remain right here!" busts out his weakness, shoving her tickets in his hand. "Run over and cancel my reservations!"

"HOORAY!" howls Jack, and Calhoun snarlingly pushes aside the porter and flings himself aboard.

"That's out!" Maxim growls, but they's a happy glint in his eye. "We can't delay starting production another day. Think of your career, Fay, and don't begin it by being foolish. Come on; we'll be left!"

"Can't you go ahead out there and start shooting sequences I'm not in?" pleads Fay. "Ha-ha—the train's pulling out!"

"My instructions are not to let you out of my sight; a pleasant enough task," grins Maxim, which was dying to see the King-Mays battle himself. "No, I'll wait here too now and make sure you return to the lot."

"Just for that," Jack laughs, "I'll get you a ring-side box and slap Tiger Mays right into your lap!"

Alas, my countrymen, had he only

knew what was to befall unto him!

About this time my Jackie was giving me trouble on the account his whirl at the movies had went to his head and replaced his common sense there. He was the pride and joy of the waiters, bell hops, taxi chauffeurs, doormen, panhandlers, and such, giving till it hurt—that is, it hurt *me* to watch him. He added golf, tennis and handball to his training program, regardless of the razzing of the back-seat drivers which like to swoon when they heard he also had a valet, a secretary and a imported chauffeur.

Talking of kumquats, one day Jack insisted on going uptown to buy a engagement ring for Fay Daniels.

"I didn't know you and Fay was actually engaged," I exclaims in surprise.

"Neither does Fay know it," grins Jack. "Can you imagine her joy when I tell her?"

"Suppose she can't see into it?" I inquires.

"Suppose prohibition becomes a fact?" sneers Jack. "Don't be redic—the girl will go mad with delight. I'm a grand future for *any* woman, and Fay's nobody's imbecile!"

And I'll be darned if she didn't say "Oui!"

Going with him to buy the ring, I purchased a keen one myself for Queenie Davis, figuring maybe *she'd* go mad with delight likewise, but I reck-

oned without my hostess. A graduate of the one-piece-bathing-suit operas, and now and then a double for the stunt-shy stars, Queenie was bounding around in a ten-reel peasant killer at a Long Island studio, where her mother watched over her like nobody's business.

"I CANNOT be your bride, Marty. I like you too well to play any practical jokes on you," says this pretty lady.

"How about throwing one of them pungent companionate marriages which is all the rage?" I asks her hopefully. "It's all in fun."

"No!" she replies firmly. "When I take the plunge it'll be the whole hog or none. The minute I become a star I'll fall into your arms!"

"The minute you become a star you'll begin to broad-a me," I grunts. "I know you babies! Well, wear the ring anyways, Gorgeous."

"How many payments are still due on it?" she smiles, putting it slowly on her cute little finger.

"I pay cash for everything I get!" I busts out, a bit steamed.

"Well, here's something for nothing!" whispers Queenie, and before I could say fork she stood on her toes, kissed me and done a fade-out. As the guy with laryngitis says, words fail me!

The Colossal Productions people was determined to start Fay Daniels off with a smash, so the grand exalted ruler

of the publicity department was ordered to hit the pipe and come out of it with a scheme which would crash the front page from Maine to Alaska. Moe Weinstein, the press agent, knew his macarons, and I don't mean perchance! After going into conference with himself and whatever he used for inspiration, this egg framed a priceless idea—Fay was to start for Europe in a transatlantic plane. Hey, hey!

I suppose everybody's flying across now, but at the time most people was still taking the old-fashioned ocean-liner voyage abroad, and the stunt was new enough to cause general excitement. In round numbers, the gag was that Fay would actually take off from a Long Island field with a famous pilot, disappear in the mist—and then come down somewheres on the Atlantic Coast with "engine trouble." After due attempts to "fix" the motor, the trip would be tabled for the time being (forever), but Moe Weinstein hoped the start and the "forced landing" would rate Fay space on page one all over the country.

It done all of that, gang, but what Moe didn't figure was that his plan would come near being the death of Monsieur Jack King. You see, Moe carelessly neglected to tell Jackie it was all a hoke publicity stunt—a fatal error!

Meanwhile Jack continued stiff train-

ing for his scuffle with Tiger Mays, though he discovered plenty ways to break up the monotonous grind which was always poison to him.

A fearful mishap at Tiger Mays' camp on the very day Kempton Calhoun got back from the Coast almost called the bout off. It seems the Tiger was working out with a handler and in a hot exchange of wallops Mays nailed his sparring partner flush on the lug with a wicked clout. The unfortunate hired man's head hit a ring post, and he never again opened his eyes, dying three hours later in a hospital of concussion.

WHAT a break! It was just one of them things—a accident, pure and simple, but I knew what it would do to Tiger Mays. So over and over again I instructed Jack to drop to the canvas with the first solid punch Mays landed on him, take "nine" and act goofy when he got up. I figured this would make the Tiger thoughtful, and being leary of another tragedy he'd stall for a minute, and Jackie could whip home enough rights to stop him before he got over his scare.

Fay, Queenie, Maxim and Calhoun was regular sightseers at our always crowded training quarters, watching with open-mouthed awe every movement of the hard-hitting, steel-under-satin-muscled Jack. The plastic carpenter had carved out a Barrymore pan for him, and he wore headgear to protect it from the chore boys, which wished to show the neighbors' children they was no mugs themselves either.

As we was only a stone's throw from the races, we eased up the labor by taking 'em in a couple of afternoons with the girls, the bangtails being a weakness which for years has kept me from retiring in comfort.

In the grand stand one day I seen Jack talking with Melbourne Maxim and some pudgy stranger which is introduced to me as Whosethis from the New York office of Colossal Productions.

"I've just told Mr. King that if he defeats Tiger Mays and then wins the world's championship, we'll star him in a super-feature with voice reproduction," says the Big Celluloid Man. "Will you give us an option on his services?"

"Sure!" Jack exclaims eagerly.

"Hush your mouth, Dizzy!" I shuts him off with a frown. "What d'ye think I'm your manager for?"

"So's you don't have to work," says Jack.

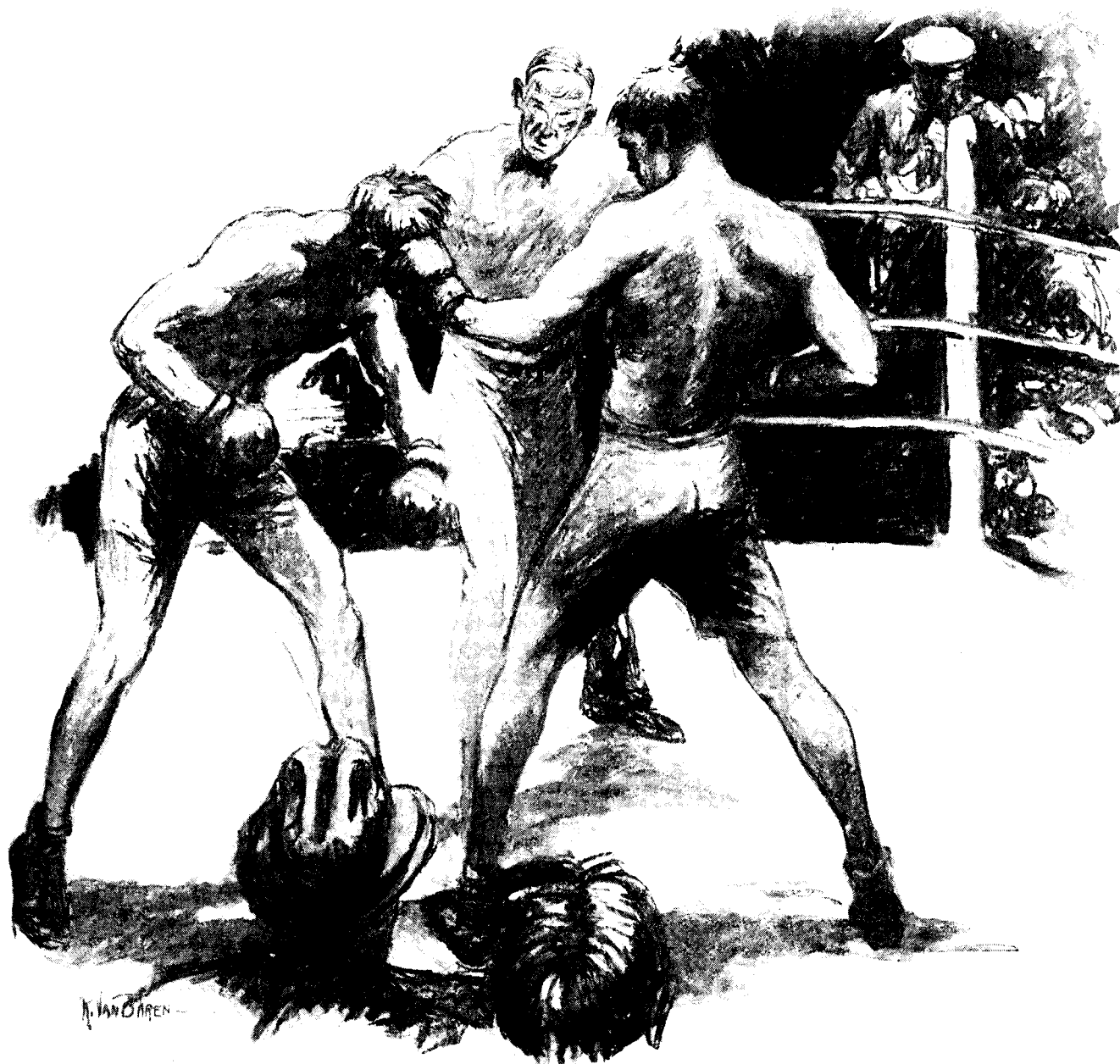
"Haw, haw, haw!" roars Maxim and his confederate together.

"Haw, haw, haw, hey?" I snarls. "Well, it'll cost you jobbies ten thousand fish for a option and ten thousand the week with a piece of the movie if we make it. See can you get a laugh out of *that*!"

"And my leadin' lady has got to be Fay Daniels or I don't turn a wheel!" adds Jack. Fay nods.

"And Queenie Davis must have a swell part!" I throws in. Queenie blushes.

"And if you boys had a little more brains you'd be half-witted!" sneers the film magnet. "Maybe you'd also like Chaplin for the comic and Jannings for the heavy and Paul Whiteman's band to play for the emotional scenes. Look here, we'll pay five thousand for the option and five thousand a week with a percentage if we take it up. The casting will be (Continued on page 42)



At the bell the Tiger again staggered him with a stiff left uppercut. All Mays!

The Unbearable Touch

By Arthur Somers Roche

When you're stuck on a guy it don't matter whether he's rich or poor—not much. That ain't exactly the point, see?

LISSEN," said Ma, "you don't want to be poor all your life."

"No," I said, "I don't want to be poor all my life."

"Well, if you marry Tim, that's what you'll be," she said.

"Yeh, I know that," I said.

"This Bland Roberts has jack, ain't he?" said Ma.

"Yeh, he's got jack," I said.

"And he's stuck on you, ain't he?" said Ma.

"Yeh, he's stuck on me," I said.

Pa stuck in his oar.

"Then what the hell," said he—"what the hell is all the palaver about?"

Ma turned on him.

"Shame on you, John Curtin, swearing before your own flesh and blood and all like that."

"Well," said Pa, "I didn't mean to swear, and all, but when you got a daughter like Minnie here, what can marry jack and don't want to marry jack, well, what the hell?"

"It ain't," said Ma to me, "like you had no education, or anything. Here Pa and me have slaved ourselves to the bone sending you through High and then Business College until you got yourself a swell job, and all. So why should you throw yourself away on a mechanic?"

"He ain't a mechanic," I said. "Tim's fixing himself up to get a pilot's license and a job in the air mail."

"That's landing soft, ain't it?" said Ma. "Him up in the air tail-spinning himself into the funeral notices while you're washing dishes on the ground."

"I won't wash any dishes," I said. "Air-mail pilots get good money. Besides, I'll keep my job."

"Well, if you're going to keep on working, why get married?" said Ma.

"I'm stuck on him," I said.

"Stuck on him?" said Ma.

"Yeh, stuck on him," I said.

"The runty little mutt, what the hell you stuck on him for?" asked Pa.

"I guess I got as much right to be stuck on Tim as Ma had to be stuck on you," said I.

"I wasn't no air-mail pilot risking my neck every day," said Pa.

"That wouldn't have been so tough to bear," said Ma.

I ducked out while they went into a spat. I hate rows.

My sister Jennie was sitting in the parlor.

"Why the rowdy-dow back there in the kitchen?" she asked.

"Ma and Pa are razzing me about Tim," I said.

"Oh, about Tim," she said.

"Yeh, about Tim," I said.

"Well, what about him?" she asked.

"They want me to marry Bland Roberts," I said.

"Well, why don't you? He's got jack."

"I'm stuck on Tim," I said.

"Well, you'll get over that," she said.

"I couldn't bear this Bland Roberts touching me," I said.

"Why not? He ain't so bad," said Jennie.

"I wouldn't want him to touch me," I said.

"Say, I guess you done your share of petting in your day, ain't you?" said Jennie.

"Yeh, I've petted some," I said.

"Then what's it all about? It won't hurt you to have him kiss you."

"I wouldn't want him to touch me," I said.

"Say, you've been kissed by worse-looking bozos than him," she said.

"Yeh, that may be so, but I wasn't stuck on Tim then," I said.

"Say," said she, "I guess you're pretty stuck on Tim, at that."

"Yeh, I'm pretty stuck on him."

MA HORNED into the parlor. She had a wet plate in one hand and a soppy dishrag in the other.

"You, Minnie there," she said, "take a look at me."

"Well, I'm looking," I said.

"I look fine, don't I?" she said.

"You look like usual," I told her.

"I'll bet I do," she said. "Fat and red-faced and always with a broom or a dishcloth in my hand. Do you know I coulda married jack?"

"It woulda been all right with us two if you had," said Jennie.

"I'll bet it would," said Ma. "Well, if I had I'll bet I wouldn't be standing here with a dishcloth in my hand."

"I'll bet you wouldn't," said Jennie. "And I wouldn't be getting ready to go downtown and pound a typewriter."

"I'll bet you wouldn't," said Ma. "You'd be drinking coffee in bed and



He was kinda pitiful, talking in a loud voice, giving me orders while all the time he was a bust

hollering for a maid to come in and fix your nails. That's what you'd be doing if I'd married jack."

"Well, why didn't you marry jack?" I asked.

"Because I was stuck on your father," she said. "There was a likely young lad with a swell job, and he's gone 'way, 'way up since, and he was daffy over me. I coulda married him in a minute."

"Well, it woulda been all right with us two if you'd married him in an hour," said Jennie.

"Aw, Pa ain't so worse," said I.

"Who said your Pa wasn't all right?" asked Ma.

"Well, you talk like you wished you'd married jack," said I.

"Sure, I do. And I wish that I hadn't been stuck on your Pa and then you girls would have it soft and easy, but just the same your Pa is a fine man."

"Sure, we know that, but what's it all about?" I asked. "You coulda married jack, and you didn't, and you're glad you married Pa, and you got me all balled up."

"What I'm driving at is if a girl could let her head rule her heart she wouldn't do so badly by herself," said Ma. "Now, this runty little Tim Stevens—"

"Quit knocking him," I said.

"I ain't knocking him," said Ma.

"Sure, you're knocking him," I said. "He can't help it if he ain't no Gene Tunney."

"Yeh, and he can't help it either if he ain't no Vanderbilt," said Ma. "Now, this Bland Roberts has got jack."

"Sure, I've known that right along," I said.

"And he's stuck on you," said Ma.

"Yeh, he's stuck on me," I said.

"He's a good-looking boy," said Ma.

"Yeh, there's worse-looking yokels around," I said.

"Then why don't you act sensible?" asked Ma.

"I'm stuck on Tim," I said.

"Lot's of girls are stuck on one lad and marry another and don't suffer any pangs," said Ma.

"You didn't," I said.

"Maybe I'd been wiser if I had," said Ma. "I'm stuck on your Pa, and all that, but scrubbing floors and washing dishes all day long ain't so fine either."

"Living with a man you don't love wouldn't be so fine either," I said.

"He'd be kind to you and gentle," said Ma.

"She wouldn't want him to touch her, she says," said Jennie.

"Why wouldn't you want him to touch you?" asked Ma.

"Well, I wouldn't," I said.

"A fine, handsome, rich young fellow like him. You'd get over that," said Ma.

"I been telling her she's probably petted with worse-looking guys than Bland Roberts," said Jennie.

"Sure, I have, but I wasn't stuck on Tim then; I couldn't bear him to touch me now," I said.

"You'd think he was deformed, or something," said Ma, "the way you talk about him. Don't you like him?"

"Yeh, I like him," I said.

"Never got fresh, did he?" she asked.

"No, he never got fresh," I said.

"He's a good boss to work for, ain't he?" asked Jennie.

"Yeh, he's a good boss to work for."

NEVER tries to take advantage because you work for him, does he?" asked Ma.

"No, he never tries to take advantage," I said.

"Came right out like a man and asked you to marry him, didn't he?" asked Ma.

"Yeh, he asked me to marry him, all right," I told her.

"You like your job, don't you?" she asked.

"Sure, I like my job," I said.

"Well, it won't be so good when

you have to give it up," said Jennie.

"Why will I have to give it up?" I asked.

"Well, you don't think that Bland Roberts is going to keep you on working for him when you give him the gate and marry Tim, do you?" she asked.

"Well, I hadn't thought of that," I said.

"You hadn't thought of anything, including washing dishes and the like of that," said Ma.

"He wouldn't fire me," I said.

"Sure, he won't; he'll raise your pay," said Jennie.

"I can get plenty other jobs," I said.

"I should think you'd have too much pride to consider looking for a job after you're married," said Ma.

"Well, I'd want to be doing something," I said.

"If you married Bland Roberts, you'd be doing something swell all the time," said Jennie. "Restaurants for lunch and matinees and automobiling and all that."

"No, she'd rather stand on the ground and watch Tim doing tail spins," said Ma.

"Well, I would," I said.

"But suppose he don't get his pilot's license," said Jennie. "Suppose he's nothing but a mechanic all along?"

"He'll get his license all right," I said.

"I'm just saying supposing he don't," said Jennie.

"I'd be stuck on him just the same."

"Yeh, but you wouldn't marry a mechanic, a guy that couldn't even dress you swell, or anything," said Ma.

"I'll bet this Bland Roberts would let you have charge accounts all over town," said Jennie.

"I wouldn't want him to touch me," I said.

"Gosh, that's all you can say," said Jennie.

"Yeh, it's all I can think," I said.

WITH that I went downtown. I couldn't get a seat in the subway. When I got to the office I took off my hat and sat down at my desk, and the buzzer rang. I went into Bland Roberts' private office. I put my pad on my knee and got my pencil ready.

He shook his head.

"I don't want to dictate right now, Minnie," he said.

"Then I'd better go back to the office and copy yesterday's dictation," I said.

"It can wait a while," he said.

"It's waited since last night," I said.

"I'd better get to it."

"I want to talk to you first," he said.

"All right," I said.

"Minnie, why won't you marry me?"

"Because I don't love you," I said.

"But don't you think I could teach you to love me?" he asked.

"No," I said. "I don't think so."

"Won't you let me try?" he asked.

"No," I said. "I won't let you try."

"Why not?" he asked.

"I'm in love with somebody else."

"That young feller that's so often waiting for you downstairs after work?"

"That's the lad," I said.

"You don't mind me being personal, do you?" he asked.

"No, I don't mind."

"Has he money?" he asked.

"No, he hasn't any money," I said.

"Good job?" he asked.

"He hopes to be an air-mail pilot."

"Nice chap?" he asked.

"I think so," I said.

"It's not much fun being married to a poor man in New York," he said.

"People have told me that," I said.

"I think that for a man to use his money to win a girl isn't very nice," he said.

"Oh, I don't know," I said; "it's what lots of them use."

"I could give you almost anything," he said.

"I guess you could," I said.

"FORTY thousand a year, and my income's growing each year," he said.

"You can buy a lot of crackerjack with that," I said.

"I don't think anyone would call me a stingy man, do you?" he said.

"No, I don't think anyone would call you stingy," I said.

"I'm likable, don't you think?" he asked.

"Yeh, you're likable," I said.

He made a move. Not a grab, just a move.

"Lay off," I said.

"You don't trust me," he said.

"I don't want to be touched," I said.

"I wouldn't hurt you," he said.

"You wouldn't," I said.

"Then why can't I—hold your hand?" he asked.

"I'm in love with another boy," I said.

"Is that the only reason?" he asked.

"Ain't it enough?" I asked.

"Is it the only reason?" he asked.

"Well, good-by job," I said to myself.

"If you gotta have it straight," I said to him, "why, then, I'll give it to you straight. I wouldn't want you to touch me."

"As bad as that, eh?" he said.

"I'm not saying it's bad; I'm just telling you," I said.

His voice was kinda bitter.

"Just the touch of my hand, eh? You wouldn't like it, eh?" he asked.

"No, I wouldn't like it," I said.

"Even if you weren't stuck on this Tim guy, you still wouldn't want me to touch you, eh?" he asked.

"No, even if I weren't stuck on Tim, I wouldn't want you to touch me," I said.

"Is that on the square?" he asked.

"Yeh, it's on the square," I said.

"That'll be all, Miss Curtin," he said.

"I thought it would be," I said.

"What do you mean by that?" he asked.

"What do I mean by that?" I repeated after him.

"Why, I knew you wouldn't be satisfied with me refusing to marry you, and would want to be touching me, and I'd blow my job."

"You aren't discharged," he said.

"I'm not?" I said.

"What sort of a man do you think I am?" he asked.

"I don't know," I said.

WITH that I went back to the outer office. The telephone on my desk was ringing. I answered it. It was Tim.

"I want to see you," he said. "I'm waiting downstairs," he said.

"Downstairs?" I said.

"Yeh, I'm downstairs," he said.

I took the elevator downstairs, and there was Tim waiting for me by the telephone booth in the lobby.

"I couldn't pass the test," he said. "I got bum lamps, they said."

"Gee!" I said.

"Just a mechanic, that's all I'll be," he said.

"You're just the guy I'm stuck on," I said.

"On the level?" he said.

"Yeh, on the level," I said.

"It means being poor," he said.

"Yeh, I know it means being poor," I said.

"You don't know what that means," he said.

"Don't I?" I said. "Well, Bland Roberts doesn't think I know what it means to be rich."

"Say, has he asked you to marry him?" he asked.

"Yeh, he's asked me to marry him," I said.

"Well, go upstairs and get your hat," he said.

"Why get my hat?" I asked.

"If you won't marry him, he won't let you keep your job," he said.

"Sure, he will," I said.

"Well, I won't let you," he said.

"Why won't you let me?" I asked.

"Do you think I'd let you hang around an office with a guy that was in love with you?" he asked.

"He didn't fire me because I was in love with you," I said.

"You do what I tell you," he said.

"No man's telling me what to do," I said.

"This man's telling you," he said.

"This guy Roberts—he wants you around—so you'll change your mind."

"Are you afraid I'll change it?" I asked.

"Never mind what I'm afraid of. Go get your hat," he said.

I looked at (Continued on page 47)



"Don't you think I could teach you to love me?" he asked. "No," I said, "I don't think you could teach me"

Illustrated by
James Billmyer



Harry Burne

Poor May Liza

By Roark Bradford

"I got women fo'ks scattered all de way up and down de river," said Bugaboo Jones. And he wanted them to stay scattered

BUGABOO JONES was a man who liked the women folk. The better looking they were the better he liked them. And May Liza, the creamy-brown maid on the passenger deck of the steamboat John D. Grace, was about the best-looking woman Bugaboo had ever seen.

It was inevitable that the big, good-natured rouser, with his grandiose display of strength and his happy-go-lucky disposition, and the comely stewardess should come together. Twenty or thirty other rousers had tried to dazzle May Liza with words or special attentions and had failed. On the other hand, Bugaboo attracted women as molasses attracts flies.

"I got women fo'ks scattered all de way up and down de river f'm N' Awlins plum to Vicksburg," he declared, "and den back again." He was not bragging when he said it either. He merely was stating a simple fact. Women in the country towns and at the plantation landings flocked to the levee when the Grace whistled. It is true they came to see the steamboat—ever a crowd-drawing sight—but they remained to watch the big rouser perform prodigious feats of strength and to hear him "pass remarks" and exchange pleasantries with one and all.

The giggles and the "sass" of the admiring women was what made the heavy labor of roustabouting bearable for the big freight hustler. The dollars and cents that the captain paid him every second time the boat landed in New Orleans were merely incidental to one wild night "back of town," where gin was bad and women were worse. Money was something that a man had to spend; a woman's admiring "Look at old Big'n tote dat box! Jest like ole Samson, hisse'f!" was wages that could be saved and lived over and over during idle moments between landings. And the prettier the woman that said it the richer the memories for Bugaboo.

Bugaboo had not long been a rouser before he saw May Liza. She was a large woman, big-boned and well-proportioned, with a graceful stride and a mouth full of gold teeth. Bugaboo had to look twice before he could believe his eyes.

She was dressed in a white apron and a white cap and high-heeled shoes. She had come from the boiler deck, where the passenger cabins were situated, down to the main deck, where the freight was stacked, on an errand for one of the passengers. Bugaboo was half asleep when she came down the steps, but when he saw her he immediately was wide-awake.

"Hello, Good-lookin'," he greeted. "Baby, where you been at so long? How did you get so big and purty and me not never saw you befo'?"

MAY LIZA stiffened primly. "Go on, country boy," she returned. "You ain't tawkin' to me. I don't know you." "I knows you don't," admitted Bugaboo, "but you's fixin' to. My name is Bugaboo. What's yo's?"

"No mind what my name is," she retorted, eying him critically. "Hit wouldn't do you no good to know my name. I ain't got no time for no rouser."

"Yeah?" says Bugaboo. "Well, I knows what yo' name is. Yo 'name is Purty Gal, and ef'n yo' maw don't call you dat, well, her eyes ain't no good."

The good-natured gallantries and flatteries brought a giggle from May Liza. "I swear!" she exclaimed, "you mens jest carry on somethin' terrible round a gal like me! I swear!"

They talked and giggled until duty called the maid back to the upper deck. Bugaboo closed his eyes contentedly.

"Yeah, now," he exulted, "'twon't git so lonesome between de landin's now. I kin jolly wid her on de boat and jolly

wid dem country gals off'n de boat. Yeah, now!"

He was, however, slightly mistaken. There never was any formal understanding between them. May Liza had assumed certain things. She assumed that for the time being the big, good-natured roustabout would be conveniently handy when it came to going ashore for an outing of some kind or other; that he would be fairly good company, and that he would be generous enough with his money spending. Bugaboo did not assume anything. He liked to attract the attention of a good-looking woman, and May Liza was a good-looking woman. His feats of strength and his jolly remarks attracted them at the landings. Now his bold gallantries had attracted the best-looking woman on the boat. Life was just that much sweeter for it.

May Liza wouldn't have it that way, however. It is true that she never complained to Bugaboo about his conduct with the women at the landings. She knew too much about men to appear jealous. But she made it a point to be on the main deck and around Bugaboo a great deal, always looking her prettiest. And when the boat tied up for any considerable length of time at a river town, she managed to inveigle Bugaboo ashore, where, with maidenly dignity, she allowed him to pay all checks for entertainment.

For a few days Bugaboo enjoyed the arrangement. Stepping out with the good-looking May Liza was something that attracted the attention of envious rousers and the provincial country people of the smaller Mississippi River towns. Then the novelty began to wear off and Bugaboo continued because it was easier to continue than it was to resist. And finally—although it came so gradually that he did not realize it—May Liza bored him. He did not realize

that she caused him to feel dull and despondent when he should have felt happy and carefree, but he did know that the spectacular life of a steamboat rouser now was filling his soul with a soggy ennui.

"Same ole seventy-six," he grumbled sadly one day after slightly more than a week of May Liza's incessant company. The Grace was churning her way down stream, Bugaboo was sprawled on the main deck, hoping to "catch a little sleep" before the next landing, but his eyes kept moving to the stacks of cargo all about him—cargo that had been toted aboard at the upstream landings and would have to be toted ashore at New Orleans. Then, at New Orleans more cargo would be toted aboard and that would be toted ashore, up the river, and more cargo toted aboard—the endless procession of cargo toting was too sad even to contemplate. Without any conscious effort, he rolled over on his back, gazed blankly at the blue sky and droned out a soul-ventilating song.

*Druther drink muddy water, Lawd,
And sleep in a hollow log
Den to work on a steamboat
And git treated like a dirty dog.*

"Got 'em bad, ain't you, Big Boy?" The question was put by May Liza. She had come down to the main deck to pass a few remarks with her rouser friend. "No mind," she continued, "quick as us gits to N' Awlins and steps out back er town—" She stopped and smiled knowingly. "Me and you, huh? Back er town?"

BUGABOO did not even look toward her, and May Liza accepted his silence for agreement.

"I kind er got dat pay-day feelin' myse'f," she went on. "When you gits broke and us don't do nuthin' but jest work and ride, well, I gits to feelin' maybe like I's treated like a dirty dog too. But, boy, when you gits paid and us gits to spreadin' we's amongst dem N' Awlins niggers—"

Bugaboo grinned. For the moment his spirits rose. Back to town! Anywhere between Rampart Street and Claiborne Avenue! Mostly Saratoga



May Liza stiffened primly.
"Go on, country boy. You ain't
tawkin' to me. I don't know you"

hit's a natchal hund-ed sacks er cawn to tote off at Church P'int."

May Liza retired gracefully and Bugaboo tried to sleep.

Suddenly the whistle blew and the bell rang, and Bugaboo took his place in the line of rousters. As soon as the mate succeeded in getting the gangplank swung around and lowered, Bugaboo, with a two-bushel sack of shelled corn on his shoulder, started up it. The other rousters, similarly laden, were behind him in close file. The top of the levee was lined with country people—mostly women—who had come down to watch the boat land. They had pies, cakes, berries, watermelons and other delicacies to peddle to such rousters as had money or credit.

Before Bugaboo had taken a dozen steps, a rangy, black girl named Drusilla spotted him, "Hyar come ole Big'n!" she shouted. "Leadin' de line! What you say, Big Thing?"

Bugaboo did not even look up.

"Want some pie, Stout Man?" she urged.

"I ain't hongry," Bugaboo grumbled.

"Sell you dis whole pie for a dime."

"Ain't got no dime."

"On a credit, den?" Drusilla urged.

"Ain't got no time to eat pie, gal,"

Bugaboo said grimly. "I got work to do. I ain't got no time to fool wid you."

WHEN the plank was raised and the Grace started downstream again, Bugaboo retired to his favorite spot on the forward main deck and lay down. Soon they would be in New Orleans, it would be pay day and he and the good-looking May Eliza would dress up and give the people over back of town an eyeful. He knew the idea should have brought joy to his spectacle-loving heart. But the mental picture, some way or other, aroused no gladness within him. "She's a mighty good-lookin' gal," he told himself, "and dresses up like a million dollars in nickels and dimes." But that satisfied grin did not come to his lips.

Gonter buy me a pillow; buy me a rockin'-cheer.

Lawd, buy me a pillow and a great big rockin'-cheer.

Ef'n I can't git happy, gonter rock away f'm hyar.

"You sho' is got 'em, ain't you, son?" May Liza was leaning over the boiler deck rail, looking at him.

Bugaboo grinned back sadly. "Jest a singin', honey," he said. "Jest a singin' my mind."

The work of unloading the New Orleans cargo was accomplished with dispatch. The rousters were eager to draw their pay and get into the lively life of the city's black belt. Pay day in New Orleans meant one wild night of freedom, restaurant food instead of the heavy steamboat fare, gin, music, dancing, good times. On the morrow the business of reloading would help a boy sweat out the poison of the gin, and before he knew it he would be feeling good again.

It was nearing sundown when Bugaboo, dressed in his big, loose-fitting double-breasted coat, his baggy trousers and his long, bright yellow shoes, sauntered out to the end of the gangplank to wait for May Liza. And the creamy-brown maid kept him waiting but a few minutes.

"All set, Big Boy?" she greeted. She was dressed in the reddest red dress that Bugaboo had ever seen. A wide-brimmed pink hat, from which leaked garlands of red cherries, topped off her costume, and the whole was set on a foundation of long, pointed, high-heeled shoes of the "oxblood" persuasion.

"Itchin' to travel," Bugaboo replied, eying her with approval.

"Me and you, den," she agreed, catching his arm lightly.

They walked up Canal Street, slowly, thoroughly. May Liza affected prim, positive steps and glanced shyly from time to time at her companion or giggled kittenishly at his remarks. Bugaboo frankly strutted. His stiff straw hat was set so far back that he had to bow his head to keep it from sliding off.

He walked with a rocking heel-and-toe motion that emphasized the swagger of his big, broad shoulders—a tiring step that he had perfected by long prac-

tice and indulged in only when he wanted to be super-impressive.

The long ten blocks from the river to Rampart were disappointing. People hurrying back and forth between the ferries and the shopping district walked past them as though they weren't there. Presently Bugaboo ceased his heel-and-toe strut and settled down to long, steady, unaffected strides.

"Don't wawk so fast," protested May Liza. "Us ain't in no hurry. Slow down."

"Ef'n you can't keep up wawkin' wid me," challenged Bugaboo—"well, try runnin'."

May Liza hastened her steps for half a block, but the high heels furnished unstable footing. "Dese hyar shoes hurts my foots," she complained.

"Oughter git shoes big enough," suggested her companion.

When finally they turned into Rampart Street, May Liza was limping. "Us is goin' in a sto'," she declared, "and buy me some shoes which don't hurt my foots."

Bugaboo piloted her into a shoe store and waited while she decided between a pair of six-dollar red shoes and a pair of eight-dollar red and blue ones. She took the red and blue pair.

"Bugaboo, son," she said, "you pay de man."

"Me?" The idea seemed incredible. "You's buyin' de shoes; not me."

"I didn't brang no money along," May Liza urged.

"Well, you better give de shoes back to de man den. I pays for all de funnin', but I don't buy no woman no shoes."

MAY LIZA scented revolt, and she changed her tactics. She giggled. "I got money in my sock," she confided. "You don't want me to take off my sock right hyar whar the man kin see—"

Bugaboo grinned sheepishly, relented, and paid for the shoes. A pair of stockings was added to the bill by May Liza, as an afterthought.

When they left the shoe store it was night, and the lights along Rampart glittered and flickered gayly. Savory odors of food—onions, liver, fish, pork, cabbage—filled the air.

"Maybe us better eat now," suggested Bugaboo, and they turned into Poydras and wandered to a small restaurant on Saratoga.

Bugaboo's enthusiasm was momentarily heightened by the smell of the rich savory food. They ordered heartily and ate lustily.

While they were eating, Foots and his yellow woman came in. Foots already had been drinking, and he was in a generous mood.

"Eat everything you wants, baby," he told his yellow girl. "And ef'n dat ain't enough, well, jest eat some mo'."

"You don't mind spendin' yo' money, does you, darlin'?" grinned the yellow girl.

"Me?" said Foots. "Hyar, you take hit and spend hit for me," and he handed her a roll of bills. "You spend hit or throw hit away. I don't keer."

The girl giggled and stuffed the money into the top of her stocking. As she did, Bugaboo, who was watching with envious interest, caught her eye and grinned at her. She winked.

"I bet I c'd take dat baby away f'm Foots, did I want to," he said to himself. (Continued on page 36)

Street. But then he recalled a very pleasant night he spent on Franklin Street, drinking gin, eating food, and carrying on with a whole flock of women!

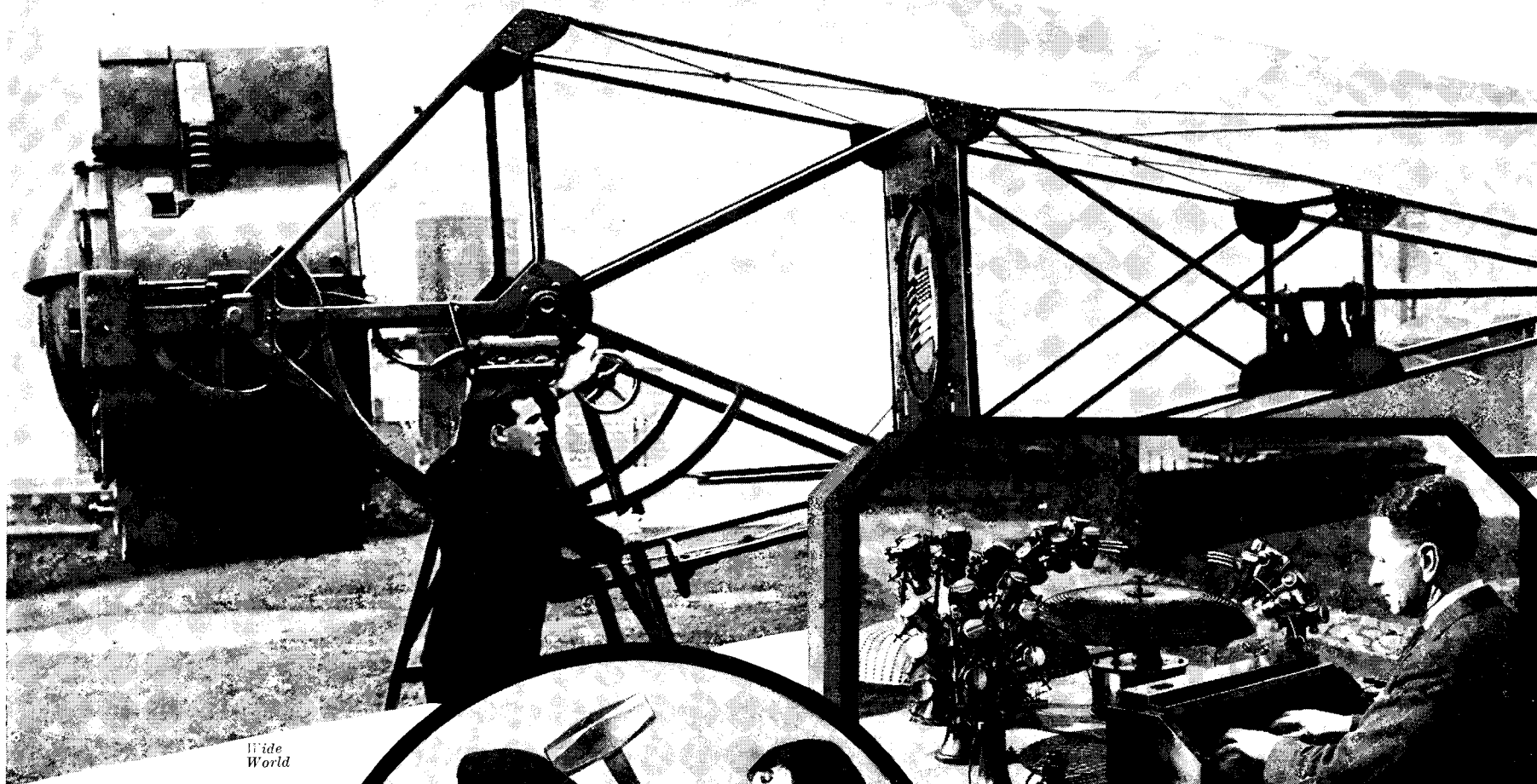
"You mighty nigh got to take a stick to run de women fo'ks away f'm you," he recalled fondly.

"I'd take two sticks ef'n I was a man," said May Liza. "Dem back-er-town womens ain't no account."

The remark recalled to Bugaboo's imaginative mind that May Liza was there, a hard reality, and once more that all-gone feeling crept over him.

"Baby," he said, "you better go on now and let papa git some rest, cause

Somebody's



Just another magic lantern. But this giant one can toss a four-million-candle-power picture or advertisement smack on to the side of a building, so you can see it from two miles off

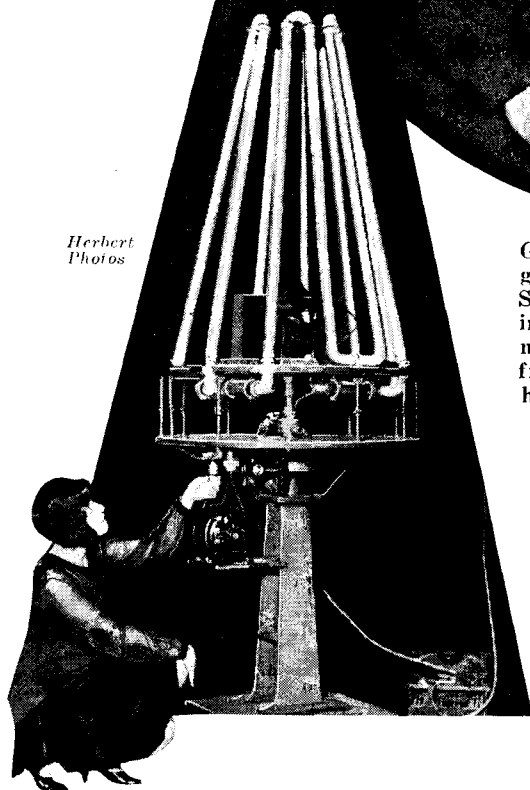
Wide World



Gags about Chicago are beginning to get a bit wearying. Still, there's no harm wondering whether these new pneumatic caps that resist taps from blackjacks and sledge hammers would be popular there, is there?

Wide World

Herbert Photos



Through the heaviest fog this new airport beacon sends its cheery red glow more than 100 miles. It's going to be a big help to night flyers. The lights are mounted on a revolving platform and will burn 10,000 hours before anyone needs to fiddle with the gadgets

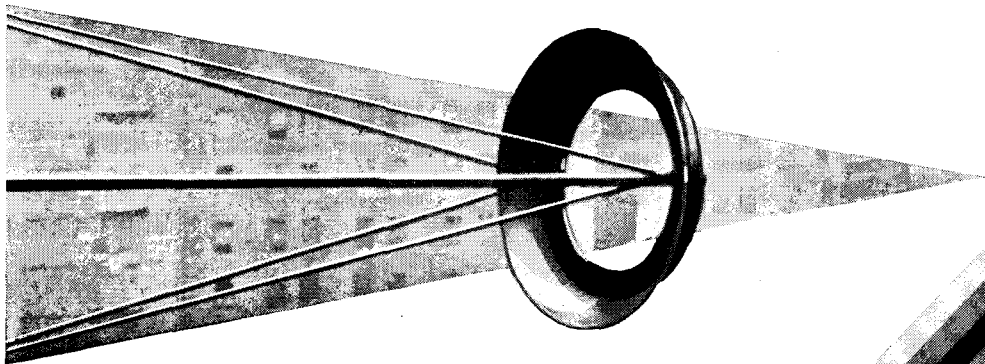


Wide World

No longer is it necessary for the brakeman of a freight to gallop over a mile of car roofs (ducking, let us hope, at the right moment, for bridges) when he wants to chat with the fireman or engineer. By using short-wave radio equipment the cab and caboose can communicate at any time

Baby

These devices would have made your grandfather sit up and take notice and may amaze you if you're not too blasé

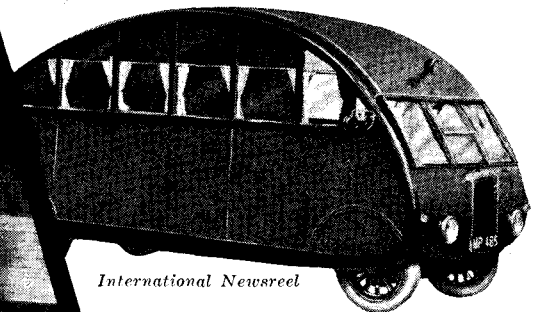


Hardly a device for picking up pins from the sewing-room floor after the seamstress has gone. But useful on trap-rock road beds, which it will clear of cinders and refuse at thirty miles an hour



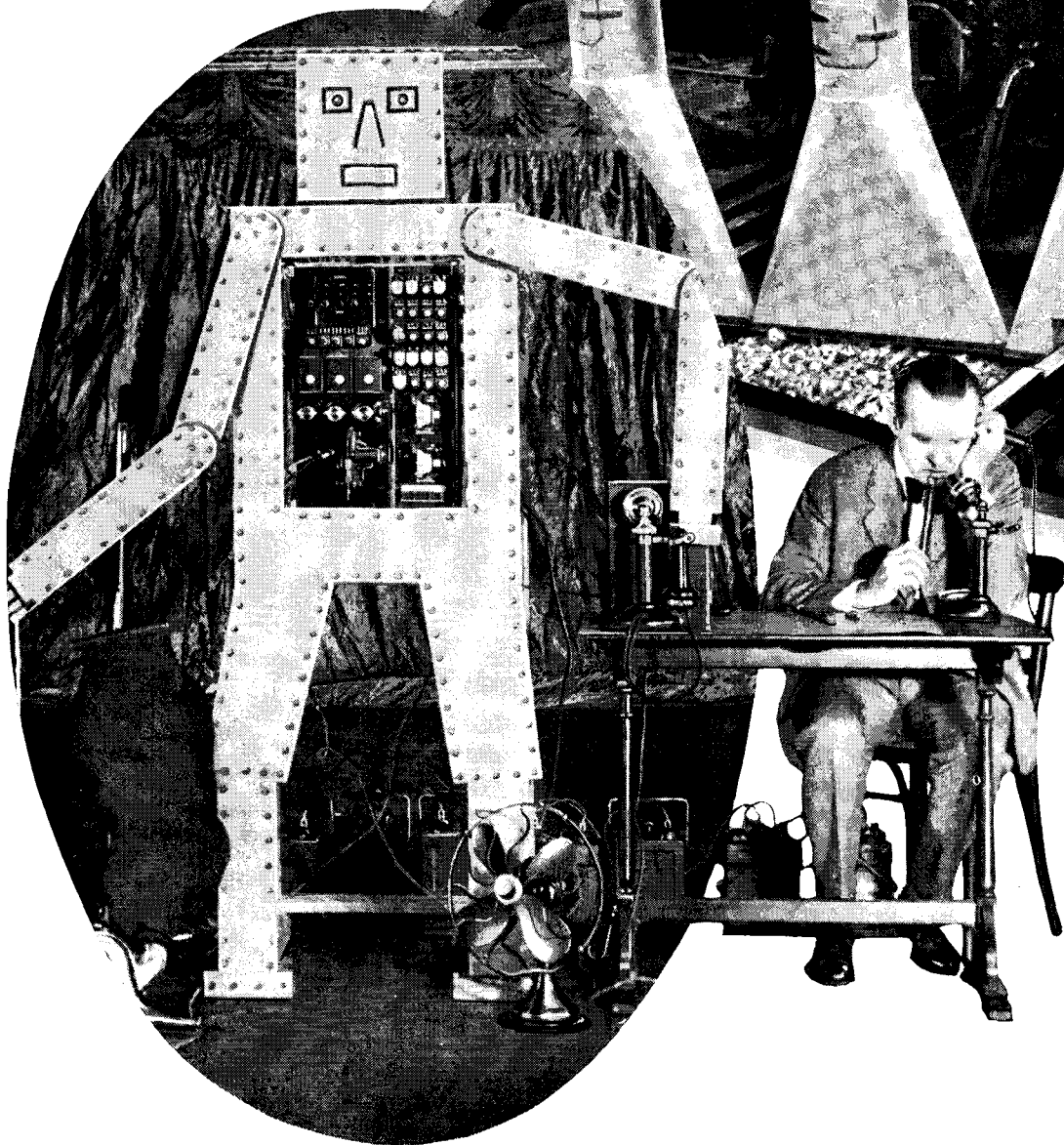
Wide World

Los Angeles applicants for driving licenses sit at a table on which are miniature automobiles, street intersections, fire plugs, railroad crossings and other nuisances. And if you don't guide your tiny car right you go and do homework for another two weeks



International Newsreel

Here's a road yacht—the last word in touring luxury. It carries five persons and for their comfort, sleeping quarters, wash-room, electric galley, radio, writing tables and bookshelves. But a second car is handy for an afternoon's shopping trip



Wide World

Mr. Televox all set to hop to work at the command of his master's voice. The mechanical man developed by R. J. Wensley of the Westinghouse Laboratories obeys all sorts of spoken orders, answering the telephone, turning on and off electric devices, and the like

The Sport of Missing Men

By Grantland Rice

Are you in danger of being entombed in a sand trap? Would you like to see more daylight while playing golf? This is Mr. Rice's attempt to get the game above ground

THE general estimate is that something like four million people, young and old, male and female, fat and lean, tall and short, are now playing golf in this land of the tee and home of the bunkered slave.

Of this number less than three hundred are rated good enough to play in an amateur championship. There are approximately five thousand golf professionals. There are several thousand other citizens whose scoring range is from 75 to 80.

But when you get down to the cold and clammy statistics, over ninety per cent of these four million, young and old, male and female, hit some melancholy spot between 90 and 140.

The average golfer plays over 100. So the golfer who plays between 100 and 105 is not a dub or a duffer, unless dufferism is the average run of humanity. You might rate the different grades in this order:

Duffers: consistently above 105.

Average golfers: from 100 to 105.

Fair golfers: from 90 to 100.

Good golfers: from 80 to 90.

Fine golfers: from 75 to 80.

Stars: from 70 to 75.

But the great marching, suffering army of the game, the millions, belong to the first two classes: those who fizzle, slither, slice, hook and top their way around from 100 to 130, give up the game forever as they finish each round, only to dash back in for one more stand.

In almost every other game you know about what you can do. But golf is the great adventure, even for the stars. Only recently Mike Brady, who twice tied for the top in an open championship, turned in a 68 at Montauk in his first tournament round and an 82 in his second, a difference of 14 strokes from forenoon to afternoon.

Slaves of the Rough

But no one has tears to shed for any golfer who can turn in a 68—or an 82.

What is to be done for those who range from 90 to 140? They pay most of the dues, support most of the clubs and courses, and gather in most of the suffering. And it is surprising how few improve from year to year. Most of them stay in the same old rut, as firmly imbedded as a steel post cemented into a granite foundation.

What can be done to free these slaves—slaves and captives of the rough and sand, of the wooded thickets and the waiting ponds; of the out of bounds and



The correct golf swing starts under the control of the left hand, left arm and left side. Posed by Joe Kirkwood

the haunting heel prints—who suddenly see a par 4 hole turn into a ghastly 9?

Why is golf so hard to play consistently well? The ball sits there until it is struck. No opponent can crowd, push or interfere with the player. Yet most of them are helpless, largely for the reason that a man's hardest opponent is himself. In football, boxing, tennis or baseball he might bear down on some rival, but in golf he can't shackle his own emotions, control his nerves, force the proper coördination of mind and nerve and muscle.

There is another reason: Golf is a game played contrary to the ordinary human impulse, which is the strong side hitting forward. The basis of the golf swing is the weak side hitting backward. The correct golf swing starts under the control of the left hand, left arm and left side. The club head is largely taken back with the left hand and arm as the left side turns naturally to the right. For the right-handed player the golf swing is a left-handed, back-handed affair through most of the club head's route. The left hand and left arm are in control until the club head on the down swing is only two or three feet from the ball. It is only through the final arc of the swing, through the closing speed area, that the right hand and right side put on the final whip or slash.

The good golfer starts the club head back with the left hand and the left side in control as he waits on the right until the final punch. He has conquered his natural impulse to hit with the stronger side. The average golfer

either starts the club head back with the right hand or else begins hitting with the right hand and the right side too quickly from the top of the swing.

There are two main principles of the golf swing. The first is to start the club head back with the left hand, left arm and left side in control as the body turns naturally to the right until the top of the swing is reached. The body must turn, not sway. The second principle is to feel that one is hitting with the club head and not with the arms and body.

How is one to get a sound swing? Not only through instruction and practice and play but also through greater attention and closer concentration upon main principles.

The first of these must come in relation to the hands and the club head. After all, you hit the ball with the club head, not with the hands and the body. The first principle is to give the club head its chance to gather increasing speed on its way through the ball in an unchecked flight. Most golf faults come through hitting too quickly with the right side or rushing the hands and body in ahead of the club, thereby breaking the force of the stroke.

The body should turn naturally to the right on the back swing and come along naturally with the down swing, but there should be no conscious body effort in a golf stroke any more than there is conscious body effort in throwing a baseball.

You will hear a lot in golf about hitting "from the inside out." This is taught to correct the average fault, which is hitting from "the outside in." The true golf swing finds the club head traveling on a line through the ball toward the pin.

Only a small percentage of all golfers have any mental picture or mental pattern of what they should do. Only a small percentage have the feel of club head control by the hands. They all try to do too much instead of giving the club its way unchecked. They won't let it follow the law of gravity, or increasing momentum, because they are usually trying too hard, gripping too tightly or are too anxious to hit. Few know anything about correct concentration.

True concentration in golf means the elimination of all outside details—except swinging smoothly. It doesn't mean wondering whether you have picked the right club, how you are pivoting, what your wrists and shoulders and knees are doing. It means making a definite decision on the club to use, the distance to be reached, and after that nothing matters except a smooth, unhurried strike. No average human be-

ing can concentrate on two or three things at the same time.

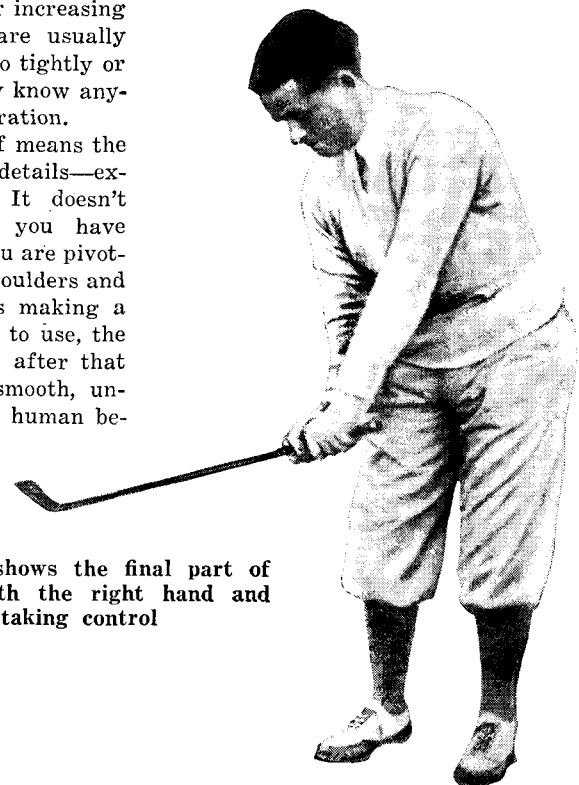
There are just four things that will improve anyone's golf: Instruction, Observation, Thought, Practice. Few golfers do any real thinking. Few combine thought and observation. They should study the methods of good golfers, get a clearer mental picture of the right way to swing, and keep this picture in mind through practice and instruction. They must learn the use of the left side and make it instinctive instead of forced. They must cultivate more the habit of mental and physical ease, which will help to suppress the tendency toward over-effort.

Subterranean Sport

Golf, after all, is supposed to be a game. When you watch the average golfer perform with a strained look on his face, with a taut, tense body, with rigid wrists, with a general atmosphere of suffering and hopelessness, you might think he was reviving an old inquisition, the sole object being human torture.

Only recently I was playing with Irvin S. Cobb, the Paducah Phenom. He stood moodily upon the edge of a deep trap and inquired, "Has anyone here a miner's lamp?" After he had finally emerged Mr. Cobb remarked: "This bunker would have tasted better if it had been full of granulated sugar in place of sand."

Since it is now impossible to fill the bunkers with granulated sugar the next step must be to keep the multitudes out of them—not altogether, but enough to break up the steady procession of mourners who have forgotten just what the green of the fairway looks like as they joust in the abysses and curse their fate. The way to improvement is open to anyone who will do a little quiet thinking and tinkering along right lines—in place of the helter-skelter of wild ideas that mean nothing except trouble and lead nowhere except to a depressing afternoon, largely underground.



Bobby Jones shows the final part of the swing, with the right hand and side taking control



R. V. Culler

In time they arrived at the club. Phyllis sighed as she went up the steps, "Oh, well, what's the use?"

Phyllis the Unwanted

By Teresa Hyde Phillips

The Story Thus Far:

MR. LANIER loses his money, and his lovely daughter, Phyllis, decides she must earn her own living. She gets a job posing for Neil Farragut, a popular and gifted artist, much sought after but never found.

Phyllis is very unhappy because Scott Thornley, a young broker, has fallen in love with Estelle Lord, who is jealous of Phyllis. Farragut plans to get him back for her, mostly because he thinks she will be a better subject for his next picture if she is happily in love.

Farragut paints a beautiful picture of Phyllis for an advertisement and one evening when Phyllis, Scott, Estelle and a Mr. Watrous are playing bridge, he telephones that he is bringing out a young man who has fallen in love with the picture. Phyllis demurs but finally relents and the four wait for the two men to arrive.

THEY heard a motor whispering up the drive. Estelle drew out her vanity case, two dinner-coated gentlemen entered, and the polite but desperate struggle was on in earnest.

But Mr. Farragut was thoroughly at ease.

"Hello," he said, nonchalant and care-free, like a cat who has found a private entrance into a cream factory.

"How do you do?" said Phyllis, polite and chilly, and made him known to the room.

"Mr. Stewart," murmured the illustrator, waving a careless hand toward his companion like a king responsible for an ambassador. And Mr. Stewart, with an automatic bow for the others, went straight for Phyllis as if he were on the last lap of a lifetime's pilgrimage.

"Miss Lanier," said Mr. Stewart and held her outstretched hand as if it had

been the Kohinoor. Phyllis led him to a chair. She saw rightly that this was the moment to give the moonstruck millionaire just the right sort of reassuring kindness and not too much of it.

Estelle paid no attention to them, but turned the full blast of her charm on Neil Farragut. She believed in the policy of direct attack. So:

"I have been dying all my life to meet you, Mr. Farragut," she began, and her eyes were open doors. Fate, she felt, had brought about this confrontation.

Mr. Farragut got up and took a chair much closer to her and grinned.

"Up to this moment," he said gravely, "my own life has been a vacuum. . . ." He could do this sort of thing, when necessary, till the cows came home. You just pulled out Stop No. 3 of the conversational organ and let it play its own notes.

Phyllis looked over at him with a faint wonder and felt suddenly left out and uncared for. Somehow Mr. Stewart did not protect one from the elements. She kept listening for Mr. Farragut's voice flowing out like warm wine.

Mr. Watrous got up and left, but hardly anyone paid him any attention. "See you later, Jimmy," came from Estelle dreamily. The smooth music of Mr. Farragut's Stop 3 was rolling over her vanity like a massage. She purred under it louder and louder and relaxed into smiling security.

"It's thrilling Phyllis, posing for you," she confided, heart-to-heart. "I simply can't wait to see the paintings."

"All in good time," he encouraged her.

"I can't wait!" Her girlish enthusiasm drew even Mr. Stewart out of his enchantment. "You have seen them," she bubbled intimately. "Are they too divine?"

Mr. Stewart looked back at her.

"Yes," he said simply, "they are divine."

He glanced around at the small group appraisingly and fearfully like a miser laboring under the urge to disclose his hidden wealth. Then, making his decision, he reached a hand into a pocket and drew out an envelope. He got up and laid it before Estelle.

"An advance proof," he said reverently. "Mr. Farragut let me have it photographed before it was finished."

SCOTT, who had been sitting saying nothing and looking, strangely enough, at Phyllis, now looked at Mr. Stewart. It had been a shock to him to find a chap so enamored of her. It was more of a shock to find that he was carrying pictures of her in his pocket. That day when he learned that she was posing for Farragut he had got a sort of blurred impression that there was more to her than he had ever imagined. Now this feeling returned, more clear-cut. He got up and leaned over Estelle's shoulder with an odd sense that some secret that had been eluding him was now about to be uncovered. The answer, he felt, was in that picture.

"Isn't it a knock-out?" breathed Mr.

Stewart, and paused for their astounded and breathless tributes.

Estelle adjusted the slave bracelets on her round arms impatiently. "Perfectly lovely!" she said and found her voice flattening in spite of herself, for to her the picture was a poisoned dagger. She could not believe that this was Phyllis. "You surely work magic!" she said to Mr. Farragut, and it was as though she said, "How you can take material like Phyllis and make that out of it!"

But what was happening to Scott behind her, and hence out of her sight, was not the least remarkable thing that had occurred lately. He stared at the photograph and felt that something was wrong somewhere.

"Lovely, Scott, isn't it?" thrilled Estelle, and the smile she turned brightly up to him was, he thought, rather too lustrous, like a string of imitation pearls.

"Very nice," he said noncommittally. And he looked not at her but at Phyllis, and noticed things that he had never noticed before. He looked at her eyes and thought, "Gosh, but they're good looking!" and at her hair and saw how it shone.

"It's the image of Phyllis," he added unconsciously, for he knew suddenly, in a burst of impassioned revelation that should come to no well-fed and prosperous broker, that Neil Farragut had found in Phyllis herself all this shimmering glory, for it was beyond the reach of any man's invention.

"Oh, do you think so?" disagreed Estelle—and unhooked the pearls, as it were, from her face.

Across the room Neil Farragut's eyes met Phyllis' for a second, and then very solemnly he dropped his right eyelid. Could he make the blind see or could he not? And Phyllis, staring at Scott, felt as if she had been thrown into water and did not know how to swim.

By simply opening her fingers and letting the photograph fall into Mr. Stewart's hand Estelle gave it back to him.

"Let us go over to the club and dance," she said, jumping up. She could not stay here and cope with downright idiocy.

"You tuck in with Scott, Phyllis," she said handsomely, feeling perfectly safe in this. And she herself got into Mr. Farragut's motor with the artist and the man from Duluth. A splendid arrangement, she felt, giving her a full ten minutes for some good solid work on them both.

BUT somehow when they arrived she had a feeling that her time had been wasted. She looked at Mr. Farragut with a winning smile that did not betray her annoyance. She had never seen a man so fathomless, and as for that Stewart creature he might as well be dead and buried.

Mr. Farragut danced with her quite beautifully. He regarded her with his cool eyes, and said nothing. He seemed, she thought, to be always listening for something. He preferred not to meet anyone, thank you, and when she danced with others he talked to Mr. Stewart. After a while Mr. Stewart disappeared. And still Scott and Phyllis did not come.

It was the first time that Phyllis had been alone with Scott since—since Estelle, was the way Phyllis was putting it to herself in the meantime, as though Estelle were some cataclysm of nature. She had listened to the others going off, laughing. Everybody seemed happy on this shimmering moonlit night but herself—and Scott, she added, looking up at him in the dimness. Scott did not look happy. He looked furious—angry, probably, because Estelle had gone off without him. She sighed. Why could they not have purred happily through the shadow and moonlight without introducing unpleasantness? Just sat there happily and let the car carry them.

"Well," said Scott, slipping into second, "I hope you have enjoyed your evening."

"Who—me?" asked Phyllis, astonished. His tone made it clear that she had been doing something to the last degree reprehensible. She could not make it out at all. "No, I haven't enjoyed it much," she added, thinking it over.

He went into high noisily.

"You've collected quite a handful of admirers," he said, "since you became a model."

"One," said Phyllis, growing peevish in her turn. After all, her admirers were no concern of his. "Anybody is entitled to one, I suppose?"

Even in the uncertain light Scott's face seemed to grow red.

"One!" he grunted. "Then Stewart doesn't count?"

"Stewart!" repeated Phyllis to that glowing face. She had been gentle, she had been conciliatory, but now she was

decidedly cross. "Well, if he doesn't count, what on earth are you talking about?" She was really bewildered by Scott. This evening had surely had an odd effect on everybody.

"Counting Stewart as one," he said, and did something that made his car bounce, "where does that guy Farragut get off?"

He seemed to say, "Answer that one!" and pulled the cigar lighter from the dashboard as if he did not like its looks.

"Mr. Farragut!" echoed Phyllis, incredulous of her hearing.

"That's what I said," said Scott. "Farragut."

"I don't know just where he gets off," she said carefully. "Why don't you ask him? Perhaps he has kidnaped that little Stewart boy or perhaps he needed

that this was a moment for him to move warily. One sad thing about being a girl's god is the difficulty of living up to it. She expects prodigies of her idol and is bitterly disillusioned when she finds that he is merely human. Scott now was secretly delighted to find how irrational he was—it seemed to prove that he was born to be a Great Lover.

"I had never realized," he said solemnly, "what a bearcat you are, Phyllis, until I saw that picture tonight." He let his mind cut back. "It was," he went on, trying to disclose his reflexes to her, "as though my eyes had just been opened."

"Scott!" moaned Phyllis.

And in that instant the Scott that she had imagined took wings and flew away, leaving a large blond broker.

"Oh!" cried Phyllis mournfully. It

exigent. "The others will be wondering what has happened."

And in time they arrived at the club.

Phyllis sighed as she went up the steps, not with sadness, but in a kind of vacuum. She had no emotions; everything was clean and ordered and empty in her soul like a house without a tenant. She was tired, she was alone, and if she had been a wrecking machine she could not more capably have razed her air castles than she had just done.

"Oh, well, what's the use?" she thought.

SHE looked up, and there was Neil Farragut.

"The lost are found," he said and did not smile.

"Tire trouble." Phyllis did not care what they believed. Estelle sniffed.

"Where's Mr. Stewart?" asked Phyllis, missing him from their cheerful little group.

"Called back to New York," said Mr. Farragut without a quiver. "Left all sorts of messages—love and kisses. . . ."

"New York!" Phyllis halted. "He is crazy, isn't he?"

Estelle laughed. "Too bad," she said. "Your one best bet."

Nobody spoke.

"Dance?" It was Mr. Farragut, and before Phyllis knew what had happened they were off, and, looking up, she discovered that he too was indulging in a temper.

That finished Phyllis. Mr. Farragut, the impersonal and imperturbable, having a tantrum!

"Now, for the love of Heaven," she cried, "what is the matter with you?" It really was too much!

He stopped at the doorway leading to the terrace.

"After you," he said coldly, and followed her out.

"And now," said Phyllis, determined to bring the situation to heel, "just what is it, will you please tell me?"

"With pleasure," said Mr. Farragut and proceeded to do so.

"It is hard to explain my position," he said, "but what it amounts to is this—"

He passed his hand over his brown head. It didn't sound sensible when he started to say it, so he allowed himself to get into a passion again and rush through it. The gist of it was that Phyllis was his own creation.

"Indeed!" said Phyllis.

"Indeed, yes," he snapped. He was, in other words, a kind of inverted Pygmalion, and had made her into a work of art. Now, here she was taking his handiwork and turning it over to a broker.

"What!" cried Phyllis. "But that's what you wanted me to do!"

"I know," he confessed. "I wanted you to stop looking so damned down. But I didn't think what might happen."

Phyllis continued to stare at him.

"Of course he won't let you go on posing," he explained. "I was a fool not to know that before."

"Yes, you were," said Phyllis, the picture of stubbornness and resentment. What did he know of the barrenness and frustration she had been feeling in this past hour? All he could think of was his old work. Art! She'd like to destroy his pictures like the woman in *The Light That Failed*.

"You'd think I was a bone to be tossed from dog to (Continued on page 41)



She flung herself into his surprised arms

fresh air." And she thought her voice did not sound quite angry enough. "Anyway, it's no business of yours," she added, correcting this.

Scott felt that this statement was open to contradiction. He now drew his car off to the side of the road, shut off the engine and turned to Phyllis.

He took her hand in his, and spoke in a new voice. "You're darned shouting, it's my business," he said, with the air of bestowing a valuable gift. "You see, I love you." And he paused to let the glory flow into her soul.

"You love me?" she repeated unbelievably. And there struck through her like an impaling knife the thought that this was what Mr. Farragut had predicted. "Why, Scott!" she breathed, and nothing at all happened to her emotions except confusion.

"Phyllis," he said, holding her hand tighter.

The face she lifted to him in the moonlight was blank with surprise.

"You beautiful thing!" he whispered and seemed to be preparing to take her comfortably into his arms.

Phyllis reined back. "Beautiful?" she asked in a tone that told nothing.

"Since when, Scott?"

Not for a second did Scott imagine

was as though she stood beside an empty cage and watched an escaped bird making for the horizon. And nothing to be done.

"But you can't—" she began, and stopped. She could not explain to him that one doesn't fall in love with pictures. She could not put into words the shame she felt for him that he could not think for himself.

"Phyllis!" he whispered again.

"Oh, dear!" said Phyllis, discarding in ten seconds the accumulated longings of years. "I'm sorry, Scott, but I don't care a pin for you."

THEN she remembered her manners. "I'm sorry, Scott."

"Sorry!" said Scott, and stared at her as if she had hit him with her fist. He seemed to reel under the impact of her indifference. In a world where he had reigned as king it was impossible to suppose that he was not dreaming, and now he became belligerent, thundering, magnificently royal: "You can't get by with that sort of talk with me."

But a lot of good it did him. For at the end of ten minutes of blustering and rage and despair he was just where he was when he started.

"Let's go on, Scott." Phyllis was



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NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1928		1927		1926		1925	
	Engine		Engine		Engine		Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn, 6-66.....	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
" 8-cyl.....	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" other models.....	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Buick.....	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac.....	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
Chandler Special Six.....	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
" other models.....	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chevrolet.....	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chrysler, 4-cyl.....	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" Imperial 80.....	BB	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
" other models.....	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
Dodge Brothers.....	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Durant.....	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Essex.....	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Flint.....	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Ford, Model A.....	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" Model T.....	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Franklin.....	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Gardner, 8-cyl.....	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" other models.....	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hudson.....	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hupmobile.....	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Lincoln.....	BB	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
Marmon, 8-cyl.....	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" other models.....	BB	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
Moon.....	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Nash.....	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oakland.....	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oldsmobile.....	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Overland all models.....	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Packard.....	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Paige all models.....	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Pontiac.....	BB	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
" other models.....	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
Pontiac.....	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Reo all models.....	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Star.....	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Studebaker.....	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Velie.....	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Willis-Knight 4-cyl.....	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" 6-cyl.....	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc



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What are the Short Waves saying?

By Hugh Leamy

The amateur radio "hams" have the ends of the earth for neighbors. Oceans are the back fences they gossip over

THE air is crowded tonight. From Station KAAA, whence the Ju-Jube Jubilee Boys are blaring forth jazz to KZZZ, which offers a brief and somewhat patronizing talk on what to do with left-over anchovies, you have your choice of a hundred features. But underneath all this broadcasting—down in wave-length depths into which your modern seventeen-tube so-and-so cannot reach—there's brisk and fascinating air traffic.

Just about the time you're twirling the dials trying to decide whether to be educated or entertained, dozens of American and Canadian radio amateurs are starting their nightly code chats with amateurs in Great Britain, France, Holland, Italy, Australia, New Zealand—almost every place in the world where there are "hams."

Out in Carmel, Cal., a lieutenant colonel of the Quartermaster Corps is engaged in exchanging chitchat and ideas with the engineer of the municipal lighting plant in Singapore. When that's finished he'll swing into an air conversation with an ivory trader in Africa, or maybe with that other friend whom he has never met save over the air—a French professor in the foreign unit in Shanghai.

25,000 Members

There are 25,000 amateur radio fans who are members of the American Radio Relay League, and many of them are active operators of code stations. The others include experimenters and professional commercial operators who have been graduated from the ham ranks.

The league had its beginning back in 1912, when Hiram Percy Maxim, the noted inventor and radio enthusiast, wanted to communicate with an amateur twenty-five miles away. With the sets available in those days Maxim couldn't "work" his friend over what was then so great a distance. But he knew of another amateur whose station was located halfway between Maxim's and the man he wanted to reach. So he communicated with him and had him relay the message and the reply. The relay plan worked so well that Maxim began organizing a relay league, which, in 1914, was officially formed and named the American Radio Relay League.

The Apparatus is Not Costly

During the war amateur activities were, of course, suspended. But hundreds of ham operators entered the service and put the training and experience they had acquired from their hobby to work for the government. After the armistice they found they had a fight on their hands if they were to be

allowed to stay in the game, but the league members managed to convince the authorities of their right to operate.

The first big achievement by amateurs was in 1920, when a message was relayed across the continent, station by station, and the answer returned to the starting point within 6½ minutes.

Then they tackled the Atlantic Ocean. In 1921 twenty-seven American amateur operators were heard in Scotland. But it was not until some time later that two-way communication with Europe was established. Meanwhile the efficiency and dependability of apparatus was improving all the time.

To a layman one of the most surprising things about amateur radio is the fact that the apparatus required is not costly. Kenneth B. Warner, secretary of the A. R. R. L., told me that it is possible to buy a good transmitting outfit for about the cost of an efficient broadcast-receiving set. You can build one, or have one built, for around \$75, although even this can be shaved if you have access to a helpful radio junk pile.

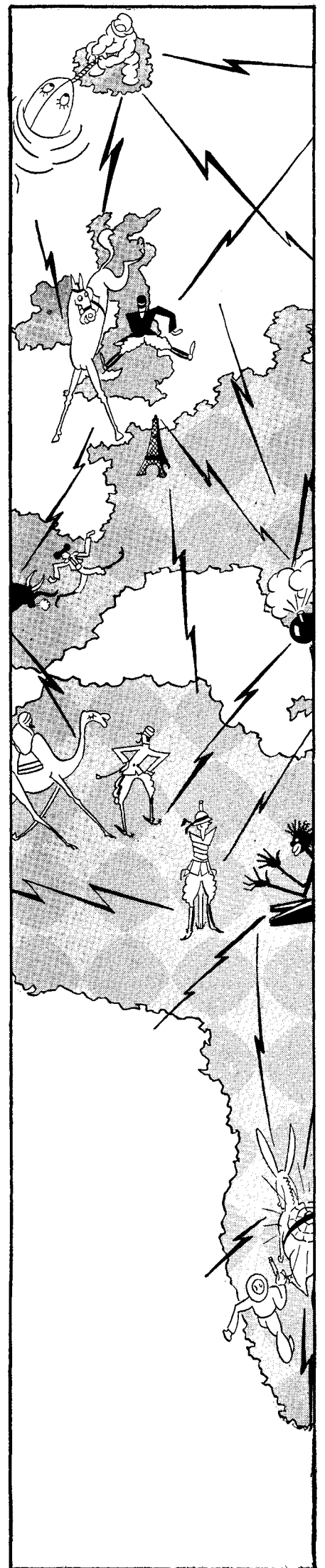
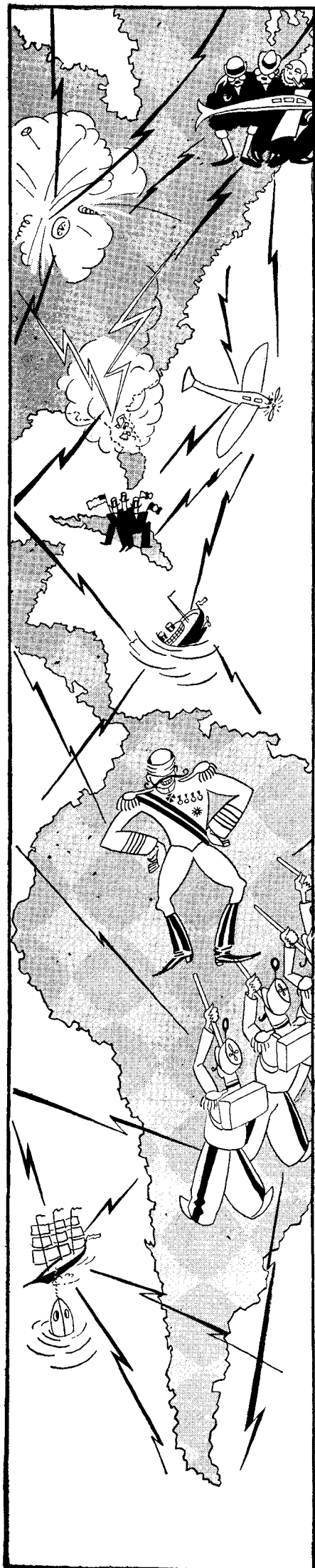
When the Dole race plane, on which was Miss Doran, was not heard from, and the plane Dallas Spirit set out to search for it, it was amateurs, for instance, who maintained constant communication with the searchers until their last tragic message, "We are going into a tail spin," had been received and relayed across the continent.

And in less spectacular emergencies too the amateur plays his part.

Some time ago Mr. Luis Rexach of San Juan, Porto Rico, was notified that his young daughter, a student in a New York private school, was seriously ill. The mails would have required two weeks for an exchange of letters. And the cables at that time could not promise transmission of inquiries and replies within three days.

But Mr. Rexach had his own ham station. He was able to work another amateur, a chap named Carman at Freeport, Long Island (Station 2EL, in case you ever want to talk to Freeport in a hurry), that very night. Carman established communication with the school, and later the hospital by telephone, and for several weeks nightly the father was kept in touch with his daughter until she was well on the way to recovery.

The records of the league are jammed with tales of instances wherein the once-despised ham has been of service. There was that severe storm around New Bedford, Mass., about two years back. Mrs. Hattie Hiller of Mattapoisett was stricken by shock. Telegraph and telephone communication had been cut off by the (Continued on page 34)



"Civilization's curse can be conquered," says famous British M.D. in press interviews



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From Leading Newspapers

PHILADELPHIA PUBLIC LEDGER—Sir William declared, "that a shortage of Vitamin B is responsible for intestinal stagnation, 'the curse of civilization' . . . which deficiency is made up by the addition of fresh yeast."

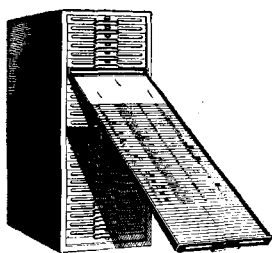
BOSTON GLOBE—Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane, Bart., C. B., Britain's most brilliant exponent of preventative medicine, points out that one of the most important sources of this vitamin (B) is yeast.

CINCINNATI TIMES-STAR—"Vitamin B is essential to life and health." Sir Arbuthnot Lane then says, "Yeast is an extremely valuable food, particularly in its rich store of Vitamin B."

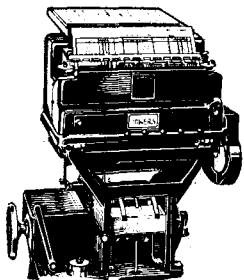
MACON (GA.) TELEGRAPH—Sir Arbuthnot Lane has attacked "the curse of civilization"—clogging of the intestines. One of the principal causes, he says, is deficiency of Vitamin B . . . "most readily made up by the addition of fresh yeast."

NEW YORK DAILY NEWS—"Most Brilliant English Doctor Advocates Yeast As Foe of Disease."

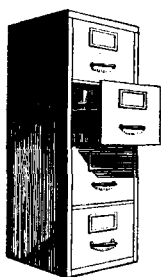
SAN DIEGO (CAL.) UNION—Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane says, "Diet suffers from a shortage of Vitamin B, made up by the addition of fresh yeast."



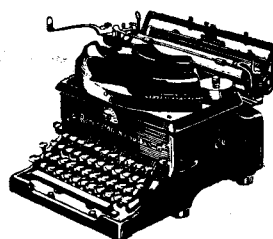
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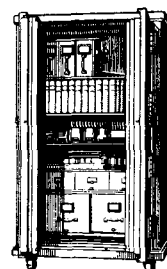
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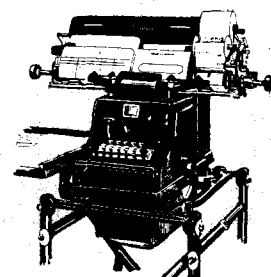
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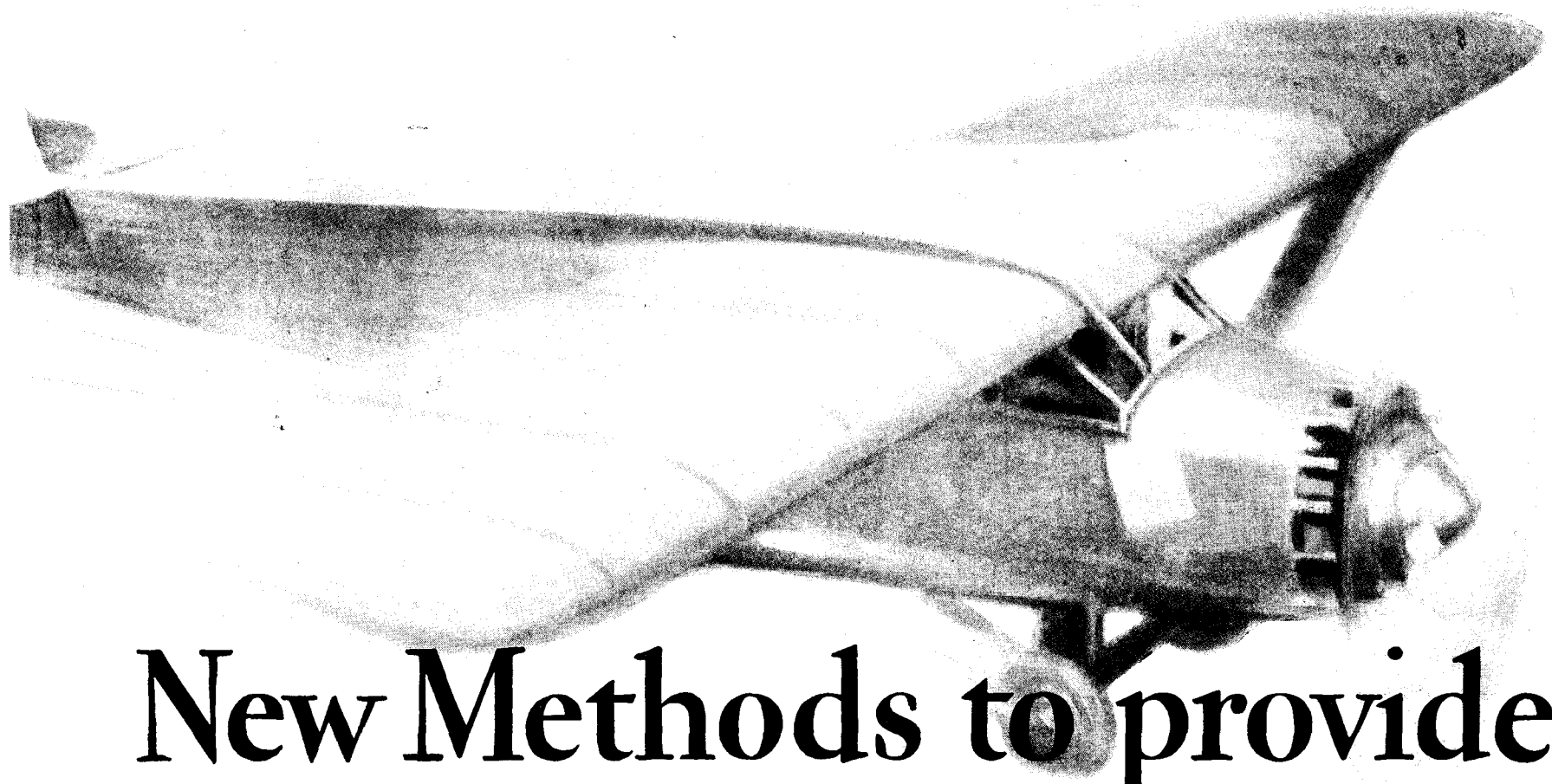
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A Rest Cure for Rover

By Walter Davenport

Diet kitchens, isolation wards, ultra-violet treatments, private rooms—no wonder they call this hospital "dog heaven"

UNLESS you have had a nervous breakdown, you just can't appreciate how Missy was suffering. Nobody could.

"Somebody," said she, "ought to be told about the way things are run in these clinics. I've been sitting here for an hour, and if you've never had a nervous breakdown you don't know—"

"Did you ever have your hocks hurt you?" demanded Donegal Dan.

"If there's anybody here needing immediate attention, it's me," said Missy with a swift glance at the Irishman's hocks. "I've been sitting here an hour, suffering."

"Did you ever have an operation on your tail?" pursued Donegal Dan.

"Also," complained Missy, "I believe I am going to have a chill."

"There's an Italian fellow that's just come in," went on Donegal Dan. "He's got the doctor thinking hard."

The Italian fellow—Mussolini Slim—had come from Plainfield, N. J. Two doctors had pondered his case for a week and concocted a great variety of schemes, but presently had given it up as hopeless and telephoned the hospital.

"Have you any way," they asked, "to keep a dog from wagging his tail?"

"We don't know," was the answer. "We've never tried. Send him over."

Mussolini Slim, an Italian greyhound of the strain of Istante di Firenze, who, having won twenty-eight firsts in twenty-eight shows, begat seven sons all of whom won the blue, had broken his tail.

Five times the New Jersey doctors had set that tail and bandaged it only to behold Mussolini Slim celebrating the operation by wagging his tail so vigorously as to break it all over again.

Mussolini's Mad Wag

In vain did they incase the tail in a plaster cast. Putting everything he had into one good wag, Mussolini Slim had cracked the cast and the tail along with it against a wall. They padded it with cotton and wool. They even considered putting dog, tail and all into a cast for a season. All schemes failed.

When Mussolini Slim appeared at the hospital, therefore, he presented a sorry picture because there is nothing like a crooked tail to ruin a dog's appearance.

But presently Dr. Alfred W. Meyer of the hospital staff struck upon a plan which has duly taken its place among the remarkable veterinary feats performed in this hospital. It was a beautifully simple plan too.

He set Mussolini Slim's tail anew and gently pulled it forward until it lay taut along the dog's right flank. Then deftly he bound the injured appendage to the delicate body and turned Slim loose. To Slim's temporary annoyance, but to

the great delight of his master and the doctor, the hound couldn't wag. Today he is equipped with a perfect length of greyhound tail.

However, the story is getting out of hand. The immobilization of Mussolini Slim's tail came in its turn. Missy, a West Highland white terrier, finally had her temperature taken with a clinical thermometer and was consigned to the observation ward because it was believed that she was slightly psychopathic. When I last saw her she was in a cage donated by Mr. and Mrs. Stanley J. Halle in memory of International Champion Halleston Wyche Wondrous, and chattering like a tipsy magpie to a Schipperke who was convalescing in an adjoining bed—gastroenteritis, no less.

Another new arrival—

Mr. Smathers, a black Newfoundland, was charted and led off to a quiet ward on the third floor for frequent massage and rubbings with a liniment of capicum, belladonna, soap and chloroform. They'll poultice him with electric pads too if he'll stand for it.

After Mr. Smathers came Nelly Quirk, a Boston terrier. Her trouble was diagnosed by Dr. Meyer as rickets. She was carried to the sunshine ward on the roof, and every day she will be trotted into a large tiled room, laid out upon a table and subjected to ultra-violet-ray treatments. Also she will be fed foods high in phosphates and vitamins. Nothing so good for a good dog's bones. They gave her a fine cage too—the one donated by Mrs. William Dillon in memory of her great dog Chang.

Theodoric de Zara, a young Dalmatian, was next. He hadn't been in the

hospital more than an hour when he was carried into the operating-rooms. They anaesthetized him, giving him a hypodermic of morphine first.

He took it like the thoroughbred he is and snoozed off without a whimper or struggle when they put the ether cone over his nose.

Dr. Meyer wielded the scalpel. The anaesthetist kept tabs on Theodoric's heart action. A nurse hovered over with the immunized bandages, gauzes and the usual disinfectants. It was all over in a few minutes, and while Theodoric was still a trifle groggy (who isn't on coming out of ether?) he was an elegant specimen of Dalmatian hound when I left the hospital.

Three Canine Hardware Stores

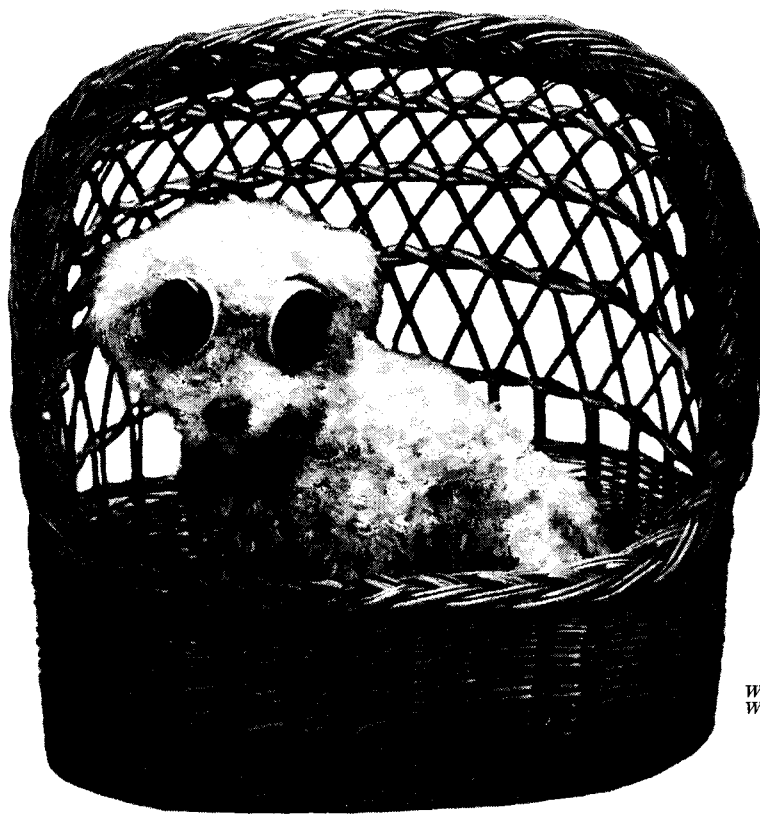
Donegal Dan's hocks were electrically treated and soundly bandaged, but his case was trivial when compared with that of three police pups fetched in with what appeared at first to be a major attack of the blind staggers. They had it in equal proportions, and their owner, a hardware dealer, was certain that it couldn't be anything they had eaten.

"They haven't eaten anything for a week," he said.

The pups were taken to the X-ray laboratory and photographed.

"You're wrong," said Dr. Meyer. "They've eaten plenty."

They were operated upon before the day was an hour older, and out of their stomachs the doctor took 858 inch-long nails, one three-inch nail, a bit of bent wire and a sizable pebble. One of the pups died on the table. The other two survived and were put to bed for post-



The family pet, suffering from distemper, must don goggles and get under the ultra-violet rays

Wide
World



Rover perks up quite a bit after being operated on

operation treatment in the cage donated by Mr. and Mrs. John W. Edmonds in memory of Bonny Bright.

Now, all this happened one typical day in the Ellin Prince Speyer Hospital for Animals, in Lafayette Street, New York. Not even the hospital where you lay after that remarkable operation of yours—the one you always describe in detail whenever the talk turns surgical—is more complete than this one. From the interne station, through the clinical and research laboratory and the softly shining wards to the locker-rooms and visitors' waiting-room, it is a cheerful, efficient plant where a dog can get a man's chance.

Complicated Dietetics

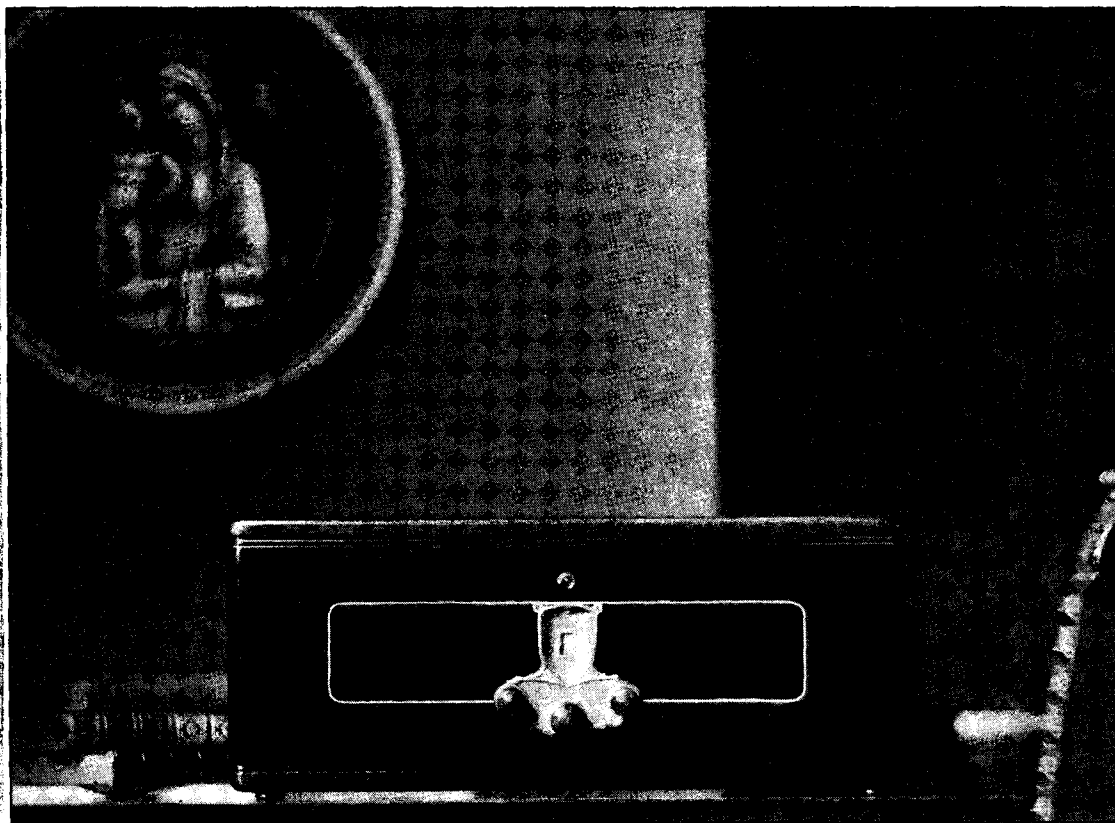
There are diet kitchens and dental laboratories. There are isolation wards for the woefully sick and for the contagious diseases. There are little rooms where men and women and their sons and daughters visit the patients and the floor is forever damp with weeping. Calm nurses stride swiftly up and down the corridors in starched and snowy white, and doctors and porters in interne duck and blue denim are forever parading the wards and laboratories.

The hospital was founded in 1910 by a woman who as a girl played with dogs and cats instead of dolls—Ellin Speyer, wife of a New York banker. There is nothing quite like it anywhere else in America. Within its doors the mongrel and the yellow hound are the equals of the blue-ribbon dog. They get everything a hospital has to offer, except, perhaps, pajamas.

There are two diet kitchens presided over by men who understand a subject which too few of us know to exist—the proper feeding of dogs. They know that if you really love a dog you'll not give him pork, veal, liver, lights, chop bones, chicken or turkey bones, potatoes, beets, bologna, fresh bread or cake. They know that, surprising as it may be, there are few stomachs more delicate than a dog's.

There are the (Continued on page 32)

BOSCH RADIO



THE new Model 28 Bosch Radio Receiver is the crystallization of all you have hoped for in radio. Simplicity in the Single Dial, electrically illuminated; the grouped controls and the solid mahogany cabinet. Your wall socket supplies all power and seven alternating current amplifying tubes with one power rectifying tube give you great volume, selectivity and a clarity of reception with a tone quality which will delight you. The famous Bosch precision workmanship is evident in every detail of construction. See for yourself how much Model 28 Bosch Radio provides without extravagance, less tubes \$132.50

Prices slightly higher west of Rockies and in Canada—Bosch Radio is licensed under patents and applications of R. C. A., R. F. L. and Lektophone

AMERICAN BOSCH MAGNETO CORPORATION

SPRINGFIELD

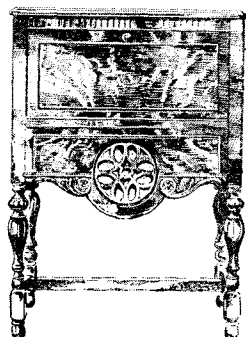
MASSACHUSETTS

Branches:

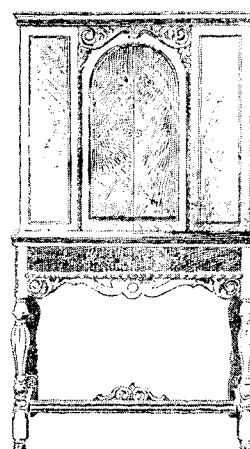
New York

Chicago

San Francisco



Authorized Bosch Radio Dealers are now showing specially designed console illustrated, with its fine selected and patterned woods, rich carvings and beautiful finish and are offering this console 28-A with Standard Bosch Radio Speaker and the Model 28 Bosch Radio Receiver for \$197.50. Model 28-C, a similar model, with Dynamic Speaker is \$237.50.



Authorized Bosch Radio Dealers are now showing the console Model 29B, specially designed for them with super-dynamic speaker and special high-power speaker supply. Console has sliding doors, beautiful craftsmanship and selected woods. Bosch Radio Dealers are offering this console 29B with super-dynamic speaker and special high-power speaker supply with Bosch Radio Model 28 Receiver for \$295.00.



Killing Static

By Jack Binns

L. E. CALDWELL of Sarasota, Fla., asks why it is that Florida should suffer more from static than other parts of the country. He also wants to know whether any progress has been made in eliminating it.

"What seems queer," he adds, "is that with, say, 80 to 90 degrees as we have it, it is not as hot as often occurs in the North, and not so humid."

Unfortunately the reason is not confined to local conditions. A vast amount of investigation has been carried out during the past ten years in an effort to determine the origin of static both physically and geographically. The local thunderstorm causes static crashes, but the continuous roar of grinding, crackling static, heard in the South, apparently originates in the mountains of Central America. It is obvious the effect of this particular brand of static—which, by the way, is about the worst in the world—decreases with distance, consequently Southern states are more affected than their Northern sisters.

Regarding the second question I may say that quite a little progress has been made recently in reducing the effect of static but chiefly with communication receivers for commercial purposes. The devices are not as yet applicable to broadcast receivers, although the time may come when improvements can be built in such sets.

The Regal "Mike"

The most interesting piece of radio apparatus in England is the royal microphone which lies in state until such time as King George speaks to his subjects. It is a most ornate affair, and upon its cover there is engraved a record of each occasion it has been used. So far it has been attached to a remote control line about six times.

Somehow, in looking at it, with its magnificent royal coat of arms, one feels that it is a pity such a regal instrument has to pick up plebeian tones, but even a king must have his remarks prefaced by the ubiquitous announcer.

The Meanest Act

The new station in Calcutta, India, had been in operation only a few days when an inconsiderate lizard committed suicide by crawling between the main tuning coils. In committing this thoughtless act it chose the moment when an important news item was being broadcast and thus kept thousands of listeners in suspense.

So far as can be learned the wretched animal did not even leave enough skin to make a pair of lady's shoes.

Putting Pep in Talk

J. B. Lembach of Multnomah, Ore., in referring to one of my little items that was headed "Cultural Monopolies," suggests that the possibilities of broadcast-

ing as a means for cultural development could be further utilized by encouraging debates on vital subjects. He proposes a discussion of twenty minutes for each side, the argument to be given one day and the rebuttal the next.

The suggestion is a good one, but I would be more in favor of having the debate completed the same day.

It seems to me that all of our broadcasters are too shy on controversial matter. This is one of the reasons that spoken programs lack interest. Progress is the direct result of conflict, and most people are keenly interested in questions that involve sharp partisanship as well as violently opposed views. By all means let us have material of this kind without fear or favor.

The Announcer's Purgatory

In reply to criticisms an official of the British broadcasting system declared: "A thankless task is surely the announcer's. In this job there is no room for the projection of personality; practically every word that he utters is governed by the printed slip, and if his own idiosyncrasies should creep through to the extent of a mispronunciation, or even an unusual intonation, he may hear of it before the next sunset."

From this you will observe they bump 'em off at sunset instead of dawn in the tight little isle. And yet we have been kidding ourselves that we lead the world in our broadcasting methods.

A Rest Cure for Rover

Continued from page 30

distemper wards where the commonest and most dreaded of dog diseases is treated as expertly as veterinarians can work on a malady about which they know so little. All they seem to know about distemper is that it is highly contagious but not infectious. Its germ has not been isolated. They don't know yet what causes it, although they suspect faulty metabolism.

Near by is the laundry, where blankets and bed pads are frequently washed and disinfected. For a sick dog to have even a hound's chance his quarters must be as clean as his master's. And yonder are the baths, although dogs really shouldn't be bathed more frequently than once in three weeks. They catch cold too easily. Dry cleaning with a brush and fuller's earth does nicely between times.

Spaghetti à la Italienne

Here, tearful, is a woman with a fox terrier whose illness is quickly diagnosed as gastroenteritis. A very, very sick pup he is too, lying there in his mistress' arms.

"What's he had to eat?"

"Well," the lady wept, "the day Joey was taken sick he had only had a little pork sausage and potato. I gave him a couple of pieces of candy—just a couple: maybe five or six pieces. And a neighbor who had been having a party for her little girl came over with a little ice cream for Joey."

"Madame, I have no doubt you would be in favor of giving a dog poisoner fifty years in jail. Right?"

Before Joey's weebegone mistress could see the point, the terrier was on his way to a ward, and the doctor was shaking his head sadly over a pup with rickets, whose owner was saying:

"Me, I feed her gooda, all right. Fine. Spaghetti. Spaghetti gooda for the children, gooda for dogs. Meat give him da fit."

The doctor had to talk ten minutes to convince the Italian that you can't feed a dog a starch diet and expect it to thrive.

A democratic place, the Ellin Speyer Hospital. Here's a willowy mutt with red mange. A Negro truck driver who loves him fetched him in, saying he'd "shoot de wuks on de pooch," who, in his estimation, was "a million dollahs' wuth of dawg even if he doan' look it."

The pooch's immediate neighbor is Garry, a majestic wolfhound with a pedigree as long as a trip to New Zealand. His owner is Gifford Pinchot, formerly governor of Pennsylvania. Garry was injured in a Westchester hunt and submits daily to having the bones of his right foreleg scraped. They can't etherize him every day either because not even a dog's heart can stand that; he gets a local anæsthetic. The sight of Garry's dignified fortitude on the operating table would be an object lesson to any human being.

Just beyond, in a cage donated by Miss Rose Anne Grosvenor in memory of Little Pi, Rag and and Peter Pan, is a stray who just wandered in at midnight. Just wandered in and scratched at the vestibule doors until one of the nurses came. Pneumonia, it turned out to be. He's better now and will soon be in the homeless ward awaiting what fate has in store for him.

The homeless ward is one of the show corridors of the place. Therein you can find all sorts and conditions of dogs, and you can have one for a dollar—provided you can prove yourself the proper sort of person.

The nominal fee for a dog in the

Speyer Hospital is \$1.50 a day plus the cost of medicines and, if an operation is necessary, surgical work. But no dog is turned away because the owner is too poor to pay.

Moreover, the doors are open night and day, which Gowanus Gyp, a basset hound owned by a lawyer named Taylor, seemed to know. Gowanus Gyp was in the hospital for stomatitis, and before he was entirely well his owner took him home to White Plains. Three weeks later Taylor advertised that Gowanus Gyp was missing and offered \$100 for his return.

Four nights after Gowanus Gyp had vanished from home he walked into the hospital. It was three o'clock in the morning, but the attendant looked him over at once. The mouth was sore and inflamed. Stomatitis. It had taken Gowanus Gyp four days to find the hospital again. But he'd found it.

At the head of a ward, looking quite as cocky as his master, is Spike, an English bulldog owned by James J. Walker, mayor of New York. Spike came in for a scientific bath treatment, but he had caught a cold and remained to get rid of that.

Next, in a cage donated by Mrs. C. H. McKinstry in memory of Joe, her cocker spaniel, sits Coogan, a bat-eared French bulldog, whose owner is Elizabeth Marbury. Coogan's digestive tract was all awry before Dr. Meyer got him.

Across the aisle in the Tally-ho Make Merry Memorial cage is sixty pounds of just tough bulldog. They call him Mike. He has been called many names. And he doesn't care what you call him either. Any man's dog as long as the man keeps moving.

Mike has sore feet. Who wouldn't have who had walked all the way from Miami? Every step of the way, mind you. No bummed rides. A man who said he was John Burke fetched him in.

"Mike picked me up the day I started from Miami," said John Burke. "We walked, see—on the hoof every inch of it. Never saw him before, but he's an old-timer on the road. I could tell by the way he handled himself. His feet went back on him about Trenton, and a cop told me about this place."

John Burke left the hospital, and he didn't leave any address. Probably hasn't any. By this time Mike has probably gone too. Just a bum.

"Very Good News"

I noticed that the telephone switchboard was as busy as a stockbroker's. I moved over until I could hear the nice voice of the operator—a trig young woman in white and blue.

"Yes, yes. Quite all right. Yes. . . . Oh, no; no complications. Resting very quietly. . . . Yes, you may come tomorrow morning. . . . Yes, you may see him if he progresses as nicely as he has been. . . . You're quite welcome."

"Hello, Mrs. Jolly. This is the Speyer Hospital. The doctors think perhaps you had better come down. . . . No, no. Tang's not dead—just a very sick dog. Sorry. . . . All right. Thank you."

"Yes. Yes. Who? . . . Oh, yes, Mr. Emlen, very good news. Four puppies—beautifully marked and in splendid health. . . . Alice? She's doing beautifully. You'll be down? . . . Very well."

"Speyer Hospital. Yes, Mrs. Hollie."

I quit listening because a radiogram from an ocean liner which was to dock on the following morning had just come.

"Please reserve bed maternity ward for Schnauzer Pincher arriving Berengaria tomorrow."

"(Signed) T. Lee Miller."

GASOLINE + ETHYL =

high compression performance

YOU are hearing much about "high compression" ... "high compression engines" ... "high compression fuels" ... "high compression performance."

"What," a great many car owners are asking, "does 'high compression' mean to me?" Here is a simple explanation:

Each cylinder of your engine may be likened to a muzzle-loading gun. The cylinder is the gun; the piston is the bullet; and the mixture of gasoline and air is the powder charge.

The tighter you pack the powder charge in the gun before firing, the greater the force to the bullet. Similarly, the tighter you squeeze—or compress—gas vapor and air in the combustion chamber before ignition, the greater the force of the piston's stroke. In other words, the higher the compression the greater the power.

Higher compression in a gasoline engine is obtained by decreasing the size of the combustion chamber—either by mechanical design or by carbon formation.

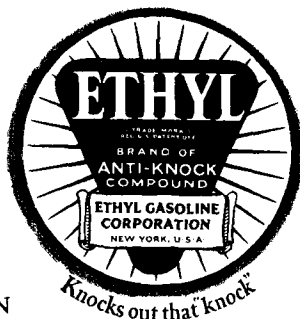
Up to the advent of Ethyl Gasoline, the compression of automobile engines was

limited by the compression limits of gasoline. For gasoline is not a perfect fuel. It explodes too soon ("knocks") and loses power when squeezed beyond a certain point.

That is why General Motors Research Laboratories developed ETHYL fluid, a compound which controls the combustion rate of gasoline so that as engine compression is raised the "knock" is eliminated. And that is why oil companies are mixing ETHYL fluid with gasoline to form *Ethyl Gasoline*—the standard high compression fuel.

Within the last year, car manufacturers have been able to produce new models of higher compression and greater power. *But the most immediate benefits of Ethyl Gasoline are found among the millions of owners of cars of ordinary compression, because with its use in such cars carbon becomes an asset.*

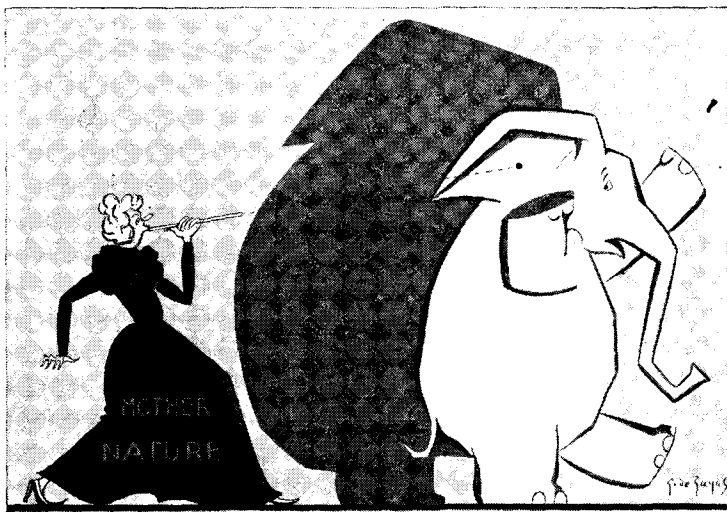
Ride with ETHYL. See what a great difference it makes on hills and in traffic. No "knocking." Less shifting. Faster pick-up. Stop at an ETHYL pump today—it bears the emblem shown at the left.



ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION

25 Broadway, New York City 56 Church Street, Toronto, Ont., Can.

ETHYL GASOLINE



Nature's Little Pranks

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

NATURE, which is usually Republican, seems to have yielded to the allurements of Al Smith's personality. Or perhaps Nature doesn't like the Volstead Act. At any rate the Republicans can't count upon her at this writing to roll up her usual millions of votes for the Republican candidate for President.

Good Dr. Work watches the grain-market reports more closely than the men who hang around the board-rooms of brokers' offices watch the figures coming in over the tickers. Wheat, \$1.20, \$1.17, \$1.16, \$1.15½, \$1.15. With every quarter of a cent down he mentally figures his political losses as a stock speculator figures his on one of those bad days on the stock exchange when call money jumps to 8 or 10 per cent.

The Republican party is awfully long on the grain market and the grain market is off worse than it has been in many years. Dollar wheat at this writing is regarded as a distinct possibility. If the Canadian crop, which will be large, should prove exceptionally large, a price for wheat even below a dollar may be quoted about the time the farmers of Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota and the Dakotas are making up their minds how they will vote in November.

One wonders about corn. When Nature bolts the Republicans may go all the way. And corn is Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Nebraska, Minnesota, Missouri, Oklahoma and a lot of other places.

If the Democratic managers are well advised they will have a nice little farm-relief plan ready to take out of its wrappings about the time the final word on the Canada wheat crop reaches the Chicago grain exchange. They have bungled it so far. It was bad teamwork for National Chairman Raskob to talk as if the equalization fee was really a very fine thing that had been much maligned and then for Governor Smith a day later to say that he would have none of the equalization fee.

Anger vs. Habit

The Democrats will have to look a great deal better to the Western farmers than the Republicans do in order to win them away from their fixed habit of voting, unless the farmers get so mad over dollar wheat that their one idea will be to punish the party that has had eight years in which to provide a means of dealing with such wheat surpluses as this year's and haven't done it.

And Mr. Raskob's appointment of the very able and distinguished Professor E. R. A. Seligman to investigate and to report to him on farm relief is not

enough. One can hear the farmers say, "We ask him for a plan to handle this dollar wheat, and he gives us a professor!"

In all other respects the Republican prospects seem to be improving. Senator Simmons' failure to come out for Smith and his assurance to other Democrats that they can be simon-pure Jeffersonians and vote against the head of their party ticket makes it likely that Governor Smith will lose North Carolina. At this moment, knowing something of the opposition in the South generally, I should bet that Governor Smith would lose North Carolina.

On the Other Hand

Kentucky, with its leading Democratic newspaper, the Louisville Courier-Journal, on the fence, looks none too promising. Of Tennessee I know nothing. George Brennan's death and the collapse of Big Bill Thompson's machine, leaving the Deneen crowd supreme in Chicago, reduce the chances of there being such a big anti-Hoover majority in that city that Illinois may go for Smith.

On the other hand Bill Vare's illness probably increases Republican worries about Pennsylvania whatever they may amount to and so, except for the wavering of Nature in its support of the Republican party, there has been a sag of the Smith campaign since that bright moment when the New York governor astonished the country by making a big business man his campaign manager.

The voting animal is funny. I have been attending primaries in a Southern state. The Ku Kluxers had a candidate, and the other candidate boldly declared his support of Smith. Of course the Smith candidate won handsomely. Farmers living along one of the main highways South and favorable to the Ku Klux candidate would drive up to the polls in their Fords, Model T.

They have stands along the highway for selling fruit and vegetables to automobilists. One of them would say, "Nine New Yorkers stopped at my stand Sunday, and only one of them is goin' to vote for Smith. He ain't even goin' to carry New York." Another would chime in, "Five New Yorkers stopped at my stand and all of them was going to vote against Smith. Even his own state won't have him." Evidently the voting animal will accept the Pope and a winner more readily than it will accept the Pope and a loser. Hurry call to Mr. Raskob. Lots of evidence is needed that Governor Smith will sweep New York, as he probably will.

The Short Waves

Continued from page 26

blizzard. They wanted to communicate with Mrs. Hiller's son, chief of the Plymouth, Mass., fire department.

The doctor attending Mrs. Hiller called up Irving Vermilyan, an amateur of Mattapoisett, who at once broadcast a request that all operators within hearing try to get in touch with Chief Hiller, with the result that more than ten persons communicated with him, and he set out at once by automobile, reaching his mother's side the following day.

Not Trivial to Mother

Trivial? Perhaps. No one, you may say, in Cypress Center, Iowa, cared whether or not they managed to reach Hiller. No one? Well, thousands of amateurs must have got a kick out of the fact that their tinkering with wires and jiggers and exchanging notes helped to perfect a system whereby a stricken mother reached out to her son when she needed him most.

One stormy night Carlos Yerian of Spokane, Wash., sitting at his instruments in amateur station 7G1, heard an unfamiliar call, "CQ," followed by many "urgents." He replied to the unknown operator. It was A. A. McCue, superintendent of a cannery on an island in Neah Bay, Alaska.

From a hastily thrown-together emergency station, McCue flashed word of a storm that had already caused considerable damage and threatened to wash away most of the plant. At his request Yerian rushed word of the emergency to the head offices of the Northwestern Fisheries Company, whence help was dispatched and the cannery and its people saved.

There is no organized effort to train amateurs to meet emergencies, but when such arise they seem to adapt themselves to the situation instantly.

Some time ago a severe cold snap left about thirty ships ice-bound some seven miles off Duluth, Minn. Most of them tried to communicate with the home offices, but their spark transmitters (this was before legislation had abolished the spark outfits) proved too weak. However, they managed to work three amateur stations on shore, and through these for hours messages and weather reports were transferred.

Hams Rescue Railroads

The railroads occasionally call upon amateurs for aid, especially in cases where sleet storms have left rights of way open but have halted communication over regular channels. One of the largest railroads worked out a plan whereby a parallel line of amateur relays will be available over its entire trunk route in the event of an emergency. Tests have proved that the system is practical.

In a big storm which swept through the New England states as far back as 1924 the amateur played an important part. The Boston & Maine and the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroads both leaned upon him to no small extent.

When wires were down throughout its northern territory, the B. & M. got in touch with an amateur in Watertown, Mass., who jumped on the air and succeeded in working another amateur in Manchester, N. H. Within three hours the Watertown man was able, after establishing communications with various other stations by relay, to report all clear between Boston, Dover, Portsmouth and Portland. During the same period he was establishing a lane of communication through to Cape Cod for the New Haven line.

Amateurs work, of course, without compensation, and although many of them have moved into the ranks of paid operators, they usually retain their amateur calls. Up in Selkirk Mines, a settlement in the wilderness about 150 miles north of Winnipeg, there is such an operator employed in the station owned by a mining company. This station is the only means of communicating with the outside world.

Some time ago the wife of one of the engineers at the mine was about to give birth to a child. No doctor was at hand, and it was essential that one be started from Winnipeg. The station got on the air, hooked up with an amateur station operated by Harry R. Drew in Fargo, N. D., who relayed it to Winnipeg. A doctor was immediately dispatched and arrived in time to be present at the event.

Poetic Game Stirs Fancy

You could relate such instances interminably. Small wonder the hobby is growing so rapidly. It offers something to stir imagination long after the thrill of getting broadcast distance is gone.

If you enter the average amateur station, no matter how many times you may have taken apart (and perhaps even reassembled) your radio receiving set, you'll go dizzy as you look at the various coils and jiggers. Some of them are vaguely familiar to one who knows anything at all about what the inside of his own set looks like. Others will appear quite strange.

Despite the somewhat complicated appearance of the transmitter, the receiver looks far simpler than the average broadcast set. In fact, most amateur receivers have but two tubes and one or two small coils, as against many coils and as high as nine tubes on the broadcast receivers.

On the walls you will doubtless see QSL cards, perhaps from every continent. These are cards which the real enthusiasts among the hams dispatch as soon as they have worked a new station.

They are sent by mail, of course, and contain information as to the hour at which the sending station was heard, radio conditions and other more technical data.

But don't think you can assemble the necessary apparatus, learn the Continental Code sufficiently well to suit yourself, and then start right off chatting with the far-off corners of the world. Before you can operate your station you must have government licenses: one for the station and one for each person who operates it. There are no fees for these.

The Ham Gets More Speed

The man in whose name the station license is issued is responsible for its proper operation. Before you can get your operator's license you must be able to satisfy examiners that you can send and receive competently, and that you are familiar with the correct operation of the apparatus. No license is needed, of course, for the operation of a receiving station only.

Speedy as the radio is, the ham speeds it up still more by the use of certain abbreviations which are standard. Thus B4 goes for "before" (they spent a lot of time working that one out). SRI is "sorry;" TKS or TNX, "thanks;" the unromantic figures 88 stand for "love and kisses," so why shouldn't 99 represent "keep out"?

Well, GB.



She found more than face cream in the jar

Clever woman. Her mind reached across the ocean. She could see the famous beauty expert writing out the hints she found in the pamphlet wrapped round the jar of cream. The personal advice of this beauty scientist would be within the reach of only the wealthiest women. Here they were free. You, too, have profited from reading these sparkling little inserts.

What is your opinion? \$2,500 in Cash Prizes

1st Prize—\$500 2nd Prize—\$300 3rd Prize—\$200
5 Prizes—\$50 each 10 Prizes—\$25 each 100 Prizes—\$10 each

Tell us what you think about one of these helpful folders which are called package inserts. Every day you, with millions of others, are opening packages and finding instructive inserts. You can select any insert you find in any package, such as food products, toilet goods, medicinal preparations, household utensils, etc.

Read this insert through and ask yourself the following questions: 1. What additional information, if contained in this package insert, would be helpful to me—and why? 2. Would more pictures be helpful? What pictures? 3. What is my general opinion of this insert? 4. How was it most useful to me?

Then sit down and tell, in a brief letter, your opinion. Do not use more than 500 words. The shorter the better. The prizes will be awarded on the merit of the practical suggestions given—not on literary excellence.



RULES

- 1 You may submit any package insert or a description of any package insert, accompanied by a letter of not more than 500 words covering your opinions on the following four points:
 - (a) "What additional information, if contained in this package insert, would be helpful to me—and why?"
 - (b) "Would more pictures be helpful—What kind of pictures?"
 - (c) "My general opinion of this package insert."
 - (d) "How was it most useful to me?"
- 2 Write your name and address at top of your letter.
- 3 Contestants agree to accept the decision of the judges as final.
- 4 No communications will be acknowledged and no manuscripts will be returned.
- 5 All answers become the property of the American Lithographic Company, Inc., and the ideas contained therein utilized as may be seen fit.
- 6 Employees of American Lithographic Company, Inc., and allied companies are not eligible. Otherwise contest is open to everyone everywhere.
- 7 Letters must be received before midnight, December 31st, 1928.
- 8 Address all letters "P. O. Box 19, Madison Square Branch, New York."

Prizes will be awarded and the names and addresses of prize winners announced in Collier's as early as possible in 1929

THE JUDGES

Truman A. DeWeese, Vice-Pres. in charge of publicity, Shredded Wheat Co.; James E. Knox, Vice-Pres. Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co.; Stuart Peabody, Adv. Mgr., Borden Co.; A. T. Preyer, Dir. of Adv., Vick Chemical Co.; Sarah Field Splint, Home Economics Consultant; Stuart Benson, American Lithographic Company.

The sponsors of the above Prize Offer, The American Lithographic Company, Inc., and its allied company, Alco-Gravure, Inc., are among the largest producers in the world of Package Inserts and other forms of printing. To every user of advertising and printing, this company's famous registered trade mark "COLORGRAPHIC" stands always for highest quality and service.

A M E R I C A N L I T H O G R A P H I C C O M P A N Y , I N C .
A L C O - G R A V U R E , I N C .

Poor May Liza

Continued from page 19

"Looky dar," May Liza whispered across the table to him. "Dat's one er dese Saratoga Street women. Ain't got a lick er shame." Her words interrupted a pleasant line of thought for Bugaboo, and he turned his attention to the food before him. Some way or other, every time May Liza said anything to him he felt unhappy.

A little man, filled with gin, staggered uncertainly into the door, shouting joyously: "Whoopee! I'm a hoss and wagon and I'm loaded down! Whoopee!"

Bugaboo grinned enthusiastically. "Well, go grease yo' axle, boy! Grease yo' axle!" Then, to May Liza: "Great day, gal. Dat boy is plum right, ain't he?"

May Liza curled her lip in contempt. "I ain't intrusted in what he is or what he ain't," she declared. "Niggers which wastes they money on gin ain't in my class."

Bugaboo's enthusiasm once more was smothered by the old wet blanket. He wasn't having a good time at all. May Liza was—well, maybe now—

"Darlin'," he suggested idly, "maybe you got some runnin' around to do when us gits done eatin'. Maybe you want to tend to some business or somethin'. So what you say I meets you—"

"I ain't got nothin' to do," interrupted May Liza—"not a thing."

Bugaboo was disappointed. But May Liza had not finished.

"I got to buy me a new dress," she continued, "but I'd druther wait to us gits up to Vicksburg, so de dress'll be brand-new for dat big church to-do which I an' you's plannin' on steppin' out at."

"Uh-hunh." Bugaboo couldn't remember planning to strut out with May Liza in Vicksburg, but he did remember how happy the little man who thought he was a horse and wagon was. He would have given anything he had to get full of gin and strut up and down Saratoga Street shouting "Whoopee!"

"Say, le's go," he said. "You 'bout done eatin', ain't yo'?"

"Go whar at?"

BUGABOO knew exactly where he wanted to go, but he dared not even suggest taking May Liza across the street to the honky-tonk there.

"Anywhar you say," he said resignedly. "You do de goin' and I'll follow 'long."

May Liza considered for several minutes, and then she had a happy idea.

"Bugaboo," she said enthusiastically, "hit's a pitcher show down de street. Le's I and you go to do pitcher show."

"Le's go, den," he agreed. The tinkling piano, the gay laughter of the women, the pungent-smelling gin, he knew, were not for him. Not while May Liza was along. And May Liza was along.

In the picture show Bugaboo promptly went to sleep and slept through several reels. He would have slept through the whole show had not May Liza become so intensely excited that she began jerking his arm and fidgeting in her seat.

Bugaboo opened his eyes. The screen was filled with running horses and pistol-shooting men. The trap drummer was beating on a hollow box to indicate the pistol shots. Then all at once the men and horses faded out and the picture of a big, ugly, smoking pistol was thrown on the screen. Bugaboo's eyes bulged in admiration and wonder.

"Hod-do-mighty!" he roared. "Look at dat pistol!"

"Don't tawk so loud, fool," warned May Liza. "Dat ain't no way to ack. Fo'k'll be lookin' at you, fust thing you knows."

The pistol faded out and so did Bugaboo's enthusiasm. "Le's go back to de boat," he suggested.

LADING the Grace the next day was hard, steady work. Bugaboo felt that something was wrong. It was the day after pay day, and on the day after pay day he was due to have empty pockets, a gin-foggy brain, and pleasant memories of laughing, dancing women and gay, jangling music. As it was, his brain was clear enough, there were no pleasant memories, and he had several dollars in his pocket.

"I sho' had a rotten time," he decided. Then, as an afterthought: "Dat was de biggest pistol I ever seed." The unfat-

with his left arm and hugged her to his shoulder. Before she knew it he had raised himself up and she was sitting on his left shoulder!

"Got a bar'l er flour on one shoulder," he chuckled, "and a bar'l er honey on de yuther. Now come on, baby, and feed papa some pie whilst he totes you around."

Drusilla kicked and giggled, and then, with the enthusiastic approval of all, she held a juicy berry pie to Bugaboo's mouth while he worked and ate.

"Now, I'm gonter pay you for dat pie, baby," he said. "Reach in my overhall bib pocket and git dat money out."

Drusilla reached. "Dat's a heap er money, Big'n," she said. "But you

"Don't 'aw' me. Take off my shoes." May Liza hesitated. Bugaboo talked as if he meant what he said, but, then, a pretty pair of shoes was a pretty pair of shoes. She retreated a step or two. "Naw, suh," she said. "You done gived me dese shoes—"

Bugaboo started toward her, and she ran. Bugaboo, still holding Drusilla on his shoulder, chased her down the gangplank and around the main deck among the piles of freight. The women on shore, enjoying the spectacle immensely, cheered for both Bugaboo and May Liza. "Ketch her, Big'n," they shouted, alternating with, "Run, gal, don't let dat man git his hands on you, cause he'll sho' ruin you."

But the race soon was ended. A buxom woman on high-heeled shoes was too greatly handicapped for the barefooted Bugaboo, even if he was carrying an extra weight of one woman and one basket of pies. May Liza stopped against the rail and panted.

"I give you yo' shoes," she said between breaths. "I knowed all de time you wa'n't nothin' but a cheap skate. I don't want nothin' you got." She took off the shoes and handed them to Bugaboo, one at a time.

"And my socks too," Bugaboo ordered. "I don't like you, and I never did like you. Take off my socks! And ef'n I'd a buyed you dat dress you got on, well, you'd take hit off too."

There was nothing for May Liza to do but remove the stockings, and she did.

"Big ole cheap skate," she repeated. "No mind what I am," he retorted, "you better crow-hop on back up yonder whar you b'longs, and don't never let me ketch you down hyar no mo'!"

HE STOOD for a minute, holding the stockings and shoes in his big right hand, uncertain as to what to do with them. Then his eye fell upon the bare feet and legs of Drusilla. He grinned and lifted her from his shoulder to the deck.

"You take and wear my shoes and socks," he offered, "and look purty for me."

Drusilla gulped excitedly. "Me?" she asked. "Dem is too purty for a ole ugly gal like me, Big'n."

"Take dese shoes and socks, Purty," Bugaboo urged.

Drusilla giggled. "Naw, suh," she said. "Dem is—"

Bugaboo played his master stroke. He grabbed the giggling barefooted country girl once more. She wiggled and squirmed and yelled and laughed, while the other folks tittered and exclaimed: "Ain't he de oudacioussest man! He jest don't keer what he do's do, do he?" But the big rouser put the stockings and shoes on Drusilla.

"Now, next time I lands, Baby," he said, "you be waitin' for me wid some mo' er dem good ole pies."

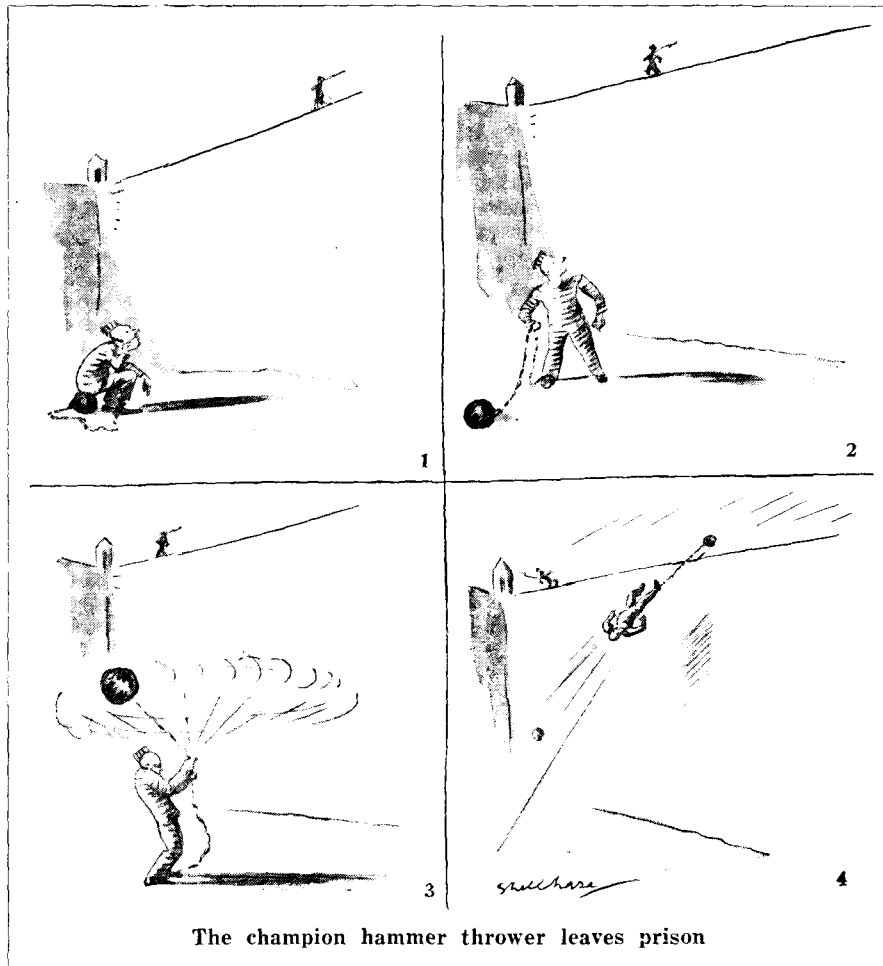
When the boat finally pulled out Bugaboo found his favorite place on the main deck and sprawled out, preparatory to resting his eyes some before the next landing.

"Hod-do-mighty!" he exclaimed. "I got women fo'ks scattered all up and down de river f'm N' Awlins to Vicksburg. And den back again." From where he lay he could see May Liza on the boiler deck, broom in hand, sweeping the companionway. He rolled over and turned his eyes toward the shore:

Buy dat great big pistol, 'long as I am tall.

Lawd, gonter buy dat pistol and a great big pistol ball.

Gonter shoot po' May Liza, jest to see her jump and fall!



The champion hammer thrower leaves prison

miliar bulge in his pocket where his money rested gave him an idea. "I'm gonter buy me dat pistol."

Memories of the big pistol were the only pleasant phases of his work that day. "I'm gonter buy me dat pistol." He repeated it spasmodically as the day wore on. Before the boat was loaded he had added a line and was singing it:

Gonter buy me dat pistol, Lawd.
Gonter buy me a pistol ball!

The Grace was loaded and pulled out by sundown. By daylight the next morning she was whistling for Church Point.

Although it was scarcely more than sunup a dozen or more people—mostly women—were waiting to see the boat land and unload. Bugaboo spotted the long, black Drusilla with her basket of pies.

"Yeah, Purty," he grinned, "gimme a bite er pie."

"Tote yo' burden, Big'n," she retorted. "You too busy to eat my pie."

"Aw, come on, Sugar," he urged. "Gimme some er dat ole pie."

"You ain't got no time—"

Bugaboo, grinning broadly, stooped low, caught Drusilla around the knees

ain't got no dime. And I ain't got no change."

"Take hit all, baby," he said. "I don't need no money, 'long as you feed me pie."

The hilarious approval that had marked the whole episode was broken by one protesting shriek:

"You, Bugaboo!" It was May Liza. She had been attracted by the hilarity on the bank and had come down to see what it all was about.

"Don't go givin' dat triflin' woman dat money! You saved dat money so us kin buy dat—"

Bugaboo turned so suddenly and glared so ferociously at her that May Liza did not finish. It had suddenly come over his mind that he did not like May Liza—that he had not liked her for a long time, and that she was the direct cause of all of his despondent feelings. He looked at her coldly from her head to her feet. Especially her feet. They were shod in those red and blue shoes he had paid for down on Rampart Street.

"Gimme my shoes, gal!" he ordered roughly.

"Aw, Bugaboo—"

Going Shooting this Fall?



Model 16 steps out at a neat pace with two aboard

IS YOUR country anything like the New England coast, the Lake region, Texas, or the West Coast?—where if you want to hunt game sometimes it's a long, long way around to hunt a decent motor road to get to it.

If you could only head your car straight across the chunk of water that's between you and the ducks, what a lot of extra time you'd have for the birds.

For instance, take the East End of Long Island. The man at Peconic or Mattituck who wants to shoot ducks in Shinnecock Bay has got to go around the head of every bay, estuary and inlet and slow down for every village. Where if he *could* use the water ways with a fast craft, he would cut off three quarters of his distance, and hold his speed on a straight course without any delays.

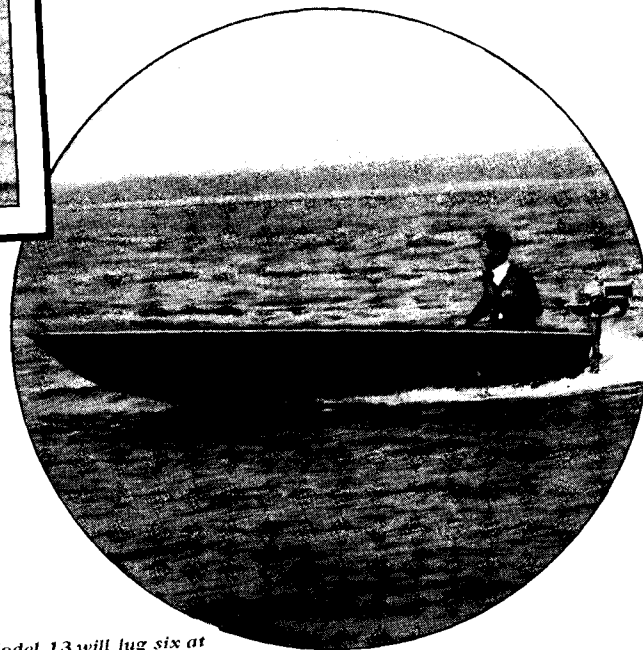
The trouble is that a boat as fast as a car usually costs too much money for the ordinary man to afford. Here is where the little outboard Sea Sleds can serve you. They will give you speed anywhere

between 17 and 30 miles an hour, depending on engine, load and skill.

The cost is in the price range of the cheapest car you know. They are the safest, dryest craft of their inches afloat and in country slotted with waterways, will often make much faster time to a given point than any car you could use.

Hunters east and west are finding that a sportsman can get more satisfaction out of a Sea Sled than almost anything else in the world because the Sea Sled gives the hunter the advantage of a fast marine runabout in places where an automobile has to go too far around.

Don't think for a moment that anybody is making the illegal suggestion that you shoot game birds from a power boat. The game laws are quite competent to prevent that. But for handling the decoys, and making a fast trip out to the "blinds", there is nothing of the size or at the price which is quite so adequate as a little outboard Sea Sled.



Model 13 will hug six at a pinch and will do from 17 to 30 miles an hour with one.

Model 13

Model 13 is an open boat; short deck forward, solid mahogany, double-planked bottom, bronze bound chines. Does 25 miles with 10 H. P. outboard with perfect safety and discretion. Good for anything up to 32 miles an hour with higher powers but not so much discretion. This is a light craft for rowing and is equipped with oars and oar-locks. *List Price \$218.*

Model 16 Outboard Runabout

Here is a real little power boat. Solid mahogany, double-planked bottom, bronze bound chines, full deck, double cockpits, forward steering control, running lights, horn, fire extinguisher and cushions complete. This craft is not only able and fast but extraordinarily smart as well. *List Price \$475.*

A Rare Opportunity

Dealers this season are doing especially well with these two outboard Sea Sleds. The demand has kept the plant pushed for deliveries since January first, but there is still some good territory left uncovered and we would like to talk with the right man in the right place.

SEA SLED

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226-228 Fourth Ave. at 19th St., New York
All prices F. O. B. Yards at W. Mystic and Groton, Conn.

SEA SLED

SPEED . . . WITH COMFORT AND . . . SAFETY

Bring Home the Wright Plane

Continued from page 9

bicycle shop. Maybe the two minds that devised and rigged up in that tunnel—a contrivance that would accurately measure on a scale the result in lifting power of air currents forced through the tunnel by a fan—were the minds of humble young artisans. Maybe the books which they filled with their resulting calculations in trigonometry—showing coefficients of pressure, angles, speed and so forth—were begrimed by the dirt of a work bench. Maybe they didn't look like scientists.

Built on Opposite Principles

But see what happened!

That nose diving of the plane—they settled that quickly! They had gained knowledge in their air tunnel. They discovered that on a CAMBERED or CURVED surface instead of moving forward, "after a certain critical angle is reached . . . the center of pressure moves BACKWARD until it is very close to the REAR edge."

So they built a plane on principles absolutely opposite to those which Langley followed.

If the Presidential commission needs further proof that Langley was not the guide of the Wright brothers here's another fact:

While the Wrights were building this plane in June of the year 1903 Orville Wright was forced to write to a fellow experimenter regarding Langley: "You were inquiring some time ago about Langley's 'Experiments in Aërodynamics.' We do not think it would pay you" (the book cost only \$1) "to buy this. In fact, we place very little confidence in the work." He advised books by Lillienthal and James Means.

Langley in the summer of 1903 was preparing to launch his great plane. The big day for Langley came on October 7th—this momentous year of 1903. C. M. Manly got into the basket of the Langley airship, which was hurled by a machine out over the water, from the roof of a houseboat. Its front wing curled up in the rear, like an umbrella caught in the wind. The machine went down! The very form of its wings carried it down. Langley's crew got the plane out of the water and began to repair it.

The unplanned race to be first to fly went on for two months. Before the Wrights could get their plane together Langley was ready for a second trial. On December 8th the hardy Manly again took his seat in the apparatus and permitted himself to be catapulted from the edge of the houseboat. Langley had made his same old mistake. This time the weak or rear edges folded up again. The machine was utterly wrecked in the crash. They pulled it out of the Potomac River, carried it to a storehouse of the Smithsonian Institution, and piled it there in a heap. And there it stayed for eleven years.

Exactly nine days after Langley had failed the Wright boys flew.

They had won the race, and Langley knew they had won. He never made a claim that he was the victor.

But now we come to the second of the Smithsonian secretaries, Charles D. Walcott.

To him the Wrights were merely mechanics. He condescended to give them a medal for being the first to fly, but he insisted that Langley, and thus indirectly the Smithsonian Institution, had discovered for mankind the principles of human flight.

The rest of Walcott's years were spent in trying to clinch this credit for Langley. The Presidential commission will

discover from the records that Dr. Walcott tried at every opportunity subtly to weave into these records of the Smithsonian Institution and to bury away in its archives the idea not only that Langley had discovered the fundamental principles of flying but that he had also made the first machine CAPABLE of carrying a man by its own power.

Walcott went even farther than this. He tried to set down in the records of the institution the impression that the Wright brothers themselves admitted a debt to Langley. It was like this:

When Dr. Walcott's "Langley medal" for aviators was given to the two Wright brothers, in the name of the Smithsonian, at an imposing ceremony in Washington in 1910, at a time when they had sold flying machines to the leading governments of the world, Wilbur Wright made a simple speech of thanks. The Smithsonian Institution,

Wilbur Wright's mouth on this occasion. It was more than inexcusable—it was, indeed, false so to use these words in an official report to Congress. What Wilbur out of courtesy did say in effect on this occasion was that Langley's interest in aviation, which amounted to a declaration by science that flying was not impossible, was a helping hand at a critical time.

The Kittyhawk machine by the time of this medal ceremony was in the storeroom of the little Wright factory in Dayton.

In the storeroom of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington was the wreck of the Langley machine.

The Wrights offered the Kittyhawk machine to the Smithsonian Institution—the first machine to carry a man. Flying was commonplace by this time. Officials of the institution under Walcott warded off the offer. They would be

neers" in the practical art of flying with heavier-than-air machines.

Ten days after this decision was given Lincoln Beachey, a stockholder in the Curtiss Company and a famous flying man of his time, wrote to the Smithsonian Institution asking permission to take the wrecked Langley machine out of the warehouse and try to fly it.

The Walcott régime replied that it would do all in its power to permit Beachey to copy the Langley machine. This wasn't enough for Beachey, and he dropped his effort thus to prove that Langley was the pioneer, not the Wrights.

But when Glenn Curtiss himself some weeks later told the Smithsonian, "I would like to put the Langley machine into the air," Dr. Walcott jumped at the offer. Here was a chance to prove his claim. Of course it was to Curtiss' great commercial and legal advantage to make this Langley machine fly, if he could, for his company was facing other trials with the Wright company.

It was also to Walcott's advantage to have Curtiss prove, if possible, for the honor of Langley and of the Smithsonian, that the Langley machine had been capable of flight.

One Minute at a Time

Walcott gladly turned the eleven-year-old wreckage of the machine over to Curtiss. The sum of \$2,000 was allotted to Curtiss by Walcott for the trial. Curtiss, who had become one of the world's leading airplane makers, by this time packed the machine off to Hammondsport, N. Y., to his airplane factory.

Curtiss, marvelous airman, protégé of Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, put floats on the Langley plane. He changed the plane greatly by putting on new wings of new design. He made the wings stronger in the rear. He put in new supports to conform to later knowledge concerning the "retreating" center of air pressure. He made many other alterations and got the machine out of the water so that it could be photographed in the air, a few feet above the surface in a 150-foot hop.

Then he put a Curtiss motor and propeller into it, changed it further, and during the next year, in many trials, managed to keep it in the air for a limit of a little over one minute at a time. That was the best he was ever able to do with it. The flights were merely long bouncing hops over the waters of the lake.

No one blames Curtiss for what was done to the Langley plane at Hammondsport. His company was seeking courtroom material.

But Dr. Walcott's Smithsonian Institution records contain to this day absolute and now admitted falsehoods concerning this flight. The next annual report of the Smithsonian said that the machine flew "WITHOUT MODIFICATIONS."

Glenn Curtiss held this machine for over one year.

Finally the time came when he was through with it. He did not remove his improvements and alterations. Thus it was returned to its home at the Smithsonian in Washington not by any means the same machine.

But Dr. Walcott didn't again bury it away in the warehouse. Dr. Walcott put a skilled museum workman to the task of obliterating the Curtiss changes and making the machine look as much like the original plane as possible. The workman finally turned a more or less faithful facsimile of the machine over to the

(Continued on page 40)



Juliet was a Lady

A story, in next week's issue of Collier's, in which The Great Parnelli, tragedian of sorts, enters with measured tread the life of Mademoiselle Fifi, thereby producing a delightful and moving comedy

By George Weston

in its next annual report, described this affair. This report created the false impression throughout the scientific world that Wilbur Wright, in his Langley medal address, had acknowledged indebtedness to Langley's scientific work. He had not.

Wright's Misquoted

A QUOTATION WAS INSERTED IN THE SMITHSONIAN REPORT WHICH WILBUR DID NOT USE.

Somewhere officials of the institution under Dr. Walcott had come across a four-year-old private letter which the brothers had written, at the time of Langley's death, to Octave Chanute. In this letter they had told Chanute that they were indebted to Langley. They had in mind the inspiration he had been to them. They had previously told Chanute repeatedly that they had an entire lack of confidence in Langley's scientific work in aërodynamics.

It was an inexcusable thing for officials of such an eminent and dignified institution as the Smithsonian to put words from this four-year-old letter into

satisfied, they said, with what was known as the "1908 machine," the machine which the Wrights had used at Fort Myer, outside of Washington, to prove the value of aviation to the army. Let a President's commission of five men decide why Dr. Walcott did not want the Kittyhawk machine.

If Dr. Walcott had accepted this 1903 Kittyhawk machine, he would have been forced to label it in the National Museum as the first machine to carry a man in free sustained flight. Back in the warehouse he had the wreck of the Langley machine. He could not well put these two machines into the same museum without raising an uproar. So he displayed neither.

But now comes the ugliest part of the story:

A tremendous patent fight came on. Interests behind Glenn Curtiss, airplane maker, were sued by interests behind the Wrights for infringements of patents.

Millions were at stake, but the United States Circuit Court of Appeals decided that the Wrights were the "pio-

THEY Won the TRADE of 12,000 FARMERS

And B. E. Sisson, Managing Head of Miller's Store in
Salem, Ore., Tells FARM & FIRESIDE How They Did It

WHAT methods did Miller's store use to attract 12,000 extra farm families to their sales counters?

What important farm service feature did they hit on that has added at least 40 miles to their trading radius?

If you are a small-city dealer — this is information that you ought to have.

For B. E. Sisson, managing head of Miller's, has given FARM & FIRESIDE the inside information on this big store's successful business methods. And his interview is now published in a folder — a copy of which you or any other small-city retailer can have free for the asking. Just fill in and return the attached coupon.



© Kennell-Ellis

Get More Farm Trade

One of the points Mr. Sisson stresses most emphatically in his interview is the necessity for the small-city dealer to go out after a bigger volume of farm trade. For, as he says, it's hard for outside competition to break into your territory if you are solidly entrenched as the trading center for a large number of farm customers.

Over-the-Counter Experience

Mr. Sisson frankly lays all cards on the table and tells the "inside" facts about the methods he has found

to be most successful in running a modern small-city department store.

He gives a clear and interesting explanation of modern store operation — how he promotes sales efficiency among his department heads by means of his special system of budgetary control—the rate of turnover he gets on all classifications of merchandise in his 27 departments — and how he can actually regulate turnover so as to get maximum sales at minimum selling cost.

And he also tells how much it costs him to sell merchandise—what per cent of his gross sales he invests in advertising—and at least a dozen other inside over-the-counter facts that any small-city dealer can use to advantage in checking up on his own business.

Send for this Folder

You are invited to take advantage of FARM & FIRESIDE's retail merchandising service to small-city dealers. This service is free—its sole objective being to enable you to win a bigger volume of farm trade.

Send the coupon today for your free copy of Mr. Sisson's business story.

FARM & FIRESIDE'S Service to Small-City Retailers

This is another interview in FARM & FIRESIDE's series — which makes available to retailers the tried and proven methods for building farm trade, as used by outstandingly successful merchants.

And this work is just a part of the service FARM & FIRESIDE renders in meeting the obligations of leadership in the farm field.

As every dealer knows, the advertisements in this magazine are a real force in influencing more than 1,200,000 farm families to buy. And a glance through any issue immediately shows why this is so—for here is a hundred-per-cent-personal magazine — edited straight to the individual — and read with warmer interest than any other farm publication.

That's why dealers are finding it so profitable to feature and push products advertised in FARM & FIRESIDE—and why manufacturers' advertising in this magazine shows such steady growth.

Farm & Fireside

The National Farm Magazine

READ IN MORE THAN 1,200,000 FARM HOMES

MAIL THIS

FARM & FIRESIDE
Retail Merchandising Department
250 Park Avenue, New York City

Kindly send me the free folder carrying FARM & FIRESIDE's interview with B. E. Sisson, manager of Miller's department store, Salem, Ore.

Name _____

Address _____



Public golf links: A place where you lie awake all night in order to see players ahead of you drive off all day.

It used to be the man behind the gun; now it seems to be the gun behind the man.

What would business men who go on week ends do if they couldn't rest up in their offices during the week?

Even if this is not England we can stand more prime ministers in the pulpit.

We begin to suspect that the tree of knowledge bears nothing but chestnuts.

A machine has been invented that repairs the runs in ladies' hose. Now that woman's domestic work is mostly never begun, how about a machine that will darn Pop's socks?

"I have an original idea for our next publicity stunt," said the popular author to the publisher. "It is to be silent about myself."

There's a good deal of difference between being enlightened and all lit up.

Animals are now skinned by electricity. Butter-and-egg men, however, still submit to the same old natural process.

Private office: A place where the heads of corporations can get away from business.

Personality in a wife is a poor dishwasher



Bring Home the Wright Plane

Continued from page 38

museum. There, in the year 1918, fifteen years after Langley had failed to fly it, it was placed on display by Dr. Walcott. This is the false and misleading label that was placed on it by Dr. Walcott for all visitors to read:

"Original Langley Flying Machine, 1903. The first man-carrying airplane in the history of the world capable of sustained free flight. Invented, built and tested over the Potomac River by Samuel Pierpont Langley in 1903. Successfully flown at Hammondsport, New York, June 2, 1914."

Half-mile to a Hop

The truth was that no effort was ever made at Hammondsport to fly the original Langley machine. The original Langley machine NEVER did fly. It never did carry a man.

Here's another fact worthy of consideration by a Presidential commission: Dr. Walcott sent A. Z. Zahm to Hammondsport to act as representative of a subsidiary society of the Smithsonian at the Langley "trials."

Here is what Zahm himself reported of the duration of the Langley hops: "20 seconds, 20 seconds, 65 seconds, 20 seconds, 40 seconds, 45 seconds." Not a single hop was longer than half a mile. The plane came to the water as each gust of supporting wind died down.

Dr. Walcott himself went to Hammondsport and was present when some of the radical changes were made to the Langley machine.

That misleading label, placed on the Langley machine by Dr. Walcott, isn't there today. Walcott himself was forced to remove it. It took all credit from the Wrights; it gave all credit to Langley. Protests of men who knew the facts were too powerful to permit of its continuance. The Smithsonian was forced to change it in the year 1925. Here's how the main part of the label reads today:

"In the opinion of many competent to judge, this was the first heavier-than-air craft in the history of the world capable of sustained free flight under its own power, carrying a man." The false impression—that the machine, as it stood there in the museum, had successfully carried a man at Hammondsport—is cut out, you see. But there's never a word in the label about its ever having been tested and either failing or succeeding. And more is added to the new label: "This aircraft," runs the label today, "slightly antedated the machine designed and built by Wilbur and Orville Wright, which, on December 17, 1903, was the first in the history of the world to accomplish sustained free flight under its own power, carrying a man."

Why was the first label changed at all, for that matter?

One reason may be that Orville Wright, whose brother Wilbur died in 1912 before Dr. Walcott had fully made plain his determination to fix the fame of first flight on Langley, wrote a letter to William Howard Taft. Mr. Taft, as Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, is by federal statute the chancellor of the Smithsonian Institution.

It may surprise the reader, by this time, to know that the Smithsonian Institution is not a private institution above criticism, but a public institution, extremely vulnerable to public criticism.

Its funds and affairs are placed, by law, in the hands of the President of the United States, the Vice President, the President's cabinet, the Chief Justice, three congressmen, three senators and six private citizens.

Congressmen, senators and the six citizens have elected the secretaries involved in the anti-Wright crusade.

Mr. Wright's appeal to Chief Justice Taft was in the form of a letter.

In this letter Mr. Wright, telling of the efforts of the Smithsonian to give unearned and unclaimed credit to Dr. Langley, said in part: "My brother and I did not dream . . . that these officials would go so far as to lend the prestige of the institution to promote the purpose of parties to a patent litigation. . . ."

"It seems to me possible that you as chancellor . . . may wish me to present personally to you my evidence on these points and to have Dr. Walcott present at the same time to give his proof to the contrary. It may be a way of cutting short a long and bitter controversy."

Action followed this letter very quickly. Though Mr. Taft replied that he was only the nominal head of the institution and too busy to enter into the merits of the discussion, nevertheless Dr. Walcott, for some reason, within a few months after some formality of an investigation, took down the first label and put up the second.

And here ends, in high lights at least, the unpleasant story of Dr. Walcott.

Now we come to our third Smithsonian secretary, Dr. Charles G. Abbot. He inherited the scandal from Dr. Walcott. He has been secretary for less than one year but already has rushed to the support of Dr. Langley and Dr. Walcott.

Orville Wright sent the Kittyhawk plane early this year to the South Kensington museum "because," as he writes, "of the hostile and unfair attitude shown toward us by the officials of the Smithsonian Institution. I have thought that truth eventually must prevail, but I have found that silent truth cannot withstand error aided by continued propaganda. . . . I have publicly expressed the wish that some national scientific society or other disinterested body make an impartial investigation of my charges against the Smithsonian. To this there has been no response."

Demand Absurd

"In sending our original 1903 machine to the Science Museum, London, I do so with the belief that it will be impartially judged and will receive whatever credit it is entitled to. I regret more than anyone else that this course was necessary."

Just as the letter to Chief Justice Taft was followed by quick action on Dr. Walcott's part in changing the label on the Langley machine so Mr. Wright's action in sending the Kittyhawk machine to London produced quick action on the part of present Secretary Abbot.

Dr. Abbot immediately declared (this was last March) that he wanted the Kittyhawk machine in the National Museum. He is ready to receive it in the museum. But he added a demand that appears absurd. "If Mr. Wright will only say that he believes we are honest," declares Mr. Abbot, "officially we will go ahead. . . . The only reason I insist on this statement that he believes we are honest is because I cannot allow the reputation of the Smithsonian to suffer under the imputation of being dishonest."

Here's what Mr. Abbot offers to do if Mr. Wright will give the Smithsonian his O. K. as to the honesty of the great institution:

It will for the third time prepare a new label for the Langley machine. This

label will hide what Dr. Abbot says he believes about the Langley machine. It will merely tell the crowds in ten simple words:

"Langley Aërodrome, the original Langley flying machine of 1903, restored."

The label which Dr. Abbot promises to put on the Kittyhawk machine, if Mr. Wright will bring the Kittyhawk machine home, "will state that it was the first heavier-than-air craft in the history of the world to accomplish sustained free flight under its own power, carrying a man."

That still leaves the Wright brothers a pair of lucky, blundering mechanics. It still pictures them as merely risking their mechanics' necks in that "lucky" machine at Kittyhawk.

It does not credit them with their years of laboratory study and experiment, after they had found that all other recorded data, including Langley's, was wrong.

It does not credit them with discovering the principles of human flight.

In face of his demand for Orville Wright's O. K. of the Smithsonian honesty, Mr. Abbot talked with Congressman Fitzgerald in a committee hearing in Washington not long ago.

"Would you say," Congressman Fitzgerald asked Dr. Abbot, "this statement in the report of the institution is false: 'In June last, without modifications, successful flights were made at Hammondsport'?"

Would Perpetuate a Lie

The admission that the Smithsonian had made a false declaration in Dr. Walcott's propaganda against the Wrights came from Abbot hesitatingly.

"They would have to cut out the words 'without modification,'" he said. And there the matter stands today.

If Orville Wright will say publicly that certain officials of the institution have not lied, it will accept his machine and will suppress on the Langley label what Dr. Walcott believed to be the truth concerning the Langley machine. "Say we are honest, and we'll reward you by hiding what we think it true," is the meaning of Dr. Abbot's ultimatum.

But if Orville Wright, by any stretch of the imagination, could accept such an absurd offer, its effect would be to tell the lie to all the historians of coming ages that Dr. Langley, and not Wilbur and Orville Wright in their little Dayton laboratory, worked out the principles of flight.

Two honors in aviation are involved:

(1) The honor of making the final mathematical discoveries concerning center of air pressure that made flying possible.

(2) The honor of making and using the first successful airplane.

Against all evidence—indeed, against the very evidence which was successfully used in the federal courts to win a million-dollar lawsuit and establish their pioneership in flying, Dr. Abbot, like his predecessor, Dr. Walcott, insisted that honor No. 1 go to Dr. Langley and that the lesser honor go to the Wrights.

This record must be cleared. A President's commission is bound to clear it. The Wright machine can be brought home, after a certain length of time, but it will not find its way here until Dr. Walcott's errors have been corrected and until the Smithsonian, under some other secretary perhaps, decides to throw away the petty quarrel, clean the institution's records of all falsehood and propaganda and give full credit to the two young men from Dayton, Ohio.

Phyllis the Unwanted

Continued from page 24

dog!" she stormed. The effrontery of it! He had been throwing her into the arms of these men like a matchmaking old aunt, and now he was squealing because he thought it might hurt his work!

"I was trying to help you," said he stiffly.

"What I'd like to know is what good you think you have done?"

"That's a fine thing to ask! Now you've got your broker, hook, line and sinker!"

She stood silent at that. But after a while:

"What have you done with Mr. Stewart? Murdered him?"

"Put it up to him to get out," returned Mr. Farragut gloomily and with no apparent sense that his actions were somewhat peculiar. "Told him you were blissfully happy in your married life, had two children, and who was he to break up a home like that?"

PHYLLIS blinked. Then she laughed, without meaning to, because she was still angry with him. She had thought she was prepared for anything he might do after working weeks with him, but she could never anticipate him. It was plain that everything he did or said was going to be just plain effortless insanity.

"I thought if I got rid of him, we could start our new drawing tomorrow," he said, still more gloomily.

"You should have done your thinking a little sooner," said Phyllis, wanting to cry.

Ensnared in his private wrath and bitterness, he regarded her.

"He proposed to you, of course?"

"Yes," said Phyllis. "Yes, he did."

"I see," and his face closed itself for the night. "Well, I hope you'll be happy."

"Happy!" said Phyllis as if it were a foreign word. She shivered. She was tired and let down and in need of comfort. Everything was gone, and it was his fault.

"What a lot of fuss about nothing!" said the moon and sailed placidly through the blue night.

"I'll never pose for you again!" said Phyllis venomously. "That's all you care about. . . ."

"I am sorry to hear that."

"Sorry—you can always get another model."

"I wish you believed that; it would make you feel so unimportant. But of course you know that my work is about done for." And for the moment he himself credited this extravagant and baseless statement.

"What nonsense!"—suddenly exasperated.

"Did Thornley tell you you were not to pose?"

"Rather not!" she drew herself up. "What right would he have to tell me that?"

"Only the right to hope that the girl he is going to marry will try to please him." He looked at her blackly. "I believe that is done occasionally even in the best circles."

"Marry him!" cried Phyllis, swept by a brainstorm. "I wouldn't marry him if you paid me!"

Without looking to right or left, she turned to leave him. But before a cold and stately exit could bear out her scorn of him and all his sex came ruin.

On her left shoulder from the stone ceiling above dropped a plump black bug.

It lay there fatly a second, stunned by its fall or perhaps admiring the

shoulder. Phyllis gave it a glance and then went out of her mind.

All her life that particular kind of bug had horrified her. When she saw one she could not reason about it, could not stiffen to pride or control: the mere sight started an alarm bell in her brain, and there was no shield of deafness or inattention that she could interpose.

Hysterically she shook off the equally frightened bug and then, instead of leaving Mr. Farragut with her nose in the air, she flung herself across the three feet between them into his surprised arms. This seemed to her at the moment the only safe refuge on earth, and it was extraordinary how, having reached her destination, all the frenzy and terror went out of the situation. In fact, her arrival was more filled with felicity than anything she had ever experienced.

"It was a centipede," she sobbed, for surely an explanation was due a person whose chest one had appropriated. No use to tell her that the thing was *not* a centipede—a centipede it was to her and always would be. Why, it had a million wavy legs!

"Is that so? A centipede!" said Mr. Farragut and kissed her neck. "Well, I wish the world were full of them."

And in a moment they were sitting cozily side by side on a cold stone railing and Phyllis was being kissed enthusiastically by one of Manhattan's leading misogynists.

The centipede hurried off somewhere to keep a date. It seemed an act of the most horrible ingratitude to let it go without a word of thanks, but they were both busy.

"Well," opined Mr. Farragut contentedly, "this settles the model question, and I suppose, at that, you'll do as a wife."

Suddenly Phyllis pulled away from him and began smoothing her hair. She had become aware of movement behind them as one becomes aware of a cat. There, in the doorway, peering into the dimness, stood Estelle.

"Oh, there you are, Mr. Farragut!" she called and moved toward them, followed by Scott.

Sighing, Mr. Farragut stood up.

"Scott's such a silly person," she said archly. "He's been talking about my posing for you." Her laugh rang out as if she had been practicing it. "As if," she whispered modestly, edging carefully into a strange sea, "you would use poor little me!"

BEFORE she could go farther she was soused by a sophisticated billow that knew this shore line well.

"So sorry," said Mr. Farragut absently, looking at Phyllis and wondering passionately if he was ever in this world to be left alone with her again. "It would be an honor, I'm sure, but the fact is"—firmly seizing on his formula—"I'm leaving soon for the other side, to be gone indefinitely."

And Phyllis, glancing at the stricken face in the light of the doorway, felt a little sorry. Sometimes, she saw, the mills of the gods speed up without its getting into the papers. Tactfully assuming the air of one who has gone suddenly deaf, she turned her back, and, her hand unobserved in that of Neil Farragut, regarded with some bewilderment a derisive and long-suffering moon.

Replete, the moon shone back at her and began to let itself slide, without a sign of being frightened, down the other side of the sky toward China.

THE END



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The Divine Right of Jack King

Continued from page 15

done by those whose job that is. Yes or no?"

"Yes!" howls Fay, Queenie, me and Jack in one breath. So much for that!

Well, Jack King's endeavors in the movies, his weakness for golf and tennis, and his getting his face lifted, highly annoyed the red-blooded Nordics which packed the galleries the night of his battle with Tiger Mays. As he climbed through the ropes for one of the most important bouts of his career—the fight which would win or lose him the big shot at the title—he was booed in a prize ring for the first time in his life, and how!

"Muss him up, Tiger!" howls the boys next to the roof. "Spoil 'at re-treaded map!"

Cool and confident, Jackie curled his lip at 'em.

"He won't spoil nothin'!" he mutters grimly, sitting down on the stool. "Mrs. King's little boy is savin' his comely pan for that feature with Fay Daniels!"

IN RING-SIDE boxes near the radio announcer was Fay, Queenie, Maxim and Calhoun and about all the Colossal bunch, and aside from Calhoun they was far more pale and nervous than me and Jack. Calhoun sat there regarding us with a steady sneer, hoping Jack would get a shellacking, and I made a mental note to upset the water bucket on this proper tomato at my earliest convenience. I then reminded Jack for the ten thousandth time to be sure and dive the first time Mays socked him, take plenty of rest and then fake grogginess when he got up.

"Remember, he killed that handler, and he'll be afraid to follow you up," I repeated. "The instant he backs away, bear down, and he's yours!"

The bell prevented an answer, and I barely hopped out of the ring when Tiger Mays is on top of Jack before he left his corner. Jackie ducked a straight left and missed a hard right counter, slipping halfway to his knees in trying to get away from the ropes. Mays reached quickly over and steadied him. The crowd cheered him for his "sportsmanship" as he held out his glove with a smile, and the second Jack reached to shake it—*Wam!* Copping a sneak, the Tiger whipped over a torrid right to the whiskers, and Jackie's shoulder-blade hit the floor with a crash. A old trick, and Jackie fell for it like any chump!

With the hostile mob counting in unison with the referee, Jack took nine, and when he rose he stumbled into a clinch. Mays snarlingly pushed him off, and Jack floundered halfway back across the ring with a silly grin on his face, while upstairs they shrieked and roared for a knockout. However, Jack managed to weather the storm of lefts and rights which Mays shot at him by going into a shell and covering up for the rest of the round. At the bell the Tiger again staggered him with a stiff left uppercut. All Mays!

"You're a marvelous actor, Jack!" I grins, while the handlers worked over him during the rest. "But you can snap out of it now. They's no need to act groggy any longer."

"Act your granpa!" mutters Jack hoarsely. "I wasn't actin'! That first punch was almost the business. Cheez, this baby can hit!"

Mays started the second round by attempting to box Jack, which was just exactly what Jackie wished, and just exactly what I didn't. A master of defense and counter hitting, Jack refused to risk damage to his handsome

face by trading punches with the hard-socking Mays. Mays soon give up the idea that he could outpoint Jack, and resumed his mauling tactics, and though he was unable to get through to Jack's face, he poured left hooks to the body till that part of my boy's anatomy was as red as a four-alarm fire.

At the end of this frame, which was even, Tiger Mays was bleeding from the nose and mouth, and one of his eyes showed that Jack's timing was perfect. Jackie didn't have a mark on his precious features, but he'd took plenty down below, what I mean!

The gong for the third round sent Mays across the ring with his usual rush, and Jack jabbed the bum eye four times without a return, dancing easily

with Mays, you might of flattened him!"

"And he might of flattened this parafin beak of mine!" returns Jack, rubbing his synthetic nose tenderly. "I ain't goin' to cheat my public out of seein' me in a movie—they deserve that treat!"

"Right you are, son!" booms Melbourne Maxim, which was leading the mob now pouring in the room. "Just now your face is your fortune!"

"Pardon you?" I growls. "If he looked less like a chorus man, he'd have more friends. The public expects a fighter to look like a fighter!"

Well, three days later, Fay Daniels started on her alleged transatlantic flight from Long Island.

All along Jack had been leery of this uncalled-for stunt, and the earsplitting

Queenie peevishly. "You're not going to cheat me out of the memory of having had a hero for a sweetheart!"

And they hang portières!

As Fay's plane was loaded to the guards, it was much slower than ours, and we had no trouble whatever in keeping abreast of it. Jack tried frantically to signal the other pilot to come down, but I'm satisfied his wildly waving arms must of made that guy think he was cuckoo if he paid any attention to him at all. What Fay thought, if she recognized us, I don't know. I was busy thinking of my past sins and of Queenie Davis, which I might of wed had I stayed on the ground where I belonged!

"Force 'em down—force 'em down!" yells Jack to his pilot.

But the wind and the din of the motor drowned his voice, and we sailed serenely along at a hundred miles an hour and two thousand feet up in the air, bound for Heaven knows where!

AS THE time went by, Jack become more and more lunatical, and twice he would of fell over the side into the clouds if I hadn't frantically grabbed him. He drummed with his fists on the pilot's back, but that guy never even looked around. Afterwards, he claimed he didn't feel it through his heavily lined coat. Finally we flew along right beside Fay's plane, and her pilot regarded us in amazement while you could of hung umbrellas on Fay's eyes.

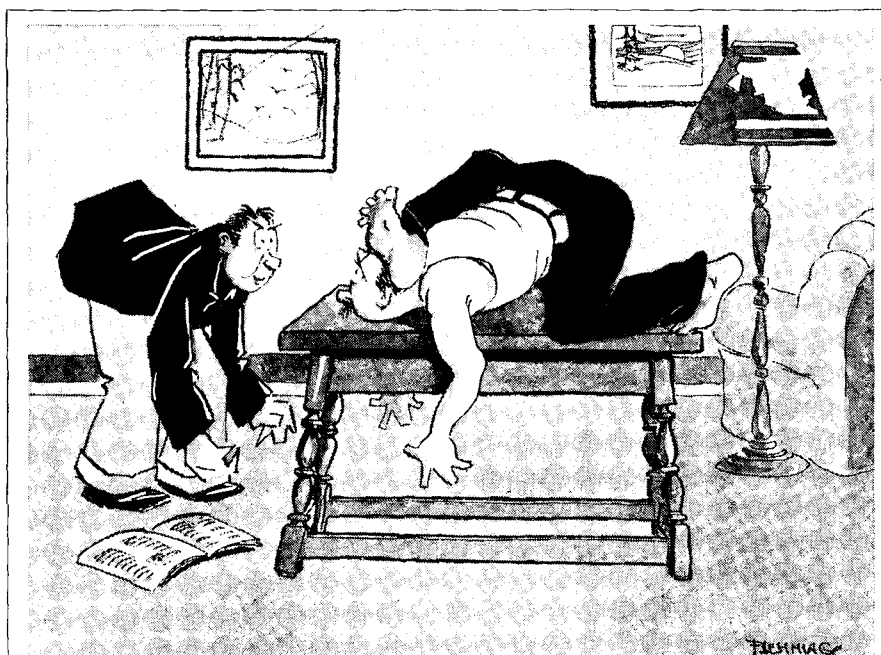
Jack yelled and pointed down with his arm, but the puzzled birdman just shook his head. Then Jackie King lost what little sense he had left as under us appeared a body of water which he must of thought was the Atlantic. It was some funny river in Connecticut, we found out later. With a unholy whoop, Jack reached over, socked our pilot on the jaw and grabbed the controls. Oo, la, la! The wind shrieked through the wires as we dived crazily for Fay's plane, which either seen or heard us and started down. They made a safe landing on a golf course, but dare-devil Jackie, yanking first this and then that, done some loops, rolls, spins and twists which would of made Lindbergh take carbohic, what I mean! Just before we cracked up we flattened out by dumb luck, and the next thing I know I don't know nothing!

All me and our pilot got out of it was a few bruises and some shock, but Jack's face hit the side of the cockpit, and when I was able to see him in the hospital he was a sight indeed. Fay's sitting weeping by his bedside, where she'd been for twenty-four hours.

"Why did you let him get in that plane?" she demands of me angrily. "He might have been killed!"

"It's all right, Beautiful!" murmurs Jack, before I can stammer a answer. "The medico says I'll be up in a week. No bearin's burnt out, but that million-dollar face of mine is now a thing of the past. Think of our comin' movie—that's what makes me sob!"

But it didn't make me sob. In fact, I turned away to hide a grin. With no collar-ad profile to worry about any more, I had a battler which would throw caution to the breeze, tear in and slug the world's champion silly. To Hades with the movie!



Correspondence student of chiropractic: There now, Papa, that's as far as I can go until the mail comes with my next lesson

away from the angry Tiger's haymaking right swing. They clinched, and Mays pounded Jack's short ribs till the referee broke 'em, and again Jackie jabbed away at the Tiger's rapidly closing eye without let or hindrance when Mays suddenly shot a left to the body which was so low that even the customers squawked and the referee warned him. Looking hurt, Jack backed away and only half blocked a sizzling right to the heart. Another wicked left from Mays landed in forbidden territory, and Jack's face twisted as he bent halfway over while the place was in a wild uproar, nobody sitting down. As Jack clutched his belt in agony from the foul punch, his menace swung another right which landed so far down that they was no doubt as to his intentions, and the referee quickly stepped over and waved him to his corner, raising Jack's glove to the house.

"King wins on a foul!" bellers the radio pest into the mike.

Then Mr. Pandemonium took charge!

The Tiger's pilot and handlers, the guys which bet on Jack to win by a knockout and them which gambled on Mays filled the air with their useless screams as I helped carry Jack to the dressing-room where he quickly revived. The first thing he done was to leap up and look in the mirror.

"Not a blemish!" he yells proudly, pointing to his face.

"If it was up to me, they would be!" I yells back at him. "If you'd punched

roar of the motor as the poker-faced ace tuned up seemed to make him more nervous. All of a sudden he got attacked by the maniacal idea that Fay was actually going to wing over the heaving Atlantic and make no attempt to come down somewhere on the coast. He run for the press agent, with me after him, and instead of that silly ape assuring Jack matters was just for publicity, he's afraid my boy friend will spill the beans to the newspaper guys, mind you, so he swears the flight is on the level!

CHILDREN, that was all Jackie wanted to know! He'd prepared for this emergency long ago, it seems, and now, flinging the startled press agent aside, he rushed to another plane standing by with idling motor and jabbered to the pilot. The next minute this prancing clown's fitting a helmet on his head and climbing in the back of the big ship, with me on his heels. I heard a scream from the crowd in a well-known voice and there's Queenie Davis running toward us.

"Where are you going?" she pants. "To Europe or heaven!" bawls Jack. "Or else!" I grunts.

"Oh!" gasps Queenie and grabs my arm. "Oh, I always knew the man who married me would have to be brave!"

"Go ahead, Jackie, my boy," I says to him promptly, climbing out of the plane. "I can't be bothered getting killed. I got to get married first!"

"Get right back in there!" exclaims

Another reel of Bigger and Better will appear in an early issue

Giant Killer

Continued from page 12

might be a friend such as Joab had never known in his life. . . .

Then Uriah came back. He was afraid they must be going, and Joab was willing to let them go. Uriah's advent had somehow tainted the cool freshness of this amazing dawn.

When they were gone Joab sat down and slowly drank another cup of wine, his mind running back over the evening. . . . So she didn't love her husband after all! Too bad—she deserved happiness, that girl.

He brooded on the amber intricacies of her eyes—open candor that could turn so promptly to a flicker of impenetrable amusement, and then to a burning smolder of far-wandering incalculable speculation; and suddenly a cold chill pervaded the warmth of the wine, an abhorrent thought crept into his mind, an echo of Tirzah's voice. . . . That woman is looking for trouble. . . . He shook himself irritably. Preposterous! Tirzah simply didn't understand the younger generation.

"If only I'd met her in time—"

"But I didn't," he reminded himself ruefully. "Perhaps, after all, I'd better not see her again."

BUT when she wrote him a note a week later, and asked him to come to dinner to meet her grandfather, who was spending a few days in Jerusalem, he couldn't very well refuse. It would be an unconcealable discourtesy.

He liked her grandfather—a salty old gentleman very much of old Jesse's type, with a rocky rural dignity that was refreshing in a court full of sycophants: the hearty old-time Judean manner that Joab found very welcome. For while the North had to be conciliated, there was no doubt that the government was too full of Ephraimites to suit a man who had been raised in Judah. Ahithophel was news from home.

Joab liked him—and it gave him a startled pleasure to see the grandfather in the granddaughter. Bathsheba, of course, had acquired an urban polish in Jerusalem; she wasn't educated in the accomplishments as the daughters of Philistine nobles were educated, but she was smart and modern. There was a surprising thrill in knowing her well enough to see in this woman of the world the old homely Judean solidity and common sense. She was of his own people. . . . Wasted on a foreigner, more's the pity. . . .

So Joab took Ahithophel to the Palace, and the King kept him for dinner, and listened to him all evening with as much deference as he had shown to his own father—considerably more than he had ever felt. Joab knew Bathsheba hoped that the King might ask Ahithophel to stay as one of his counselors. But he didn't. So presently Ahithophel was getting ready to go back to Giloh, loaded with presents from the King; and Joab, dining at Uriah's house the night before the old gentleman left, was appalled to learn that Bathsheba was going with him.

"Why not?" she asked with a shrug. (They were left at the table over a cup of wine while Uriah took Ahithophel up to see the nocturnal view from the housetop. Joab couldn't recall that either Uriah or Ahithophel had suggested it; still they had gone.) "I haven't been home since I was married," said Bathsheba. "And one grows homesick for the hills of Judah."

"One does," Joab admitted. "I wish to God I could go with you!" He caught himself hastily; that remark might be misunderstood. "I suppose I seem ab-

surd to you," he said glumly. "We old people are absurd, treasuring up memories of the places where we were young—as if we could be young again—"

"Don't be silly!" She was playing with her wine cup, her eyes downcast, but he could see that she was angered. Not even the King dared to tell Joab not to be silly. "You're not much past forty," she said. "Just at the beginning of a man's best years."

"Perhaps so," Joab sighed, wondering what he was going to do with them. On the stairs he heard the descending feet of Uriah and Ahithophel.

"All the same," he offered nervously, "it's too bad you're going." And as she looked gravely into his eyes—"I mean," he expounded desperately, "Uriah's going to miss you so." Her amber eyes sparkled; she shook with silent laughter.

"Oh, Joab! You're funny!"

. . . She called him Joab; and she said he was funny. He who had broken Philistia, conquered Moab, obliterated Edom—funny. And perhaps he was. . . . In a swift movement her hand was laid on his, warm and tingling.

"It is too bad I'm going," she said softly. And then Uriah came in.

"Wonderful view!" he said enthusiastically. "And that night air—nothing like that in the old country! Thank God I'm an Israelite now!"

In an excess of patriotic fervor he flung his arms about his wife, turned her face up, and kissed her.

Joab wanted to kill him.

She stayed away through most of the winter, and after the latter rains at the beginning of spring the army would have to march away into the Ammonite country. Joab was horribly bored that winter, worse than ever in his life.

Then, one day—less than a fortnight before the army was to move—Uriah met Joab, his face shining.

"My wife came home yesterday afternoon, sir! She sent you her greetings. I don't need to tell you how happy I am—"

"You don't," thought Joab grimly. "But you probably will". . . . And, to forestall any such ebullition of the consecrated mood:

"I hope you can both come to dinner this evening," he suggested.

"We'd be very happy, sir," said Uriah. "Privileged."

BATHSHEBA wore a gown of many colors tonight, shimmering and iridescent; above it her shoulders gleamed with a smooth alabaster whiteness. He greeted her inarticulately; the gleam of her amber eyes was his answer and his reward. And when he had shaken hands with Uriah and Uriah had turned aside for enthusiastic inspection of a Philistine battle ax that hung on the wall:

"I've missed you," she said in an undertone.

"Why did you stay away so long? You didn't mean to."

"I was thinking," said Bathsheba. Bathsheba said little at dinner; whenever Joab looked at her, her eyes were cool, clear, reflective. But after dinner, as they sat over the wine, Uriah couldn't seem to keep his hands off her. He was constantly squeezing her fingers, caressing her arm; and once, after he had looked at her with a mounting thrill of ecstasy, he leaned over and kissed her on the lips.

"You'll excuse us, sir?" he asked, laughing in sheer high spirits. "I—She's just come back; and I must leave her so soon—" (Continued on page 44)



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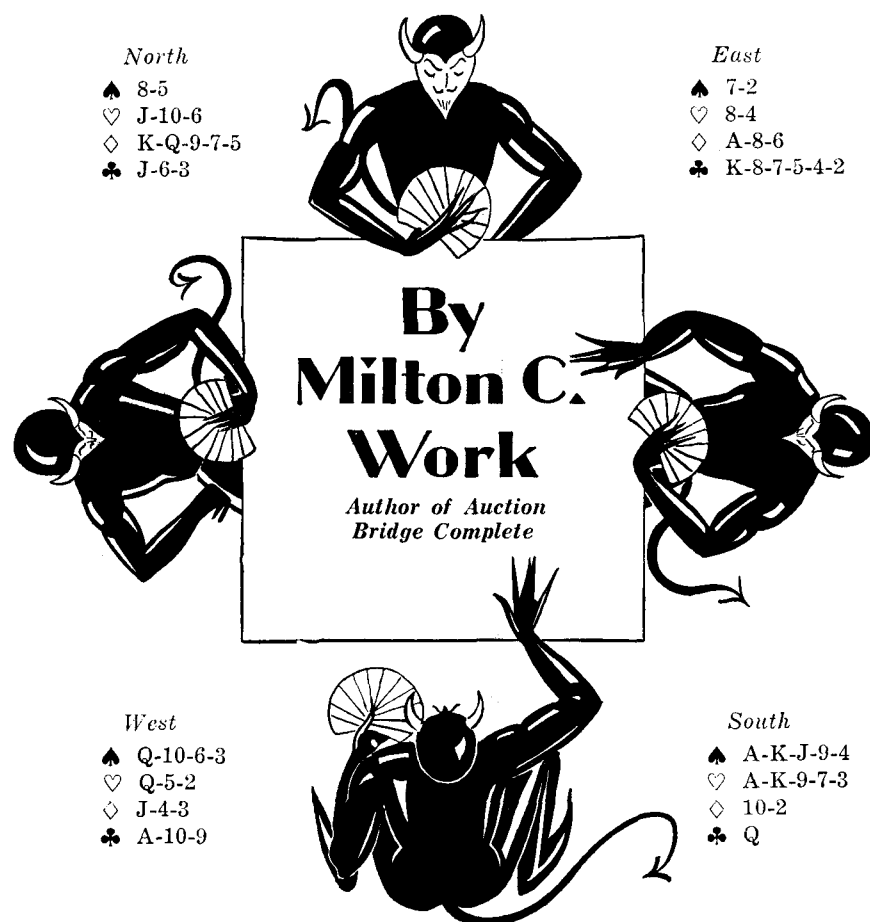
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How would You play it?



THE above Auction Bridge hand was given in last week's Collier's; the description follows:

South, with a Major two-suiter, naturally opened the bidding with one Spade, choosing the higher-valued suit first.

West, with ample justification for assuming that he had the Spades stopped twice, could safely have bid No Trump had the remainder of his hand justified it; but the hand looked too weak.

North, with only two small Spades and five Diamonds headed by King-Queen, bid two Diamonds in an obviously sound denial of South's Spades. Nothing in the auction is more important than picturing the hand for a partner who has bid a Major by denying that Major and showing where the strength lies.

East passed, though some would have bid three Clubs on the six-carder; but the Clubs really were very weak and the rest of the hand had only one possible trick. West had not been able to bid in the position in which a light follower is justified.

South was delighted to have North's denial give him the opportunity of showing his second Major suit, and shifted to two Hearts. West, although not pleased with South's shift, could do nothing to improve the situation.

North, being perfectly satisfied, passed, for the announcement that South had a Major two-suiter was sweet music to his ears; his hand had real assistance for the holding South's second bid had shown.

East now had a chance that rarely turns up—viz., a second opportunity to make the same bid (three Clubs)—but good judgment told him to pass.

The Play

West properly led his Ace of Clubs, and when it won, South's Queen dropping upon it and East playing an encouragement card, West continued with the Ten of Clubs, thus making Dummy's Jack useless. South ruffed the trick, but did not fall into the error of immediately leading trumps or of trying to put Dummy in with a Dia-

mond for that purpose. It was advisable first to establish the Spades and to ruff one or more Spades in Dummy. Consequently to tricks 3 and 4 South led the Ace and King of Spades; and to trick 5 a small Spade which West covered with the Ten. The Declarer did not make the mistake of "sending a boy to market" but ruffed with the Ten of Hearts in Dummy. This play accomplished its purpose and shut out the over-ruff which East would have had if Dummy had ruffed with his smallest Heart—the Six. East's failure to win the trick marked the Queen of Hearts in the West hand and made the balance of the play easy for Declarer.

His next move was to lead the Six of Hearts from Dummy, taking it in the Closed Hand with the Ace; and then to lead a Spade for the fourth time. West, of course, played his last Spade—the Queen—leaving South with a thirteener, and Dummy ruffed with the Jack of Hearts, once again shutting out a ruff by East.

To trick 8 Declarer led the King of Diamonds from Dummy, which East won. East, who was without an advantageous lead, then forced the Closed Hand by leading a Club, after which Declarer led his King of Trumps, exhausting all the adverse trumps except the Queen, which had always been a sure trick taker. The adversaries having taken their two Aces, and the Queen of trumps being a winner—tricks which the Declarer could not possibly capture—Declarer won all the others and went game.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North

S. J-8-5
H. 4-2
D. 9-8-5-3-2
C. J-10-4

South

S. A-4
H. A-5-3
D. A-K-Q
C. A-K-8-6-5

East

S. Q-9-7-3-2
H. Q-J-10-8
D. J-7-4
C. 7

West

S. K-10-6
H. K-9-7-6
D. 10-6
C. Q-9-3-2

Giant Killer

Continued from page 13

"I'm sure the general understands how we feel," said Bathsheba suavely. "But, darling, you interrupted me just as I was telling him about that Amalek-ite shawl I bought in Giloh. What a pity I didn't wear it tonight! I know the general would like to see it—"

"I can go home and get it," Uriah volunteered. And when Joab protested, in obscure uneasiness: "Why, it isn't five minutes' walk, sir! And that shawl is really a beautiful thing. Where is it, dear?"

"In the chest at the head of the bed," said Bathsheba. "I put it there this morning. Unless the maid has been moving things around—"

HE WAS off, eager and earnest. . . . Bathsheba relaxed in her cushioned chair, her amber eyes looking up from beneath the drooping lashes with a faintly sardonic flicker.

"As a matter of fact," she said, "that shawl is hidden away downstairs, under lock and key; and the maid is off for the evening. He'll never find it. But he'll look for it very thoroughly. Uriah is nothing if not thorough. . . . Well?"

For a while he could not speak; he could only stare at her in tremendous stupefaction. Her eyes smiled at him—clear, happy, tender.

"You too?" he said at last. "But then, why did you stay away so long?"

"I had to think things through. You see," she said, "I hadn't expected—this." And as he half rose—"Wait! I think I'd rather tell you about it first." She drew a deep, happy sigh. "I think you and I can always afford to be honest with each other, my dear."

He sank back in a stupor of content. He could afford to wait; desire was only a part of what had drawn them together. . . . Together.

"You see—" she laughed a little. "Well, at first I simply set out to get you. . . . I'm an ambitious woman, Joab; I want to make something of my life. Uriah—" She shrugged. "He'll be a general some day, I suppose, but he'll always be a fool. I'm too good for a fool. So when I met you, the second man in Israel—" (So Tirzah had been right! . . . And what of it?)

"Oh, I'd have given you value!" she said proudly. "I'm a clever wife. And I'd be faithful to my second man; I made up my mind to that. I was only eighteen when they married me to Uriah; but the man I deliberately chose, mature and open-eyed—I'd be faithful to him, because he'd be worth it. . . . Oh, I knew what I wanted! You couldn't have had me for a night or a week. I wanted to bind my life with a man worth living with, a man who'd do the things that needed doing—and whom I could help."

She smiled now, with a deeply tender amusement.

"So that was my plan. Rather clever, wasn't it?—a cool, intelligent plan that would give us both exactly what we needed. . . . And then I fell in love with you." Her eyes evaded his; a deep tremor ran through her. "I was going away, anyway, to—well, to make you miss me. But when I knew what was happening—then I had to go and stay till I was sure. . . . Because this makes it so incredibly beautiful! Now—"

"Now?" he repeated hoarsely. While she talked a hundred inner voices had been calling for his attention, trying to remind him of something; he would not listen, but he could not silence them.

"You know," she said, "I'm the woman you've needed all your life; you need me now and will always need me, as

desperately as I need you. . . . We belong to each other, Joab." Now he was on his feet, looking down at her.

"Yes," he said. "But— Your husband!"

She shrugged, indifferent. Slowly he realized that she was leaving that to him. . . . Well, it could be managed; a wife could not divorce her husband in Israel, but a husband could divorce a wife; he must divorce her if the second man in the kingdom wanted her. But the general in whom the army trusted—and a battalion commander's wife—

"Of course," she said with a faintly derisory smile, "you're a gentleman of the old school. You probably don't like what you probably call the modern attitude toward marriage. . . . But this isn't a modern attitude; this is you and me. This is the most important thing that will ever happen to either of us. Does a husband count?"

"I wasn't thinking of a husband," said the general. "I was thinking of a soldier."

Her eyes darkened.

"I know. The commander in chief taking a battalion commander's wife—it seems unfair. It is unfair; we might as well admit it. . . . But does that count either?"

"It must count for me," said the man who had made the army—the army that had made the nation.

She frowned in perplexity.

"But don't tell me," she said, "that you can't distinguish between the essential and the fortuitous. . . . Nothing counts, besides this!"

"The army. . . . It has been my life; it is the life of the nation still. The army has opened the way to the Promised Land! . . . I made the army. I can't betray it."

"But—" She was hopelessly bewildered. "I can't see how you'd be betraying the army. If I leave a man I despise to come to the man I love—"

"You leave a subordinate officer—a naturalized immigrant—to come to the commander in chief, the nephew of the King. . . . They're the best men in the army, these foreign officers, the prop of Israel. The Promised Land means more to them than it can ever mean to us, for they've left their homes, given up their own people, lost faith in their own gods—they come to serve Israel's God and Israel's king. And they must be able to trust Israel's general. . . . If I took you, I should be taking the wife of every foreigner in the army. The army could never trust us again—nor could we, David and I, trust the army. It would be as bad as if the King took you himself!"

SHE was standing beside him now; her tortured eyes held his.

"But this—!" she said desperately. "What you say might be true if—I were only an ambitious woman who had set out to catch a prince; if you were only a man who needed a clever wife. . . . But we're in love!"

She stood within reach of his hand; he knew that under the soft stuff of her gown her body was a pillar of fire; if he touched her now, if she touched him, it would all be over.

"I've been sick for you!" she gasped. "Those nights at Giloh—spring nights when I lay alone, thinking of you—And then I came back to Uriah! . . . Men and women have such different scales of value. To you it seems wrong to weaken the army. To me it seems wicked to deny this! What are we to do?"

"Once before," he recalled, "a woman

asked me that, and presently we did what might have been expected. But then only my self-respect was at stake. Now it is something more important than myself—my work, the thing outside of me that I have built."

"Yes," she said, "I can see that. . . . But I've built nothing, Joab! I'm pleading for my chance to build—to help you build something that we both desire."

He sat down in a sudden despairing exhaustion. She came and sat beside him; remotely he heard her talking in a murmuring undertone; but everything had been said, and he knew there was no answer. There was nothing more that he could say; nothing presently that she could say. They both sat silent; it was a relief to him and to her when the knocking at the gate announced the returning Uriah.

"I COULDN'T find that shawl anywhere, dear!" He was breathlessly apologetic. "I looked all over the house, but I'm afraid you must have made a mistake."

"Yes," said Bathsheba. "Perhaps I did."

And her amber eyes began to smolder with far-reaching, incalculable speculation.

She breakfasted in bed next morning, and after breakfast she lay relaxed and pensive, staring out of the window at the houses that were going up in this growing neighborhood; reflecting on the fact that she had lost the man she loved—the last man, she suspected, whom she would ever love . . . lost him by talking, too, when if she had simply taken him in her arms— She made a mental note; hereafter she would let the man do the talking. She writhed.

Hereafter—But—yes, there would be a hereafter. She had lost ecstasy and lost it irrevocably, but there would be a hereafter. . . . Also she had lost the second man in the kingdom. The true King. . . . But Joab had said that when David cared to act—

Uriah came in just then, briskly smiling.

"How do you feel, darling? Still a little tired? . . . I don't wonder, after the trip back from Giloh. You must stay in bed as long as you like and rest yourself."

"You're so good to me!" she murmured languidly, reaching up her hand for him to kiss. . . . She turned over, staring once more out of the window. "They're so ugly," she said, "all those new houses; our lovely view is all shut off. Really, Uriah, this neighborhood is running down. If we had an offer for the house—"

"I had one last week," he said. "Quite a good offer. . . . But, after all, it's our home—"

She sat up in bed, her eyes smoldering. "But it's too small for us, darling—you know that. You're almost certain to come back from this campaign a brigade commander; we'll have to do a good deal more entertaining next winter. I'd take that offer."

"Sell the house? But where would we go?"

"Listen, dear! I heard yesterday of a house for sale in the royal city—where Prince Shammah used to live. Next door to the palace!"

"That house?" Uriah gasped. "We could never afford it!"

"The money we'd get for this one would be as much as we need to pay down. As for the rest—" Her hands clasped over her knees; she smiled at him. "The army is sure to capture Rabbah this year. A rich city—all sorts of plunder. With your share of that we can finish paying for the house. . . . See! Your clever wife has it all figured out."

He bent over and kissed her avidly. "Whatever I may become," he said,

"I'll owe to you. . . . But I've been in that house, dear. It's old-fashioned—no bathroom—"

"Oh, we can remodel it after we're settled."

It needed a little more coaxing and petting to bring him to the point, but at last he hurried off, properly elated at the prospect of becoming the King's next-door neighbor. And Bathsheba lay back in bed, her eyes cool and thoughtful, looking forward. . . . She dared not look back. . . .

Uriah, once started, acted with his usual enthusiastic promptitude; they were settled in the house next door to the palace before the day of mobilization. There was a tiny back yard, shut off by the blank wall of the palace; a yard paved with flagstones, a single date palm springing out of them. Not so good in truth as the house they had sold, but next door to the palace.

. . . So once more Bathsheba kissed her husband good-by and sent him off to the wars. With pomp and parade Joab's regulars marched out of Jerusalem, picked up the mobilized militia at Gilgal, and crossed the Jordan. Within a week news came back that the Ammonites had been utterly routed; the remnant of their army was shut up in Rabbah; the long siege had already begun. . . . When Bathsheba heard that she told the maid she could have the rest of the afternoon off.

"You'll probably want to celebrate with your friends," she said generously. "But before you go just set that portable bathtub on the flagstones in the back yard. It's so warm today I think I'll bathe out there. With all those walls around, nobody will see me."

. . . And it came to pass at evening that David rose from off his bed, and walked upon the roof of the palace; and from the roof he saw a woman bathing; and the woman was very beautiful to look upon. And David sent messengers, and took her; and afterward she returned to her house.

And the woman conceived; and she sent and told David.

THE siege of Rabbah was a slow job; and the militia officers, who owed their appointments to family or political influence, made Joab's life a burden by begging him to settle it quickly by storming the west wall, where a neck of land gave the only real approach to the isolated hill. But always he rebuffed them grimly; no use wasting two or three thousand lives. The key to Rabbah was the City of Waters, the fortifications around the springs that bubbled out at the foot of the hill. Higher up there were no wells, few cisterns; if the City of Waters fell, the rest of the town must presently surrender or die of thirst. So Joab steadily pressed the attack on the City of Waters, with mining and embankments; and around the hill the army sat, letting no one go in and out, and waited.

Without a war, he thought, he might have gone crazy that summer; he worked all day long; exposed himself with a recklessness that drove Abishai to continual protest—anything to forget that dull bitter ache that still could never be forgotten. He had done the right thing; he was irrevocably convinced of that. But at night, when he could busy himself with no more work, that reflection brought little consolation.

And again and again a thought kept coming back to him. Uriah was a soldier. He might always be killed in the war. And the foreign officers would be flattered, elated, if the commander in chief married a foreign officer's widow. . . . But when Joab realized where that speculation might lead him he shut down on it grimly. Joab meant to take no chances with his own integrity, so

(Continued on page 46)

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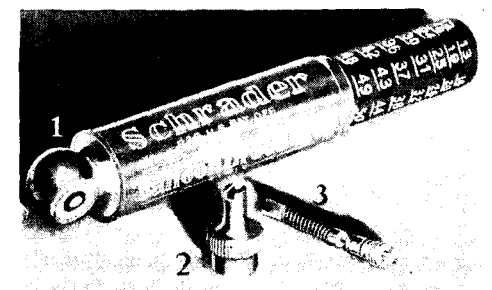
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Uriah's battalion, the Second Battalion of Mighty Men, was kept on a hill to the westward where it might guard the lines of communication, and great was the men's disgust.

Then, one day, at the end of one of the letters that came down from the King—a dictated letter dealing with routine business—there was a postscript in the King's own hand:

"By the way—you mentioned a young officer named Uriah the Hittite. He sent me a memorandum about cavalry. I'd like to form a personal impression of him before I take any action; so send him up, will you?"

JOAB read that in the door of his tent and wondered. If the King happened to take a liking to Uriah, he would rise fast; he would become a general sooner or later, anyway. And then perhaps Bathsheba would be resigned—No! Nothing would suit Bathsheba—nothing would suit Joab—but what they dared not take. . . . Joab turned to his adjutant, inside.

"Detail Uriah the Hittite to take today's dispatch up to the King," he commanded. "Who's second in command of his battalion?" The adjutant fumbled among his rolls of papyrus.

"Benaiah, the son of Jehoiada," he reported. "A valiant man of Kabzeel. He has done mighty deeds."

Joab nodded. "Yes, I know him. He'll obey orders and stay where he is till Uriah comes back."

So Uriah went, and for a week Joab's torment was hotter than ever. Uriah would see Bathsheba. . . . Technically, of course, he shouldn't; neither wine nor women till the campaign was over—that was a statute and an ordinance in Israel.

A week later Uriah reported at the general's tent, very much in his consecrated mood after his interview with the King.

"His Majesty sent you his greetings, sir," he announced. "And a personal letter." He handed it over, sealed. Joab put it aside. "I—I had two interviews with him, sir, and the second time he asked me to stay to dinner. I feel very highly privileged."

"Well, well!" said Joab. It rather surprised him, but every now and then David took some unaccountable fancy to someone and raised him to sudden favor. It didn't always last. "Did he say anything about your cavalry memorandum?" he asked. Uriah looked rather depressed.

"No, sir; he didn't bring that up. But he talked to me quite at length about the campaign. And"—he smiled shyly—"he seemed to like me, sir. The night he had me to dinner he sent down for some special wine—the vintage of the twelfth year of King Saul."

"As God lives!" said Joab. "That was a compliment. I know that vintage. It's rather powerful." Uriah grinned respectfully.

"Yes, sir. I'm afraid I was a little unsteady when I left. His Majesty was quite generous—didn't seem to mind it."

"Well!" said Joab. He swallowed two or three times, but this question had to get itself asked: "How did you find your wife?"

"I didn't see her, sir," Uriah's face wore a look of exaltation. "I didn't go home at all. Even His Majesty urged me to go home, but"—he grinned gallantly—"against the rules, sir."

Joab couldn't help feeling a stinging relief.

"Yes, so it is." He laughed curtly. "I don't think that many men could

have been trusted to remember that."

As Uriah disappeared Joab slit open the letter he had brought—and stared at it dumfounded. It was unsigned, but he knew David's hand:

"Set Uriah the Hittite in the forefront of the hottest battle, and retire from him, so that he may be killed."

"The poor devil!" was Joab's first thought. The poor devil! He must have asked too many questions about what became of the memorandum. . . .

And then: "He's a good officer. Stupid of the King to waste such material because of some dislike he's taken to him. . . ."

And then: "Bathsheba will be a widow!"

Joab sat for a long time, his beard clutched in his hands. . . . Could he do it? . . . If he disobeyed the King on some personal matter like this, there would be trouble.

Joab turned to the adjutant.

"I think we'll let the Second Battalion of Mighty Men see a little action tomorrow," he announced. "They can make a demonstration along the neck toward the west wall, to cover the starting of that new embankment against the City of Waters. . . . Who did you say is the second in command? Benaiah, the son of Jehoiada? Yes, I remember him. He always obeys orders. Send him to me, will you? I want to see him privately."

And the next afternoon Joab watched from a hilltop while Uriah's battalion made a sudden rush toward the west wall. The Ammonites, cooped up and restless, sallied out to meet them when they saw it was only a single battalion; there was some brisk fighting, and then the Ammonites were running, the Mighty Men pursuing at their heels, clear up to the wall. Then a trumpet blast; the battalion began to fall back. One man did not fall back; he stood still before the gate, his arms waving. It was all beyond earshot, but Joab knew he was demanding who had given that order for retreat. . . . And then the waving arms dropped, the figure crumpled; he fell, full of arrows.

Bathsheba was a widow. And Joab felt rather proud of himself that all that evening he could not think of what that might eventually mean to him; he could only think, "What a pity! What a waste!"

THEY took the City of Waters at last; hot with eagerness for the plunder, they waited none the less for the city on the hill to surrender, parched with thirst. They were enthusiastic now, regulars and volunteers too, whenever Joab showed himself—Joab whose craft would win the city almost without loss of life.

So he sent for David to come down from Jerusalem in state and receive the surrender of the Ammonites, their capital and their king. For Joab had no ambition to have cities called by his name, to stir up David's jealousy still further. He had done his work. Israel's last enemy had fallen; he could hang up his sword at last, content with his service to his country, and retire to his ranch, a country gentleman, to beget sons and daughters.

For Bathsheba was a widow. . . . All through the last weeks of the siege that fact had been incessantly in his mind; Bathsheba was a widow. So all that he had rejected—and rightly rejected, he knew—it would all come true at last!

So David went to Rabbah and fought against it and took it, and he took the crown of gold off the head of Milcom,

the god of the Ammonites, and set its jewels in his own crown. And he brought forth the loot of the city, exceeding much. And he brought out the people that were in the city, and put them under saws and under harrows of iron and under axes of iron and made them pass through the brick kiln.

Joab protested in vain against these wholesale horrible tortures, and protested again when he sat in the King's tent and listened to the agonized screaming of men and women gasping their lives out in the valley below.

"David, that's barbarous, indecent, unworthy. . . . And unnecessary."

"It will teach them a lesson," the King told him, lounging back comfortably, his ear cocked to catch a renewed outburst of shrieking. "It will teach all nations that my ambassadors are not to be insulted—and that your army is irresistible! . . . Think of that, old man!" He clapped Joab on the back. "We've beaten them all, beaten them down, one by one. No one dares threaten us now!"

"YES," said Joab. His work was done. He was trying to find words for this curiously incredible thing he was going to say—that he wanted to resign from the service and settle down.

"Oh, by the way!" said David. "I've married again. Bathsheba, the widow of Uriah the Hittite."

"Bathsheba—" Joab's voice died in his throat.

The King laughed.

"That ought to make a good impression on the naturalized immigrants, don't you think? The widow of one of them taken as my wife—the favorite wife too, just now, and for some time to come, I suspect. A most fascinating woman."

Joab stared at him, black and murderous. . . . David didn't know. Bathsheba would never have told him; she was too clever. . . . But David had had her husband killed—no, had made Joab have her husband killed, for the royal convenience. . . . And if anyone ever found out about it, that Joab had had Uriah killed, Joab must take the blame.

"Yes," said David. "A fascinating woman. And we hope," he added piously, "that the Lord may send us increase. About the beginning of winter."

About the beginning of winter. . . . Joab counted the months on his fingers, from Uriah's trip back to Jerusalem. . . . Yes! . . . The King had brought Uriah back, had tried to send him to his wife; and Uriah had refused because law observance was the particular duty of the naturalized immigrant, his acknowledgment of his high privilege. And now the naturalized immigrants were flattered by the news that the King had married Uriah's widow. . . .

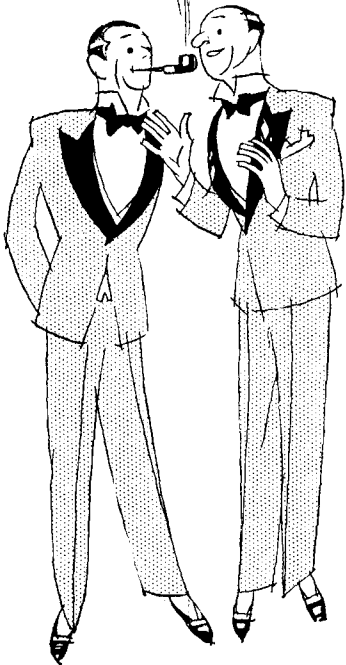
David, in the doorway of the tent, smiled comfortably down at Joab; he was growing portly now, but he was august, majestic; the sunlight flamed in his beard, turned his hair into a fiery crown. And though Joab, in that moment, hated him with a black bitterness such as he had never known, he could not lift a hand against him.

For David was the King—beyond argument, the King. . . . And a phrase from one of David's own poems came back to Joab—like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season, or even out of season; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

The ungodly are not so, but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

(To be continued next week)

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SIR WALTER
RALEIGH

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The Unbearable Touch

Continued from page 17

him. He was kinda pitiful, talking in a loud voice, giving me orders, while all the time he was a bust, if you get me. You know, he hadn't made good. O' course, it wasn't his fault that his lamps were bad, but there's excuses for every failure, I guess.

"All right," I said.

With that, right in front of everybody, he grabbed me and kissed me. Gentle, and sort of half-afraid—you know, like a kid playing at being grown-up and getting ashamed when the old folks happen in on him. Started off like a million dollars and petered down to a dime. I just shrugged my shoulders and broke the clench.

"I—I'm sorry," he said. "I didn't mean—right in front of everybody—"

"All right," I said, and went upstairs. I went into Mr. Roberts' private office. "I'm quitting," I said.

"Why?" he asked.

"Because Tim Stevens wants me to," I said.

"So I won't see you again?" he asked.

"No, you won't see me again," I said.

WITH that he grabbed me. I put my hands up in front of my face, and he grabbed both wrists in one hand like I was a kid. Then he kissed me. Well, I've done a little necking, but I never seen no fireworks bust right in my face before.

"My God," I said, when I finally broke away, "do you know them girls in the outer office are looking at us?"

"Well," he said, "let's give them a good show."

With that he grabbed me again.

Started like a dime, you know, and rolled right up into a million. In about ten minutes or ten years, or ten centuries, the telephone rang. He answered it.

"It's for you," he said.

I took the telephone. It was Tim.

"When are you coming downstairs?" he asked.

"I'm never coming downstairs," I told him.

When I went home that night, Bland went with me. I introduced him to Ma and Pa and Sister Jennie.

"This is the man I'm going to marry," I said.

"You mean," said Bland, "that I'm the man that's going to marry you."

Just like that. Boss, you know. He didn't ask me; he told me.

Ma got me outside in the kitchen a while later when the excitement sort of simmered down.

"Minnie darling, I thought you was stuck on Tim," she said.

"So did I," I said.

"What made you find out you wasn't?" she asked.

"I found out I couldn't bear to have him touch me," I said.

"You won't have to wash no dishes," said Ma.

"No, I won't have to wash any dishes," I said. "But look here," I said. "I didn't toss Tim because I was afraid of washing dishes. It—it was sort of because—well, he—he wasn't afraid to let me wash dishes, if you get me."

"You sound like you'd like to wash dishes," said Ma.

"Well, I would like to wash dishes for Bland," I said.

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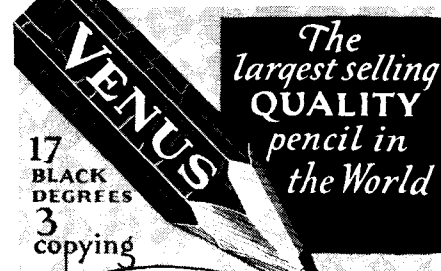
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Master of Sinister House

Continued from page 7

There was a look of suffering in his face, as though he were ill, and he leaned upon a stick. He was dressed in reasonable clothing, but his hair was unkempt, his collar crumpled, and one of his shoe laces undone. I judged that he had come from some adventure, for there was an air of exhaustion about him, and in his eyes there was fear. Holding to his arm was a girl—a little Jewess, she seemed to me—small, with an exquisite cameolike face, dark-brown eyes and hair and brilliantly red lips. She looked defiantly at Martin Hews.

"I was expecting you, Jim Donkin—but the young lady—"

The man sank into the fixed chair, with a little groan of relief.

"You'll have to look after her, guv'nor," he declared. "If she can't come with me, you'll have to keep her safe. You know what happened last night?"

"I know that you committed a murder," Martin Hews observed calmly. "You are trying me very high, Donkin. You were on your own last night, you must remember, and it is not an easy thing to protect a murderer. Tell me about the girl."

"You know who she is. This is Rachel. 'Tain't her fault, but it was because of her the row began last night. The newspapers haven't got half of it yet. After the races there were a hundred of us fighting down in the mews, back of the Bethnal Green Road, and Phil Abrahams wasn't the only one who got his. We were obeying orders too, you know, guv'nor. The cops were getting too inquisitive about what we were really out for. You wanted a real hooligan fight, and we bloody well had it."

"There isn't a great deal of time to waste if I am to get you away," Martin Hews warned him. "Why have you brought the girl with you? It is quite true that I am willing to undertake the task of looking after her, but I did not intend to have her here."

"Where could I leave her in London?" the man demanded. "Abrahams took her from me, as he had sworn to Joseph that he would, but he was a dying man, bleeding to death in Aldgate Passage before he could hand her over. We're pretty well wiped out now, though. They'll get her if I leave her in London."

"Half a dozen of 'em," the girl intervened, "half a dozen of 'em who reckon I never ought to have left Joseph, and who mean to get me back if they can. Mind you, they'll soon forget it," she went on, "and I don't know that I'm so scared as it is. Joseph would have something to say if they turned ugly, but Jim here, he's all for me lying low. You're afraid Joseph will get me again, ain't you, Jim?" she asked, with a mocking laugh.

"I'd come back from the dead, blast you, if you went back to him," the man growled. "What about me, Chief?"

MARTIN HEWS leaned forward in his chair and contemplated the two. His face was unclouded, his smile almost benevolent. "I grasp the position," he said at last. "Everything is arranged so far as you are concerned, Donkin. You must be prepared to leave here in five minutes. A car is waiting for you now. As for the young lady, I shall offer her, at any rate, temporary shelter."

"What, here?" she demanded, with a grimace.

"Certainly. You will be safer under this roof than anywhere else. The housekeeper will look after you. As for you, Donkin, please follow my servant

downstairs now. I shall keep my word and get you out of this, but you have disappointed me. I wanted Joseph's gang crushed. I wanted Joseph removed. You have failed me."

"If I get over this," Donkin muttered, a spasm of pain suddenly contorting his face, "I'll get Joseph as soon as I can sneak back to the country."

"That is your own affair," Martin Hews said equably. "I shall probably have settled with him myself before that can happen. In the meantime, kindly follow my servant downstairs. You will be provided with ample funds, and I wish you well; at the same time, in the struggle between you and Joseph, you are up to now the loser, and I have no use for the second best."

HE DISMISSED them with an imperative little wave of the hand, and they disappeared, ushered out by the butler, who had entered without any visible or audible means of summons. The panels glided open in front of me, and I stepped out. Martin Hews looked at me thoughtfully.

"You can drive a car?" he asked.

"I can," I answered, with a sudden return of hope.

"You can fight, I know," he continued. "Do your best to get Donkin away. If you come up against the police, you had better offer no resistance and be sure that my name is not mentioned. If any members of Joseph's gang try to intercept you, that will be a different matter. Fight if you have any chance at all. They will kill Donkin if they get him. . . . Here!"

He opened a drawer, and handed me a flat-handed automatic, of the latest type, fully charged. Behind me was standing once more that ubiquitous butler, waiting to show me downstairs.

Five minutes afterward we were swinging down the straight, muddy

road leading toward the river, in a large open touring car, built apparently for speed. Donkin was by my side, muffled up in an overcoat and groaning every now and then in pain. A dark-complexioned chauffeur in the front crouched over his wheel.

We drew up, after a ghastly six-mile drive at the end of what was little better than a rough cart track leading down to the river. My companion, with a final groan, stepped heavily out, and looked with anxious eyes first along the road by which we had come and afterward at the motor launch moored a score of yards out in the sluggish stream. He stepped into the dinghy which was waiting under the bank, and for the first time the strained look of apprehension seemed to pass from his face.

"He's a rum little devil, but he's kept his word," he muttered as I helped him in. "I knew if anyone could get me away, he could. Tell Rachel I'm safe."

There was no other word of farewell. He clambered up on the motor launch, the dinghy was drawn up, and the former swung round and started off seaward, the spray already breaking over her as she crept into speed. I watched her for several moments until she disappeared into the gray, drifting mist. Then, just as I was turning around, the chauffeur touched me on the shoulder. He pointed along the road by which we had come, and I saw a motor car approaching, furiously driven.

"This road don't lead anywhere, sir," he confided. "There's no room to pass, and the dikes are full. I am thinking it means a bit of trouble for us."

THE car rushed toward us, swaying from side to side, splashing the water lying in the sunken pools of the road high into the air, more than once only just avoiding a dangerous skid. When at last, with grinding of brakes and

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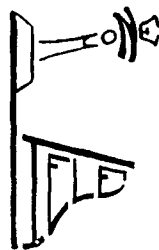
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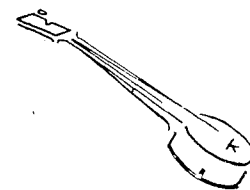
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tearing of gears, the vehicle came to a standstill about a dozen yards away from us, we were completely ignored by its occupants for several moments. An apparently young man, wearing a long motoring coat of fashionable cut, a cap pulled down over his forehead, and unusually large spectacles, slipped from his seat by the driver, and strolled to the edge of the muddy bank beneath which lapped the waters of the river. His eyes followed the trail left by the disappearing motor boat, and he seemed to be doing his best to peer through the gathering gloom to her possible destination. While he watched, his hand, as though mechanically, sought his pocket, and mine immediately followed suit. He pulled out a cigarette case, lit a cigarette, and, with a last look down the river, turned away and swung round toward us. He glanced at the chauffeur cursorily and addressed himself to me. He kept at least half a dozen paces away, and his features were completely hidden.

"TO WHOM have I the pleasure of speaking?" he asked, a faint note of truculence lurking in his tone.

"My name is Owston—Major Owston—at your service," I answered.

"I have to thank Martin Hews for this, I suppose?" he demanded, pointing down the river.

I made no reply.

"I wonder," he speculated at last—and his tone seemed to grow in insolence—"whether you are likely to be any trouble to me in the future? Why not a life for a life, eh? It's a sound doctrine, a lonely spot, and the river's deep just here."

I answered him, I hope, with equal coolness. At all events, I know that the hand which gripped the butt end of my automatic was firm and steady.

"Your car leaves tracks," I reminded him. "Your presence here was expected. There is no part of that river so deep but that it gives up its secrets with the flow of the tide."

Perhaps he saw the dull glitter of metal raised an inch or two from my pocket. He waved his hand contemptuously toward it.

"We kill when the need comes," he said, "without fear or scruple, but we are not butchers. Tell Hews that I hear his gewgaw castle has become the asylum for damsels in distress. Nevertheless, when the fancy takes me to recover Rachel, I shall come and fetch her."

He touched his hat and mounted again to his place by the side of the chauffeur. The car, with its evil-looking load, moved slowly back in reverse, until it reached a turning place, when it was driven off at such a reckless pace that it was speedily out of sight. My first enterprise in the service of Martin Hews was over.

Again I sat in the fixed chair of audience, and made my report to the master of Breezeley Mansion. He listened to me with a changeless, sardonic smile. It was almost as though he found food for humorous reflection in the tardy arrival of Joseph and his friends.

"So we are in the position," he remarked, when I had finished, "of holding an unwilling Helen, with Hector fleeing for his life and Joseph advancing to the assault. Dear me, what troubles our good nature may lead us into! Come, Major Owston, do you feel inclined to help in the defense of this eagerly-sought-for young woman?"

"At your bidding, sir," I replied. "May I take it from the suggestion that I am engaged?"

"You are engaged," he told me calmly. "Your salary will be a thousand pounds a year, and if you fail to give me satisfaction, I shall ask you to walk out at a moment's notice."

"What about my duties?" I queried.

"Your first and principal one is to guard my person. I have enemies. The man Joseph, whom you probably saw today, is one of them. So long as Donkin's gang was in existence I was comparatively safe. Now that they are wiped out, Joseph will look this way. I have treasures, bought and paid for, which he thinks should have gone to him. He is a fool. He was outwitted. He will always be outwitted."

"The man with whom I spoke today," I ventured, "seemed to me anything but a fool."

"You are right," he acknowledged. "Joseph is not a fool. He has a cunning brain, he has genius, he is a great opponent. He has moments of weakness, though. He smarts always under the sense of fancied wrongs. He permits himself to hate—he hates me. Passion of that sort disturbs judgment. Feeling for my throat, he will some day thrust his neck into the noose."

One of the telephones upon Martin Hews' desk tinkled gently. He listened, and spoke into it a nearly inaudible word. Almost before he had replaced the receiver the white light above the door flashed. He touched a button upon his desk, the door swung open, and the girl who had intruded upon my hiding-place with her singular offer entered the room.

"Since you are joining my establishment, Major Owston," said Hews, "let me introduce you to my niece—my lay secretary, if I may call her so—for she does nothing except act as intermediary between myself and my bureau of information into whose secrets you shall be one day initiated. My dear," he went on, turning to her, "a young Goliath who has guaranteed to protect me against the assassins of Shoreditch—Major Owston—Miss Essiter."

I rose to my feet. Her eyes met mine, expressionless and vacant. She inclined her head very slightly, and took no further notice of me.

Martin Hews studied me and my clothes.

"I am, as a rule, suspicious of such destitution as yours. But you shall receive the benefit of the doubt. Beatrice, my dear, fifty pounds from your coffer, if you please."

THE young woman leaned forward, opened a wonderful ivory box with clasps which seemed to me of solid gold and counted out the fifty pounds.

"I shall take it for granted," he continued, "that you are not on speaking terms with your tailor, and I shall telephone to mine. You must have some clothes. Most other things we can provide you with. For the present you will sleep here until I have decided what to do with this fair Helen of Shoreditch. Before the week is over I shall probably have other work for you in the West End. That must wait, however, until you have your clothes and until your rooms are engaged. Do you happen to belong to any clubs in town?"

"I am still a member of the Rag, sir," I told him—"rather a matter of kindly sufferance, I am afraid."

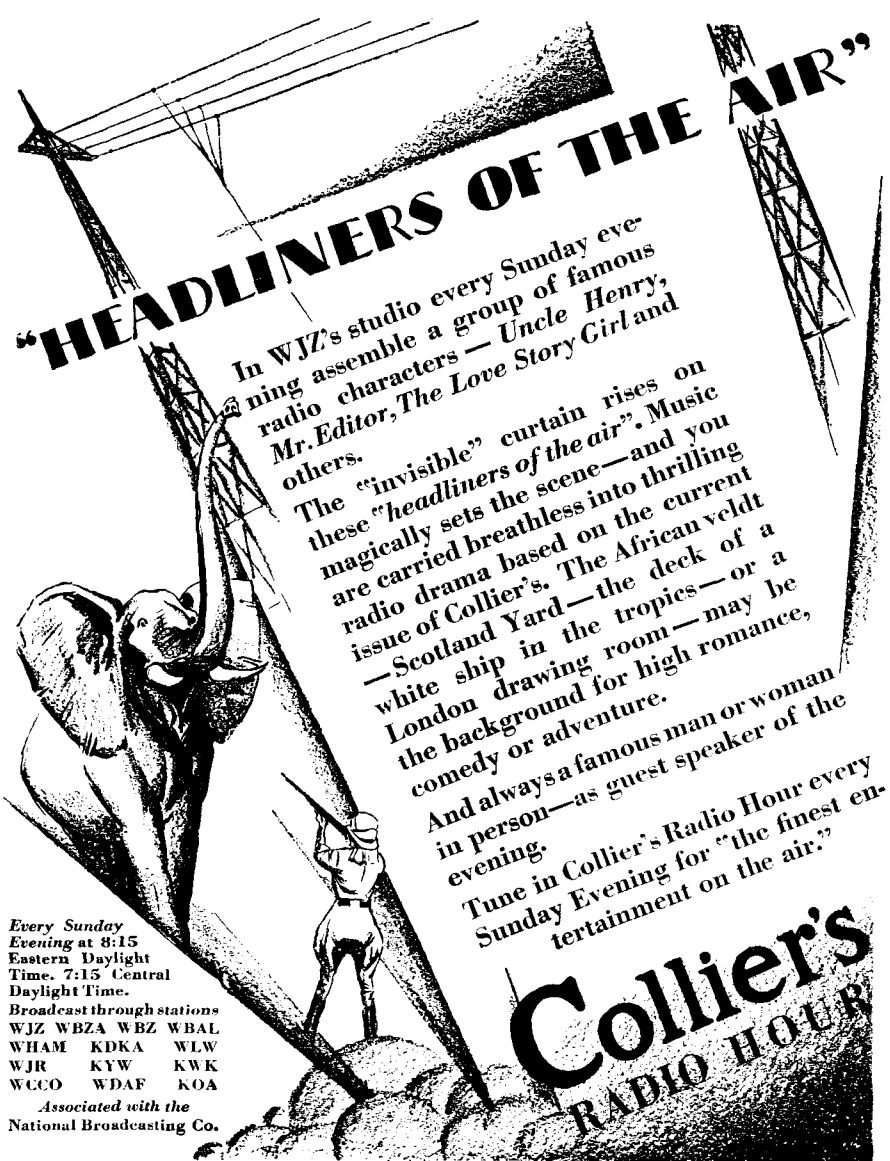
"Service clubs are not of the slightest use," he snapped.

He made a note upon some tablets by his side. A bell rang softly. The white light flashed out; the door opened. My employer's expression became almost benevolent.

"Come in, Minchin," he invited—"come in."

A man entered, and approached the table respectfully. He was dressed in sober black, and there were many points about him which seemed to indicate the well-trained gentleman's servant. He was a person of curiously nondescript appearance, with small features, bald

(Continued on page 50)



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Master of Sinister House

Continued from page 49

head and slanting eyes set rather wide apart. Suitably attired, he could have passed anywhere for a Chinaman. On the spot I took an instinctive and violent dislike to him.

"Minchin," his master announced, "this gentleman, Major Owston, has accepted a post of responsibility in the household. He will sleep here tonight. You will give him the laurel suite on the ground floor. He will need a great many articles for his toilet, most of which you will doubtless be able to provide."

"Certainly, sir."

"In five minutes," Martin Hews concluded, "return and show Major Owston to his rooms."

THE man departed. My new employer turned toward me, and the indifferent note left his tone.

"Owston," he said, "from now on until we part you are my man. Don't question my orders. If you fail to carry them out, or neglect to obey them, scuttle away as fast as you can, but I warn you now, as I warned you before, that my enterprises in life are not undertaken for purposes of philanthropy. Sometimes it may happen that I am actually aiding and abetting criminals. Often I am against the law. I alone plan; you, my servants, obey. You may refuse to carry out my instructions, and quit my service, but if a breath of my doings is carried to the outside world or a confidence of mine betrayed, you pay—you pay to a very ugly limit. Is that understood?"

"Perfectly," I assured him. "I have my own principles left, such as they are, and nothing will make me swerve from them; but the world has treated me badly, and I am not squeamish."

The apartments to which my new employer's peculiar manservant in due course conducted me were, after the hard times through which I had recently passed, a revelation in comfort and luxury. There was a pleasantly furnished sitting-room, with a bedroom and large bathroom communicating, all on the ground floor, and the windows of all three protected by iron bars. With a suit of clothes it was impossible to provide me, but linen, sponges, all manner of toilet articles seemed to have appeared by magic. Minchin, at his master's wish, reappeared, after I had had my bath and made as much of a toilet as I could, and he told me strange things in a curiously matter-of-fact fashion.

"Mr. Hews thought, sir," he confided, "that you had better become acquainted with the constitution of the household. In addition to the ordinary domestic staff we have five footmen in the house."

"What on earth for?" I asked.

"For purposes of defense. Mr. Hews is very nervous about burglars. Then there are three electricians. The house, as you may have noticed, is full of electric devices. Even the master's carriage runs up or down stairs in grooves connected with an electric dynamo. Then there is a complete set of burglar alarms indoors and out, and the secret doors are all worked in the same manner. We have a huge searchlight in the tower and some other smaller contrivances. I have been here for eleven years, and I should say the electricians are the hardest-worked members of the staff."

"Well, it all sounds to me odd, of course, Minchin," I acknowledged, "but I daresay I shall get used to it."

"Your meals can be served in your sitting-room at any hour you order them, and there is a car at your dis-

posal whenever you require it. Across the passage there is a library. There is also a billiard-room. The master wishes you to keep for the present the automatic you have, and there are other weapons and ammunition in the cupboard."

"Who actually lives in the house besides the servants?" I asked.

"Miss Essiter, Mr. Hews and yourself, sir."

"Why, there must be forty empty rooms!"

"There are a great many," he admitted. "Still, there are visitors—foreign chiefly—coming and going all the time, and the whole of the north wing has been converted into a museum for pictures and such like. The master often spends several hours a day locked in there."

"What on earth made Mr. Hews choose this singular neighborhood?" I asked.

"It has its advantages, sir," Minchin explained. "You saw one of them today when we were able to get Donkin away by means of the river. Years ago," the man added reflectively, "we used to have a great many callers drop off from the steamers. The police became a little inquisitive, though. There was an accident on the road between here and the river one night. A Chinaman was shot with some very valuable precious stones upon him. I am afraid the police since that time have been a trifle suspicious of this house and our doings. But the master is a great organizer. It gives him pleasure to arrange these things. His agents in London are almost as clever. . . . At what time will you take your dinner, sir?"

"At any time that is convenient," I told him, trying, by adopting a casual tone about the matter, to conceal the fact that I had had no luncheon.

"It will be served about eight o'clock then, sir," he announced.

He laid upon the table the evening paper, which he had been carrying, and respectfully took his leave. I looked after him for a moment or two, wondering why the man had inspired me with such a profound sense of distrust.

I mixed myself a whisky and soda, and stretched myself out in an easy-chair to reflect upon this amazing household of which I had become a member. Exactly what was Martin Hews' object in life? What were the thoughts and schemes with which that strange brain of his was occupied? Why had it become a point of honor with him to secure the escape of a desperate criminal and give shelter to his mistress? That he should keep his house closely guarded was not an unreasonable thing, especially if that other wing, of which Minchin had spoken, was filled with as many priceless treasures as were in the library in which he usually sat.

ON THE other hand, I was not at all convinced that his energies were purely defensive. His organization outside must exist for some purpose or other.

My room became a little close, and presently I took advantage of a cleverly concealed door, and, finding the fastenings with some difficulty, opened it and stepped out into the night. A slight drizzling rain was falling, which cooled my cheeks, as I strolled down the flinty path toward the road. There was scarcely a sound to be heard except the melancholy hooting of steamers crawling up the river, and the prospect all around was as dreary as ever.

Suddenly I was aware that my soli-

tude was about to be disturbed. A motor car or taxicab had stopped in the road some two hundred yards away, and a man was proceeding on foot toward me. The incident in itself was ordinary enough, but the singular part of it was that, although it was a dark night, the vehicle had approached without lights and the footsteps which every moment I could hear more distinctly seemed to be the footsteps of a man seeking, as far as possible, to avoid attention. Even when he came in sight—a large, bulky figure, wearing a bowler hat and a long mackintosh—his progress was furtive, and at his first glimpse of the light of my cigarette he appeared to hesitate.

In a moment or two, however, he came on, and paused as he reached my side. I recognized him at once. It was Miles, the butler, who had admitted me.

"Good evening," I greeted him. "You have had a wet walk, I am afraid."

He lifted his hat with an effort at politeness.

"A miserable walk, sir," he confided. "A shocking neighborhood this. You'll find it dull, I'm afraid, if you're staying with us long."

MY IMMEDIATE reply was interrupted in singular fashion. I felt suddenly blinded, bathed in a great sheet of light. About halfway to the station the vehicle in which Miles had arrived was clearly visible—a motor car or taxicab perhaps—being driven very slowly, and still without lights. Then, as suddenly as it had appeared, the searchlight was shut off, and the darkness around us seemed more intense than ever. I realized, to my surprise, that the man by my side was trembling violently.

"Curse their spying ways!" he exclaimed, with an abrupt vehemence which astonished me. "As though a man couldn't take a little jaunt to see a friend without their wanting to know all about it! It's a strange household, sir. I shall not be able to stand their ways."

"It's an unusual household, at any rate," I admitted. "I daresay they heard our voices, and wanted to see who was about."

He lifted his hat once more, mumbled something which I did not catch, and hurried back toward the house. Presently I followed his example, and returned to my room. Here I found a surprise in store for me. Seated in the easy-chair which I had drawn up to the fire was the young lady who had traveled down with Donkin from London that afternoon.

"Gawd, how you scared me!" she exclaimed. "Is this house all secret doors and passages? Don't anyone walk about like a Christian being?"

"I believe they generally do," I assured her. "I haven't seen much of the place myself yet. Making yourself comfortable, I hope?"

She turned her head and looked at me for a moment through her dark, velvety eyes.

"Oh, I'm O. K., thanks," she remarked, sinking a little lower in the chair. "Gives me the creeps, this place does, though. Tell me about Jim? You got him off all right?"

"With about five minutes to spare," I answered, drawing up another and smaller chair to the other side of the hearthrug. "Mr. Joseph himself, I believe it was, arrived with a small band of desperadoes before the motor boat was out of sight."

She nodded thoughtfully.

"I expected it was Jo. I can't think

why he's so bitter. One of those two was bound to get his before they'd done, and I always reckoned it would be Jim. He's pretty well all in, poor chap. I don't know as he'll be able to stand a sea voyage."

"In any case I'm afraid you'll have to make up your mind to wait some time before you see him again," I warned her. "It may have been a fair fight, but he killed his man—there's no doubt about that—and a knife's an ugly thing to explain away."

She stretched out her hand for another cigarette.

"The Wolves all carry knives," she confided. "Phil Abrahams had his—they found it on him—but he couldn't get at it. Jim had his gun as well, but he didn't use it. I don't see much to choose between 'em myself."

"If Joseph wanted you so much, why didn't he come after you himself instead of sending another man?" I asked.

"OH, HE wants me all right," she replied, lighting the cigarette which she had selected. "He's been after me, too, more than once, only the luck was our way and we managed to dodge him. He and Jim would have been at one another's throats pretty soon, anyhow, but it happened to be Phil we met first, coming out of a pub in Aldgate. Jim never used his knife till he was down, and Phil had his halfway out, so they couldn't make it anything but manslaughter. I say, what do you and the old gentleman upstairs expect me to do if Joseph comes down here after me?"

"Lie low, I should think," I answered.

She looked thoughtfully into the fire, and I found myself studying her. Her frock was of the sort which had probably come from Shaftesbury Avenue—daring, but in its way well fashioned. It disclosed the lines of her exquisite little figure with purposeful artistry. Her silk-clad legs, beautifully shaped, were both extended upon the fender. Her dark, glossy eyebrows were gathered together in a little frown, and her brilliantly colored lips were distinctly pouting.

"Nice thing for me to be cooped up here like this, ain't it?" she complained. "I don't know that I wouldn't just as lief have been left to go my own way. Jo, he wants me back again bad, but he wouldn't dare touch me unless I was willing. There's no man breathing would. Do you know what I'd do to him?"

"I imagine you would make yourself remarkably unpleasant," I ventured.

She thrust her hand unashamedly up the side of her leg, and produced a little poniard in a small sheath. She removed the latter, and sprung the steel with her finger—a little streak of wonderful blue metal.

"I'd stab him," she confided, "if it was the wrong man. The right man—well, that's a different thing. I've chosen all my life, and I shall choose to the end. No one will have me against my will."

"All your life?" I repeated, smiling at her. "Why, how old are you, then?"

"I'm all but twenty," she answered. "I began young. What do they reckon they're going to do, these fellows of Joseph's, if they come along? Bash you all on the head, I suppose, and carry me away. Seems to me I'm giving a bit of trouble."

"That was what your famous prototype discovered many years ago," I told her.

She stared at me suspiciously.

"Who are you getting at?" she demanded. "What I mean is, that if Jim were to hear I'd gone back to Joseph he'd come after me from South America, or wherever he was. Why can't they leave me alone? That's what I want to know. I can make up my mind. I'll have to have some sort of a man. If I

fancy Jo—well, it will be Jo. I don't know as I do, though. Jim's a good sort, he'd stick to me, although he's a bit rougher. What do you think about it all, mister? I expect you're wondering why any two men should go kind of wild about me."

She showed all her beautiful white teeth as she smiled, and her soft, dark eyes coquetted for mine.

"Well, I really don't know what to think," I told her. "As a matter of fact, I don't fancy that girls are much in my line."

"I'm a good looker, ain't I?" she persisted. "They all say so. I can make 'em all crazy when I try—the whole gang."

I laughed, and something in the quality of my mirth apparently annoyed her.

"I'm not your sort, I suppose, eh?"

"You're good-looking enough to turn anyone's head," I assured her hastily, "but you must remember that I'm a good deal older, besides, I'm rather a dull person with your sex, anyhow."

"You're not so very old," she said, "but I daresay you're kind of set in your ways. You ain't so bad, though. You're a good looker, and, my, you're strong, I should think! Why I could sit on your knee, and you wouldn't feel me."

"I might," I warned her quickly. "I was wounded in my leg during the war."

"Well, that's better than having none at all like the poor gent upstairs," she observed. "I say, do you think they'll let me out of here now and then?"

"I'm rather afraid," I told her, "from what I know of Mr. Martin Hews' methods, that you won't be allowed a great deal of liberty."

She yawned.

"I ain't sure that the air of this neighborhood's going to suit me," she decided. "I like a cinema and a bit of a dance at nights."

A footman, in very correct striped waistcoat and dark livery, entered the room, attended to the fire and brushed up the grate. Rachel watched him quizzically.

"Will it be convenient for me to lay the cloth for dinner now, sir?" he inquired.

I nodded assent, and he disappeared. The girl looked after him.

"Gee!" she exclaimed. "Are they going to do that sort of thing to me?"

"I don't know," I answered. "Perhaps you'd better run along to your quarters now, and see. It must be getting on toward dinner time."

SHE swung herself to her feet, and indulged in a little grimace.

"Nice sociable sort of a fellow, you are!" she grumbled. "You ain't going to put on airs with me all the time, I hope?"

"It appears to me," I said evasively, "that my job is going to be to fight for you if that gang comes along."

"Well, there's many as have done that," she confided, pausing and boldly linking her arm through mine as we moved toward the door. "I don't mind it. There's always a kiss for the winner—sometimes for the other chap, if I fancy him. . . . My, have you come all this way just to open the door for me?"

"Why not?"

"Want anything for it?" she asked mischievously.

"I am too frightened of your knife," I replied.

She stood upon tiptoes, smacked my cheek lightly with her hand, and darted away with a little mocking laugh. For a moment I lingered there, I must confess half angry. Then I forgot all about it.

From somewhere in the upper regions of the house came the most appalling shriek of terror I had ever heard in my life.

(To be continued next week)



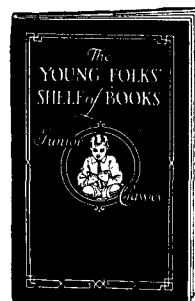
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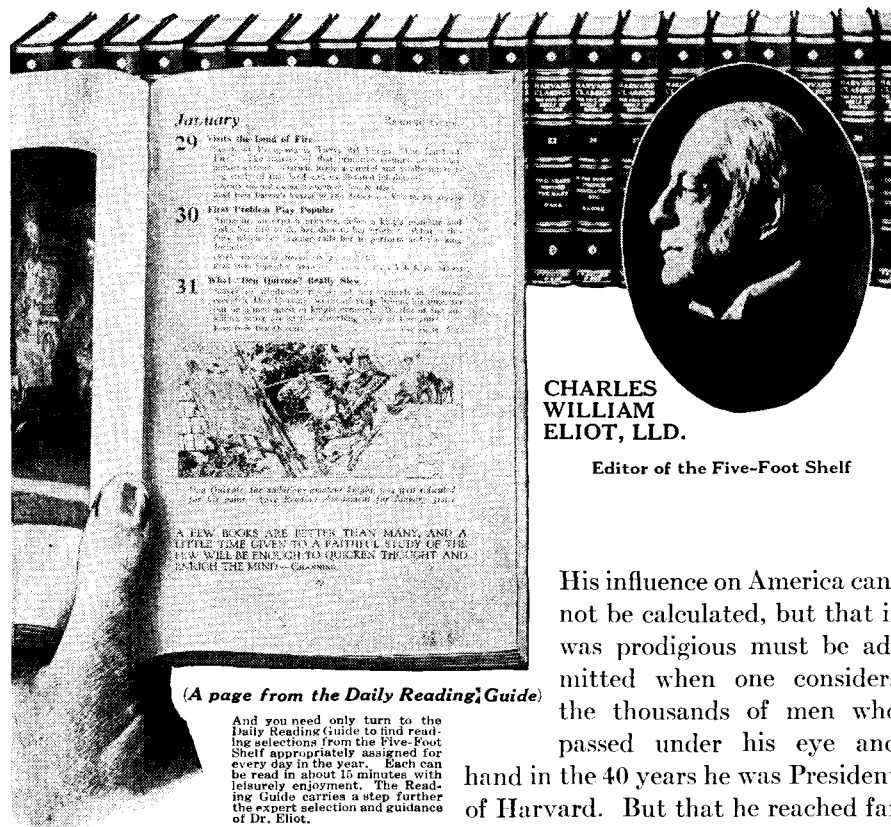
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Words and Music

Continued from page 13

collected his \$15 per week. And in the brief period between gallery show-seeing o' nights and six hours' sleep he produced two songs, "Kisses" and "I Love You," tearful little tidbits. The male and female syncopators of Tin Pan Alley rejected them. Movement too slow; words too sentimental. They wanted either stevedore ballads or jazz-club pep.

One day the entry of a softly tripping young woman went unnoticed. A bovine blonde brushed out of Gershwin's parlor with music bunched under her arm like so much bologna. A dainty brunette passed through the open doorway, revived the collapsed song-plugger with one flash of her presence and asked what he had that was new.

Radio Stales Song Hits

Gershwin intoned the names of the most recent output from the jazz hopper, "Hot Baby," "She Looks Just Like an Angel but Plays the Devil with Me," "Count Your Coupons, Caroline." The young woman vetoed all. Gershwin recognized some known quality in her gesture; rattled off his own pieces, "Kisses" and "I Love You," heard her trill the refrains, and recognized some known quality in the voice.

The young woman was Vivienne Segal, prima donna of the Follies.

Miss Segal took the songs, sang them three nights later in a cabaret, and presented them two weeks later in her show. They went into records and player-pianos, and Gershwin's publishers put them out with enthusiasm. He commenced collecting sheet and mechanical royalties at once, and switched from cigarettes to six-inch cigars.

Came almost instantly his musicalization of a risqué farce, "La, La, Lucille," and he strode Broadway in twenty-dollar hats, prismatic ties and steam-cleaned spats with the best of them.

His royalties dropped when radio telescoped the life of a song and made stale in a month stuff that was usually good for a year. He took a job as relief pianist in a ham vaudeville house. He dreamed over the pinewood instrument and was caught so doing by a comedian of some pretensions and loud egotism, who objected to the pianist playing "Michigan" when he was singing "Bananas." Gershwin was fired.

He sat back on his savings.

His brother, Ira, at that time, was likewise sitting back, but not very well fortified by savings. Ira is a sort of reprint order of George; the same size, the same aspect, and a similar kink for rhythm in his cortex. But with Ira it takes the shape of words.

"My aim," said George one day to Ira, with Pa Gershwin listening in, perhaps hoping that both boys would chuck art and get down to business—the restaurant business—"My aim," quoth George, "is to write an absolutely new type of musical show, with modernistic words as well as modernistic tunes."

"But where can I find a librettist? The well-known guys want the show written their way. And the unknown guys don't know any managers."

At this point Pa Gershwin inserted: "Try Ira."

George looked at Ira, and Ira regarded George. I don't suppose any librettist has ever been discovered with less trouble. One cannot, without giving a fair imitation of insanity, say that the fraternal team of composer and lyric writer is an American edition of Gilbert and Sullivan. George Gershwin has something of Sullivan's tunefulness and even a grimmer brand of musical

wit. And I'll say this for Ira: He can give the great Gilbert a stroke or two and drop a wickeder rhyme. Take:

*You've made my life so glamorous
You can't blame me for feeling amorous.*

If that isn't lyrical athletics tied up in a bundle to take home, what is?

"The idea for the Rhapsody came to me quite suddenly before a note was published anywhere," Gershwin says. "Just as a creator of fiction or of poetry, a composer of music smells symphonic ideas in every fact. To me they are always represented by concrete ideas, not by any abstract combinations of notes. A drunk hugging a lamp-post suggests one lilt, a fire engine clattering and screaming down a street provokes another."

"The vivid panorama of American life swept through my mind—its feverishness, its vulgarity, its welter of love, marriage and divorces and its basic solidity in the character of the people. All the emotional reactions excited by contemplating the American scene were stuffed into the first outline of the Rhapsody, with a dominant theme derived from the fashionable 'blue' or melancholy rhythm."

Damrosch, leader of the New York Symphony Orchestra, acclaimed the piece. Van Vechten, a critic familiar with the Teutonic and Russian schools, which, Lord knows, are blue enough to dye all the circus tents in the world during some light off-moment, said it was a work Tschaikowsky could have been proud to write. Paul Whiteman, czar of muted saxophones, made it the pièce de résistance of his continental tour with a jazz symphony orchestra. And tens of millions of ordinary, mad mid-brows, even as you and I, danced to it without knowing anything about its authoritative exactness.

It sobs the tale of glowing American life—on the prairies; in the slums; the slather of counted cash in it; the rustle of satin petticoats, or of the silken successor of petticoats; reverberations of droned snores in Pullman sleepers; shrieks of fire sirens and the grim tattoo of gunmen going out nightly to collect; the fulminations of traffic cops; ululations of tenement youngsters teething in rows of thousands and the onomatopoeic riveting of ten thousand skyscraper skeletons. Everything that is America is in that piece. No wonder that it was played to curious gaping by the musically learned in that holy of holies of the Apollo Musagetes—the Orpheum in Berlin.

A Miracle in Mosaic

To demonstrate the versatility of his genius he startled the musical world with his Concerto in F. Again the highbrows marveled at a new voice uttering great things from Egypt. Just as his Rhapsody ranks with Liszt, so his Concerto pals around with the kind of thing Brahms used to do.

Tin Pan Alley doesn't understand how such things come to be. It is no extraordinary thing to find a Berlin, a Snyder, a Carroll or a Herman storming the joyahos with new tunes, old tunes, from anywhere and everywhere provided they are tunes and tickle ears and feet with a minimum amount of thinking. Many such young men have juggled semiquavers and demisemiquavers and climbed to fortune over stacks of copyright reprints. But for a black-haired young man to rattle cash-register keys as well as the tinkling ivories and step aside to produce music of

genuine genius! A miracle in mosaic! Gershwin went to London for the premiere of "Lady, Be Good." The scene in the Court Theatre reminded him of an Army-Navy game. People scrambled for seats, and after the show he was wildly cheered. Fair ladies kissed him, strong men wrung his hands, and box office burglars shed tears of joy.

Sure of Fortune

He ducked the theatre between acts and sat up all night orchestrating his rhapsody into a Grecian dance for production at the select Queen's Café.

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Gershwin lives simply with mother,

father and brother—and his first piano. It is heir to all his tunes.

"Every bar I write," says Gershwin, "costs me hours of internal sweating. Rhythms romp through my brain, but they're not easy to capture and keep. The chief difficulty is to avoid reminiscence."

"I'm twenty-nine now, with five popular shows to my credit and more coming. By the time I'm thirty I shall have made all the money I need. Yes, perhaps a million. Then—"

"You'll get married?"

"No."

"Turn producer?"

"No."

"Start publishing?"

"No."

I hazarded: "What?"

"I'll learn what I don't know about music, which is enough to keep me occupied the rest of a normally long life."

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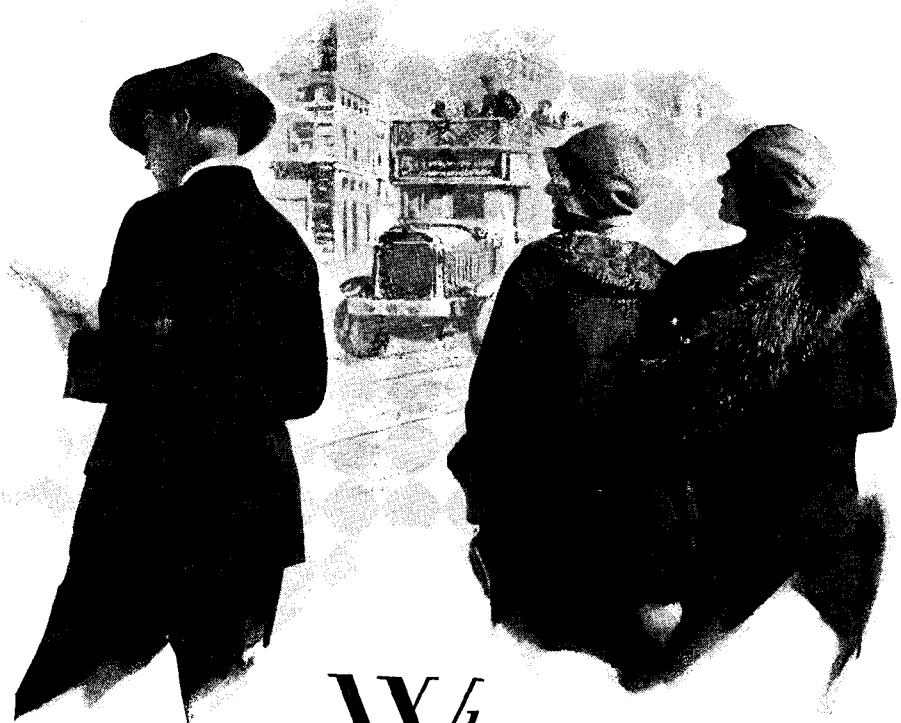
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Ed. V. Price & Company goes all the way. Not only do we make suits to your individual measurements, from the finest fabrics, and in the smartest styles—we cut and drape and balance each suit to your "attitude"—your posture—by an

exclusive method. As a result, Ed. V. Price & Company suits never pull out of shape with wear. You appear at your best always—on guard or off.

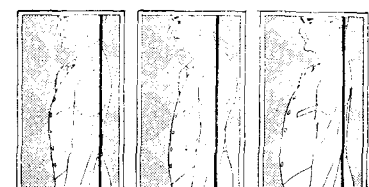
You might expect to pay more for such a suit, with all its individual workmanship and quality. You would, if we only produced forty or fifty suits a day. But our staff of skilled tailors is so highly organized and our volume so great, that it is possible to offer you this unusual personal tailoring service for as low as \$35 a suit. Send the coupon below. See our newest exclusive imported and domestic woollens—and learn the name of our nearest representative.



Are your shoulders high, regular or sloping? Only when a suit is cut to the shoulder slant will it drape properly.

These men are the same height, and have the same chest measurement, yet they cannot wear the same suit.

Note variation in area, each side of "balance line," extending down from peak of collar. The "Attitude Method" of tailoring makes perfect allowance for all such variations, and assures a correctly balanced suit.



38 Breast, Regular Chest, Back, 38 Breast, Full Chest, Round Back, 38 Breast, Flat Chest, Flat Back.

Note location of balance line and position of armholes affecting distribution of cloth.



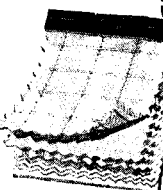
Ed. V. Price & Co. Chicago

Largest tailors in the world of GOOD made-to-order clothes

SUITS OR OVERCOATS

\$35 \$45 \$50

and upward



ED. V. PRICE & CO., 327 West Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me, FREE, swatches selected from your large stocks of exclusive woollens. Also additional information about your "Attitude" method of tailoring, and name of your nearest representative.

I am interested in suits at the following prices:
☐ \$35 ☐ \$45 ☐ \$50 ☐ \$65

Name
Street
City State

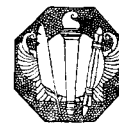


THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor



CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor

We Do Not Choose

THIS year, fortunately, we have two candidates of extraordinary ability and of high character.

Whoever is elected in November we shall be handsomely represented in the White House. Both Herbert Hoover and Alfred E. Smith are well equipped by experience, intelligence and native worth to sustain the great traditions of the Presidency.

We also have party platforms amazingly similar. Both are moderate and neither is menacing to any important interest. Governed in accordance with the policies of either platform our country will continue to be well administered and prosperity will be undisturbed.

Collier's is entirely nonpartisan in this campaign. Between Hoover and Smith we do not have to choose.

From the happy standpoint of nonpartisanship we are enabled to gather and to present to 1,650,000 people who buy Collier's every week the facts and the opinions which make this campaign more exciting than any of the political struggles of recent years.

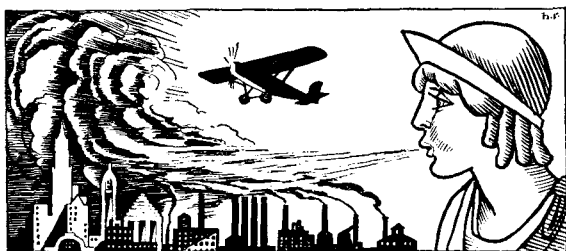
Clear the Airways

CITY men far from the sea are staring over their chimneys trying to vision air liners flying from the midlands of one country to the interior of another with no more than a glance at seaboard.

They see every city a seaport.

They are sure they are right. Chicago is willing to spend \$120,000 an acre for an air harbor. San Diego, on the coast, considers \$6,000 an acre fair. By a popular vote of 6 to 1 St. Louis taxpayers put \$2,000,000 into their airport. Last spring Kansas City's citizens refused to mortgage their city income for an airport. By August they changed their minds and spent a million dollars for a landing area.

Today every progressive city in the United States has some kind of airport project well advanced.



But what good are these ports if pilots cannot find them?

Fogs will hide them. No way to stop that has been found. But plain fogs are rare, and in most places they do not last long in sun or wind.

The bad fog is a smoke cloud smothered in mist. The Weather Bureau calls it a smog. Nature made the least of it, but man made the smoke. Also, he made a way to prevent the smoke.

So far he prefers breathing the smoke to buying smoke consumers.

He will get busy about the time he hears unseen aircraft humming above his home-smudged town, making for a clear port. The city with a clear airway will be healthier and richer.

Neighbors All

THIRTY-SIX times a day in the last few months somebody in a home or office in the United States has talked privately across the Atlantic Ocean to somebody in Europe.

It was three years after the first trans-continental telephone line to San Francisco was in operation before there was an average of two calls each twenty-four hours. Radio telephony, made available to the public less than two years ago, is being used eighteenfold as frequently as was its land counterpart in the beginning.

The United States and Europe are becoming conversational intimates faster than did the sections of our own country.

Of the thirty-one million telephones in the world not far from twenty-six million now will be answered in response to an American ring.

You can bridge the ocean with your voice to all points equipped with a receiver and transmitter in Great Britain, Germany, Switzerland and Holland.

In France, Denmark, Norway, Sweden and Belgium one or more of the principal cities in each is linked in the same fashion with the United States.

Wherever communication wires lead to in Canada or Cuba an American can establish contact within a few minutes.

The population centers of Mexico stand ready to respond as quickly. South America and Japan are probabilities of the near future.

Neighbors all. This is no catch phrase in international relations. And it's becoming as applicable to individuals as it is to governments.

Scotland Yard's Way

LONDON recently celebrated the hundredth anniversary of Sir Robert Peel's organization of the metropolitan police force, directed from Scotland Yard.

Anniversaries call for praise if it is due. The English people dug up some figures to show that during the same year that 333,083 crimes were reported in New York, London's closest population rival, only 15,662 were reported in London.

Yet the London policeman does not carry a revolver. The English argument is that a crook will not shoot unless the state sets a shooting example.

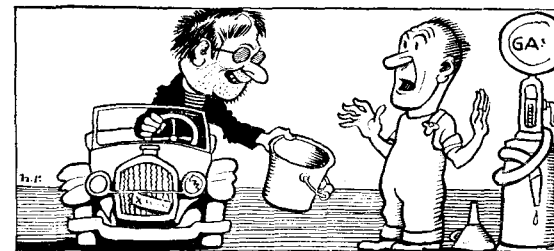
There are other crime deterrents. English police organizations have a way of outsmarting criminals. There are few unsolved murders in London. And when the London police can make a case the criminal is not freed by a maudlin jury. They have it over while an American criminal lawyer is playing the game of technicalities.

We won't solve our problem by aping British methods but we can't rest until in our own way we have done as well as they in the prevention of crime.

Motor Bums

A MOTORIST stopped in front of a Louisville welfare agency supported by the community chest as a charity institution. He went in not to contribute money for the aid of his less fortunate fellows but to beg enough gasoline to see him to the next charity station. He admitted when questioned that he was just motoring around the country at the expense of social agencies. This bureau reported an average of three such cases a day. Every beggar was urged to sell his car and pay his way home but all indignantly refused. Sell the car.

Charitable Louisville rebelled. But no before it collected enough motor bum case histories to show that today people rat their cars with their shoes. Few people will sell their only shoes to buy bread. They find another way. And now it's a car and shoes.





U. S. F.!

Something new, fine and stimulating! BARBASOL SKIN FRESHENER. *After shaving, after bathing, any time.* For both men and women.

At all druggists. 35c and 65c for Barbasol. 65c for Barbasol Skin Freshener.



It tamed mine

I made that 3-day test. I stacked Barbasol up against the very best soap I'd found in 20 years of rasslin' with this ol' haywire crop of mine.

Soaped up one side of my face, gave Soap & Co. all the breaks. Then spread Barbasol on the other half. And my face told me BARBASOL.

Your face wants to know Barbasol

Because Barbasol gives a cooler, smoother, closer, longer-lasting shave. It's 100% beard softener: No air bubbles.

Because Barbasol leaves the skin all fresh and young and soft. Leaves the natural oils right in the skin. Takes nothing away but the whiskers.

Because Barbasol is the Modern Way of Shaving—faster, simpler, cleaner. Look:

- 1—Wash the face (and leave it wet)
- 2—Spread on Barbasol (but don't rub in)
- 3—Shave!

THE BARBASOL COMPANY, *Indianapolis, Indiana*

Barbasol

For Modern Shaving



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• 6 TUBE • A C • Electric • GEMBOX • \$65 •

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Few radios at ANY PRICE combine ALL these features which are essential to today's radio reception.

NEUTRODYNE
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Neutrodyne 10-10-10-1000
Other systems 5-5-5-125

Crosley Radios tune efficiently

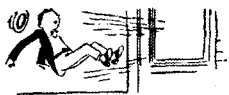
Crosley Neutrodyne circuit is sharp, sensitive and selective. Distant stations are easily found. Local stations tune without squealing.



Crosley Radios are shielded Each element shielded from each other provides maximum selectivity and is featured in the most expensive sets.



Crosley Radios are selective In crowded districts where many local stations fill the air you find means of listening to ONE at a time.



Crosley Radios have volume Volume may be increased to tremendous proportions without distortion.



Crosley Radios can be softened to a whisper

A positive volume control enables operator to cut any program down to faint and scarcely audible reception.

When college stars are shining...



"You're there with a Crosley".

The Crosley Radio Corporation,
Cincinnati, Ohio. Dept. 71.

Please send me literature about your new radio receiver and the new wonderful DYNACONE.

AC Radio..... Battery Operated Radio..... Dynacone.....

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